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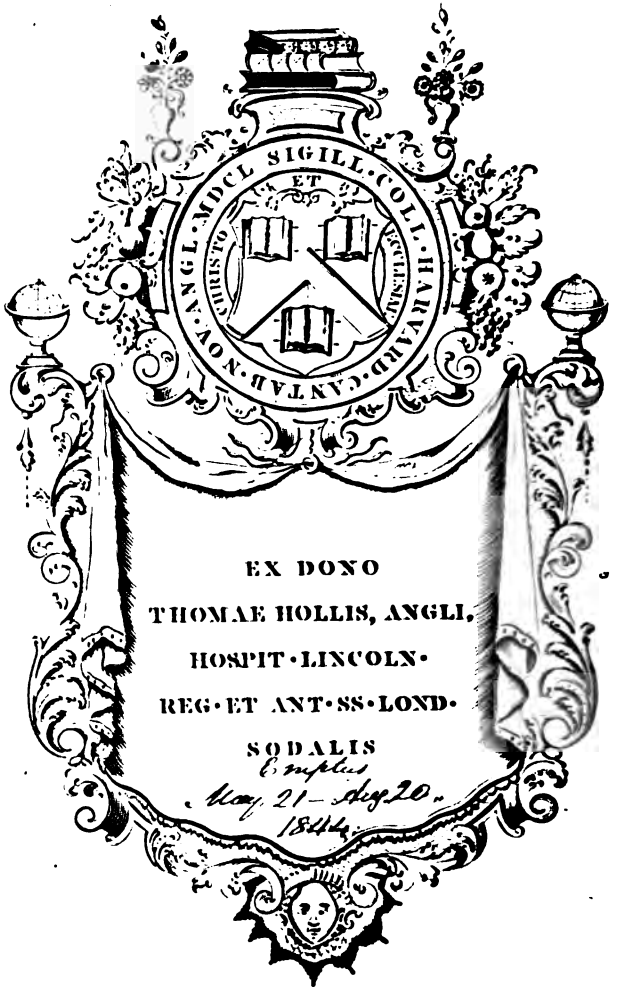

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MAY, 1844.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal; with Extracts from his Writings and Despatches in the State Paper Office, never before published.* By JOHN SMITH, Esq., Private Secretary to the Marshal Marquis of Saldanha. 2 vols., 8vo. Longmans. London, 1843.

THE biography of favourites is the narrative of misfortune. Sejanus, Gaveston, Strafford, all met with violent deaths—Sully and Pombal escaped by a miracle. Well might the Grecian sage exclaim, that no man was to be accounted happy or fortunate—the terms are convertible—until he was dead. In the memoirs of Pombal we find nothing to induce us to doubt the axiom. In them the same early obscurity, the same medial labour, the same progressive rise, the incipient power, the consequent jealousy, the accompanying envy, the consecutive obloquy, the implacable persecution, and the final catastrophe, whether tragic or only disgraceful, which always distinguish the career of favourites are to be found, and perhaps in a more tangible form than in the biography of almost any other man—for few men, perhaps Peter of Russia excepted, ever contended against more ignorance, prejudice, superstition, pride, selfishness, and stupidity than did Sabastian Joseph de Carvalhoe Mello, Marquis of Pombal. Mr. Smith, in a very comprehensive manner, thus speaks of the condition of Portugal at the period when her destinies were confided to the guidance of Pombal.

Never in the history of any country, at any period of its threatened dissolution, does there appear to have been found fewer principles of regeneration than in the kingdom of Portugal at the death of John. And yet at

that very moment, when every prospect of returning prosperity was obscured, and fortune herself seemed to abandon the unhappy land to a premature and precipitate destruction, one powerful genius arose, and from the mighty depth of his transcendent mind, like the Athenian goddess springing from the brains of Olympian Jupiter, a new order of things commenced. To him was entrusted by Providence the arduous task of checking the latent springs of evil; of moulding the most incongruous and discordant materials to proper shape and form; of unmasking hypocrisy and purifying the church from abuses; of recalling learning, re-animating commerce, and restoring prosperity; of redeeming and supporting the dignity of the crown; of adding splendour and renown to the annals of his country; of extending her reputation, reluming her ancient genius, asserting her ancient rights, and again restoring her to that rank and consideration in the councils of the European powers, which the culpable mis-government of her degenerate sons had allowed to lapse from their grasp, but which the genius of their country would not permit them to lose.

If, therefore, in attempting to restore Portugal to that rank in the councils of Europe which she had lost through the bigotry and folly of Dom John V., at once the most superstitious and the most lascivious of monarchs, we shall find that Pombal was forced to employ means, and to enlist agents in his service, which in the eyes of Englishmen would lay him open to the charge of arbitrary conduct, we are not to judge of such conduct by the same rule and standard which we employ when measuring the proceedings or the general policy of a minister of a constitutional government like that of England. But we must take into consideration the nature of the people for whom he was called upon to devise measures of improvement, finance, police, policy, and commerce. It must be kept in mind, that a decree of the king was law, and carried with it as much weight and authority, and was as unquestioned and as constitutional as an act of the imperial legislature of England, previously submitted to the examination, the discussion, the dissection and rigid scrutiny of a representative, an hereditary, and executive body. A decree therefore of Pombal, under the sanction of Dom Joseph, was as much a legal and as much a constitutional mode of enacting a law, as the practice in England of passing a bill through the two houses of parliament. It is therefore from the want of a proper understanding of the nature of the prerogatives of the Crown of Portugal, and the absence of correct knowledge on this point, that we find authors who have written with English prejudices in favour of a representative government in their minds, denouncing Pombal as an arbitrary and despotic minister, a harsh and uncompromising foe. It is principally from the writings of the Jesuits, as Mr. Smith informs us, that the English nation, and indeed we may say all Europe, have derived the little they know even of the most public acts of Pombal, and as that body was not only pur-

sued, but successfully pursued, even to expulsion from Portugal, and their magnificent edifices and legal possessions confiscated to the state, through the unflinching energy and iron fortitude of Pombal, it is not to be supposed, granting that learned and pious body all the christian charity and christian feelings to which they lay claim, that they could have been insensible to the evils inflicted on their members by him, and consequently that they could have been free from selfish motives, from bitter thoughts, painful recollections, and vindictive sentiments, when they compiled his memoirs; such memoirs are therefore to be considered in the light of *exparte* statements, and rather the effusions of advocates, than the deliberative and impartial opinion of disinterested biographers. It is not in human nature, especially as developed in corporate bodies, to divest itself of all idea of self, and to stand entirely on the abstract principle of justice. Whether Pombal was actuated at first by any personal feelings to proceed against the Jesuits is not quite clear, but it cannot be doubted that in the after part of his very long life, and immediately following the infamous attempt to assassinate him, that he must, in common with all men similarly situated, have experienced a sense of injury which he could not possibly always have smothered.

We shall now proceed with an outline and slight sketch of the life of this great minister, whose name ought to be a rallying word to every Portuguese. He was born on 13th of May, 1699, at a small village not far from the town of Pombal. His father was a country gentleman of moderate fortune, and his mother a lady of distinguished family. "Of the particulars of his early life, says Mr. Smith, it is to be regretted, little is known. He entered the university of Coimbra as a matter of course; and having toiled through the usual routine of the unprofitable studies at that time insisted upon at this seat of learning, quitted it with disgust, and probably with a firm conviction that it was impossible for the light of true learning ever to penetrate the academic shades of Coimbra, so long as it was obstructed by the impenetrable obstacles which were opposed to its entrance."

On leaving the university, as was then customary, he entered the army as a private, and was soon after promoted to the rank of corporal,—the highest grade he ever attained. He quitted the service shortly after, and devoting his time to the study of history, politics, and legislation, laid the foundation of his future greatness as a minister. Being presented to Cardinal Motta, who was minister to John V., by his uncle; the Cardinal, struck with his abilities, recommended him very strongly to the king, who made him a member of the Royal Academy of History, and subsequently commanded him to undertake the history of certain Portuguese Monarchs. Matters however of greater importance intervened, and the work was never commenced. It was about this time that he solemnized his first

marriage with a widow, a niece of the Count Dos Arcos; and being desirous of distinguishing himself, he sought some active employment, which he obtained in the year 1739, being sent to London as minister. Here he distinguished himself by obtaining various privileges for Portuguese subjects resident in London, as well as satisfaction for many vexatious commercial restrictions under which they laboured. He also obtained permission for his government to proceed according to law against all British subjects who should be accused of malpractices or crimes in the dominions or territories of Portugal. He was instrumental in ascertaining and defining the privileges of foreign envoys, which was brought about in consequence of a physician in his service being arrested by a tax-gatherer—but set at liberty at his instance; and the circumstance gave rise to a better code of regulations relative to foreign ministers residing in London than they had previously enjoyed. He left London in 1745,—it is supposed at his own request, for a proclamation dated 15th February, ordering all papists to depart from the cities of London and Westminster by the 2nd March, was just then published. Shortly after his arrival in Lisbon he was chosen mediator between Rome and Vienna, at the joint request of Maria Theresa, and Benedict IV., between whom a dispute had arisen relative to the extinction of the patriarchate of Aquileia. He arrived at Berlin in 1745, and addressed himself so ably and prudently to the task of arbitration, that he arranged the matter amicably, not only to the satisfaction of the disputants, but to his own Sovereign. While at this court, his wife died, and some time after he married "the young Countess Leonore Ernestine Daun, daughter of Henry Richard Count Daun, a family illustrious in the annals of Austria from the fame and victories of the celebrated marshal of that name, to whom Maria Theresa, as she confessed, owed the possession of her crown." (p. 50—51, vol. I.) By his union he had two sons and three daughters. At this period of his life he is described as being "remarkably tall, well made, and handsome; his countenance intellectual and expressive; his manners engaging, and his diction easy and flowing, while his voice was melodious and persuasive in the extreme." (p. 52, vol. I.) In the foreign office at Paris, Mr. Smith found a letter from M. Blondel, minister at the court of Vienna when Pombal was resident there, from which he extracted the following passage:—

> M. de Carvalho (Pombal) was for a long time Portuguese minister at London * * * He is noble without ostentation; wise and prudent; full of honourable sentiments and feelings; and desiring nothing more than the welfare of all parties.

He left Vienna regretted by all parties in 1750, and arrived at Lisbon with his wife safely, a short time before the death of Dom John. On the accession of Dom Joseph to the throne, he became

minister, and from that period his narrative ceases to be biographical, and becomes historical.

Possessed of the King's confidence he boldly commenced the reform of abuses both in the church and state, which it will be admitted, after the following account by our author of the manners of the people is perused, was not undertaken before it was absolutely necessary.

The Cortes had not been assembled since the year 1698, while the united functions of a deliberative and executive body were usurped and exercised by the clergy and nobility. Both were equally ignorant, ambitious, haughty, and tyrannical; both equally averse to any alteration in the existing order of things; and both equally determined, at whatever risk, by arbitrary and unconstitutional proceedings, to prevent the people from achieving any act which might be supposed capable of exciting in them their ancient love of freedom, or which might lead to a demand of that share in the administration of their own affairs, which had been unjustly and disgracefully wrested from them in their moments of victory and excitement. Licentiousness was general; nor was the veil of hypocrisy thought necessary to conceal from the public eye that which the monarch not only encouraged but openly pursued. In the convent of Odivellas, within whose sacred walls were three hundred beautiful recluses, John V. sought and obtained those relaxations and voluptuous indulgences which little accorded with his outward piety. * *

* The highest classes of the nobility disgraced themselves by the most savage and the most sanguinary excesses. The streets of Lisbon echoed at nightfall with their riotous shouts and hateful brawls; while the lives of the quiet citizens, lost in self-defence or expended in wanton frolic, were unavenged and unatoned—the aristocratic malefactors, screening themselves with their riches, or sheltering themselves under their rank and affinity to the crown, escaped unpunished and unmolested. Under such a Government, industry was depressed and enterprize arrested; and both, uncertain of reaping the reward of action and exertion, desisted from effort and sunk into inanition. Even the persevering and money-loving Jews, persecuted and obstructed in their attempts to win a reluctant and a painful competence, abandoned their avocations and fled the country.

Reform in such a country seemed almost impossible, but Pombal, with an energy and promptitude that are unequalled, applied himself to the task, and in a short time had the gratification to see, notwithstanding the numerous impediments which obstructed his path, that his efforts were crowned by success. His first attempts at reformation were directed to the amelioration of the interior government, and in arranging and settling a new and practical financial scheme; and as soon as he had relieved himself of this duty, he turned his attention with all the firmness and acumen that distinguished his character, to the restriction and regulation of the Inquisition, so far as concerned its jurisdiction over the conscience and faith of the Empire, and the practice of private torture and public execution which disgraced the age and polluted the sanctuary of

justice. But this was by no means either an easy or a safe reform, and the Jesuits under whose especial licence the horrors of this infamous tribunal were inflicted, took alarm and commenced a series of covert defences which subsequently, from their atrocious nature, hastened and completed their ruin. Pombal's first decree regulating the practices of the inquisition, was dated as early as 1751, and by it, it was enacted that no auto-da-fé was henceforward to take place, and no executions were to be carried into effect, without the consent and approbation of government, which reserved for itself the province of enquiry and examination, and of confirming or reversing the sentence, as it appeared right or wrong on the face of the evidence, (p. 65.) This was perhaps one of the boldest acts of any minister, in any day, in any country; in fact it was virtually humanizing the people, re-moulding their form of creed, and striking at the very root of their religious prejudices. Henceforward the office of the Holy Inquisition dwindled into that of an ordinary tribunal, and soon after was abolished in form. He next strengthened the defences of the country, the wretched condition of which may be inferred from the fact that Algerine corsairs actually anchored off Cape Michel a few miles from Lisbon, insulted the coast, and then sailed away without the slightest molestation. To carry into effect this reform he appropriated £7000 sterling per annum, and in a short time the coast was once again in a condition to resent a foreign insult. He also established a manufactory for gunpowder; corrected the abuses which had crept into the lucrative diamond contract; regulated the laws relative to the whale fisheries; encouraged the sugar manufactory by erecting works for that purpose; improved the acts relative to successions; exempted the growers of mulberry trees, with a view to the improvement of the silk trade, from excise, tythes, and other imposts; the condition of the southern provinces of the kingdom, where robberies and outrages of every description were frequent, was examined, and laws enacted to prevent irregularities and protect the property and persons of the inhabitants; and such were the salutary code of laws which he promulgated for the government of these provinces, as well as the police regulations which he drew up for the city of Lisbon, that those parts so recently a prey to robbers and murderers were now the safest in the kingdom, while the streets were distinguished by orderly conduct, cleanliness, and safety.* It is almost incredible what the energies of this one

* Lisbon was not alone, at this period, the only city in which attempts were made to render the public streets and thoroughfares safe for their inhabitants. Wade says, (p. 426, *Brit. Hist.*) that Lord Carteret, on the 28th September, 1746, addressed a letter to the justices assembled at Westminster on the subject. Robbers were so audacious, that they went to the houses of peace officers, made them beg pardon for endeavouring to arrest them, and promise not to molest them in future.

man effected in a short period of time, especilly in that most difficult and arduous duty, the regulation of the finances of an exhausted exchequer; and that this was no facile routine act of office may be inferred from the fact that he had to grapple with no less than *twenty-two thousand tax-gatherers*, that plundered and impoverished the state. The particulars of the arrangements in the collection of the revenue we must pass over; they will be found in the *first vol.* p. 71—and make room for a passage from *the second vol.* p. 5, where Mr. Smith, speaking of the difficulties under which Pombal laboured while attempting to improve the finances of the country, is reminded of a passage from Sully, which he quotes very appositely—"This state of things forcibly reminds me of the worst periods of confusion in France"—Sully writes—"When he undertook the reform of the finance department, I saw with horror, but it augmented my zeal, that for the *thirty millions* which the king received, no less than *one hundred and fifty* were taken from the pockets of the people. After that I was no longer surprised from whence proceeded the misery of the nation." It was at this period also that Pombal directed his attention to the minutest items of expense in the royal palaces, the regulations for the retrenchment of which Mr. Hay, the English minister then at Lisbon, eulogises in handsome terms, in a letter to his government, which Mr. Smith was allowed to peruse in the foreign office.

The custom of immuring young women of fortune in convents, for the purpose of appropriating their property, had become so notorious and general, that Pombal found himself called upon to interfere, and accordingly it was enacted that no such immurements should take place on any account. But his attention was not confined solely to Portugal. His active mind travelled to the territories in America, and by a wise and humane act, it was decreed in June 1755, that the Indians in the provinces of Maranhaô and Grand Pará, who had been most unjustly enslaved, should be forthwith enfranchised, while every possible means were devised to encourage and civilize them—one of which was that any Portuguese who married an Indian woman *ipso facto*, became entitled to certain privileges and immunities which where not enjoyed by those who exclusively confined themselves in the choice of a wife to their Portuguese countrywomen or their descendants. Still further to encourage them, on the day following the date of this decree, the king signed a charter for the incorporation of the Maranhaô and Grand Pará Company, which infused a new spirit into the mercantile body, while the intercourse between the mother country and her colonies, assumed a new aspect.

It is not, however, to be supposed that during the progress of these reforms, opposition was silent, or that interest did not awaken resentment.

The nobles (says the author), finding many of their usurped and illegal privileges in danger of subversion, conceived the most intense hatred against the author of the actual and projected reforms. The Jesuits, foreseeing they would in their turn be attacked, sought the means of defence in secret conspiracy and crafty plots; while many of inferior rank, blind to the wisdom which dictated, and not appreciating the patriotism which executed these grand reforms, united themselves to the nobles and the priests, and increased the outcry and opposition.

But notwithstanding all these difficulties, of which Pombal was well informed, even while they were organizing their opposition, and as Mr. Smith remarks, "possessing nothing of that cautious timidity which hesitates between the conception and the performance of a great political measure," he pursued his onward course undeterred by clamour, and undaunted by secret threats of assassination, until he acquired a claim to the pointed sentiment applied by the French critic to the Roman orator, "*Il eut cette gloire, que tous les ennemis de l'état furent les siens.*"

We must now hasten to the epoch of that remarkable and horrible catastrophe—the earthquake at Lisbon in 1766.

Never (writes the author) did the sun in the balmiest southern climes, rise with more brilliancy than on the memorable 1st of November, 1766. All nature seemed to rest in perfect confidence in the calm beauty of the serene and deep blue sky, and to repose in the stillness of the silent air. The proud palaces and lofty churches of Lisbon were faithfully reflected in the broad bosom of the Tagus, whose crystal tide was unruffled by a single breath. Pleasure, peace, and security seemed to have fixed their residence on its banks, and to gambol on its waters. Alas! in a few hours this smiling scene was to be exchanged for horror, misery, and desolation; and, as if the fiends of darkness, suddenly released from bondage, had plunged themselves pricipitately upon the devoted city, bringing in their train earthquake, rapine, murder, sacrilege, and violence, all things were reversed, nature ceasing to be beneficent, and man to be human. It was the morning of All Saint's Day, and the devout population of Lisbon were hurrying to attend divine worship in the numerous churches, which on that day, according to custom, were brilliantly illuminated, in honor of the festival, when at four minutes after nine the first convulsive shocks were perceived; and soon after, this proud city became a heap of undistinguishable ruins. The astonished people who were not buried in the first fall, terrified and confounded, rushed forth tumultously to avoid the threatened immolation; and with confused shouts and half-expressed prayers, implored favour from the Most High, while falling edifices or yawning chasms on every side crushed or ingulphed them with a fearful and relentless certainty. Some fled to the water in the hope of safety; but their hope was vain; for the river violently agitated by the mighty shocks of the earth, rose to an extraordinary height; its impetuosity increased with its bulk, until it became swollen to a torrent, and bursting its banks, swept away all within its reach. Vast ships sunk be-

neath the troubled surface of its angry waves; whilst others, torn from their anchors, and hurled round with furious precipitation, disappeared in the vortex, or, driven furiously against each other, were dashed to pieces by the violence of the shocks. To increase the horrors of this sad scene, whilst the temples of the living God, and the palace of the noble, and the dwelling of the artizan, were mingling in one common ruin, fires appeared in various places at one and the same moment, raging with unchecked fury, and threatening to consume all that the earthquake had spared. If even at this distance of time, the excess of the general misery is too painful to dwell long upon, how terrible must have been the scenes of individual suffering! What wretchedness awaited the survivors! Husbands anxious for the fate of their wives—wives for their husbands—mothers seeking for their children, and children sinking in despair at the absence of their mothers;—every tie dear to the heart was broken, and every affection which enables men cheerfully to submit to the evils of life, were loosened, cast off, and buried in one wide grave. In the midst of this misery and confusion the prisons gave up their flagitious inmates; and these bad men, exulting in the misfortune which had enfranchised them from their chains, abandoned themselves to the gratification of appetite, and to the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. Infuriated with wine and emulous of gold, they roamed about, pillaging, violating, or murdering, as it quieted their fury or satisfied their lust—thus aggravating by the cruelty of man the awful visitation of God.

Such is the author's very graphic description of one of the most terrible visitations that ever afflicted mankind. Upwards of 30, 000 persons perished in Lisbon alone, while Setubal and Algarves also suffered severely. The royal family fortunately happened to be at the palace of Belem, a short distance from Lisbon, when the earthquake occurred, and their consternation may be well conceived when the King, looking round in silence upon the trembling attendants, asked Pombal, who at that moment entered, "What is to be done to meet this affliction of Divine Providence?" And here we cannot refrain from remarking, that had this great man never otherwise distinguished himself, his memorable answer must have immortalized him. "BURY THE DEAD AND FEED THE LIVING," was the calm and even sublime reply. [In Portuguese, *Senhor, enterrar os mortos. e cuidar nos vivos.*] And it was on this occasion more than on any other, that, that indomitable perseverance, that unshaken constancy, that fruitfulness of resource, that felicity of conception, and that prudence in action which distinguished him throughout the long twenty-seven years that he directed the councils of his country, were displayed, and gained him that renown for wisdom and conduct in foreign countries, which he had long possessed among the thinking portion of his own countrymen. Hastily throwing himself into a carriage which waited to convey him to the scene of disaster, he hurried to Lisbon to share the danger with the meanest, and to alleviate the calamities of the richest by every means which prudence, humanity, and the general safety demonstrated and required. Wherever his presence was necessary, there

was he found. He quitted his carriage neither night nor day, and in an incredible space of time "two hundred decrees were promulgated" respecting the maintenance of order, the lodging of the people, the distribution of provisions, and the burial of the dead, (p. 93, vol. I.) No one was permitted to leave Lisbon without a written order, which wise regulation prevented those from eloping with the ill-gotten booty which they had sacrilegiously seized in the churches, or feloniously stolen from private houses immediately after the first consternation of the earthquake had abated. The wounded were removed to places prepared for their reception, and the houseless were sheltered; and provisions, collected from every quarter, gratuitously distributed to the people. As it was feared that the plague might add itself to the horrors with which this unfortunate city had already to contend, orders were issued that the dead should be collected and with weights attached to their bodies flung into the sea; but though this necessary and even humane act, so far as the living were concerned, was done under the sanction and by the permission of the Patriarch, the Jesuits did not fail to make it a cause of complaint against Pombal. As men of the most abandoned character, many of them felons who had escaped from the prisons, mingled with the crowd and committed depredations, or wandering about, inflicted insults on the terrified inhabitants, a decree was issued that every person should give an account of himself, as to his name, and his ways and means of living; and those who could not afford satisfactory answers were lodged in jail as thieves and vagabonds. But, as in spite of those stringent regulations, bands of murderers and assassins paraded the streets, plundering all who had anything that excited their cupidity, violating the women who awakened their desires, and murdering all who resisted their violence, at the door of almost every family of respectability, armed men were posted who guarded them night and day. That the ends of justice might be more surely and expeditiously obtained, martial law was proclaimed, and any one taken in the act of robbing, violating, or murdering, was executed on the spot. This well-timed and energetic measure quickly restored quiet to the city, and security to the persons of its inhabitants, and Pombal then turned his attention to the re-building and beautifying the city.

In the meanwhile foreigners were not unmoved by the calamity which had befallen Lisbon, or merely sympathisers with the Portuguese, but exhibited an active benevolence and a desire to assist them highly creditable to humanity. Among the other powers of Europe, England contributed her quota of assistance with her usual liberality, sending in the articles of beef, butter, flour, wheat, biscuits, rice, shoes, tools, (as pickaxes, spades, crows, screws, nails, &c.), and in Portugal gold and pieces of eight, to the value of £97,200. For the information relative to these facts, Mr. Smith was indebted to the papers in Her Majesty's State Paper Office. These extracts scattered

throughout the work, are exceedingly curious and interesting, not only as throwing light upon the particulars of the earthquake, but as affording an idea of the condition of Portugal during the ministry of Pombal, described too by foreigners and persons who could have had no interest in glossing over the errors of Pombal, or exaggerating his virtues. Much of these we must, however, reluctantly pass over, and proceed to a remarkable circumstance in the life of Pombal, which again exhibited his conduct in a favourable light, at the same time that it shews King Joseph was a man of nerve and firmness, and not as some have represented him, an imbecile led by his confessor and governed by his minister. We allude to the attempted assassination of the king.

The chief of this conspiracy was the Duke of Aveiro, who held a responsible office immediately about the person of the king. He is described as a man of boundless ambition, proud, avaricious, and destitute of all good qualities. The next in rank was the Marquis of Tavora, a man that Mr. Smith at first seems to have considered but a tool in the hands of the other conspirators, but from the letters of Mr. Hay, preserved in the State Paper office, he appears so far from having been "a tool," to have been the workman in the affair, since it was the intimacy of his son's wife, the young Marchioness of Tavora, with King Joseph, that first aroused his jealousy and then shaped his vengeance—for however contradictory to the belief of the general gallantry of the Lisbon ladies at that period, nevertheless, family honour was very highly prized by the Portuguese, and any stain inflicted upon it was sure to be bitterly avenged. The other conspirators were Luiz Bernardo, and José Maria de Tavora, son of the old marquis; Dom Jeronimo d'Ataide, Count d'Atouguia, and five others of inferior note. On the 3rd of September 1758, the conspirators posted themselves along the line of road where they knew the king would pass. They divided themselves into parties, and as the king approached at eleven at night in a *sege*, a kind of cab drawn by two horses, and attended only by one domestic, the first division of the assassins, consisting of the Duke of Aveiro, and one Joao Miguel, both on horseback armed with blunderbusses, fired into the carriage. Happily only one of the blunderbusses went off, and the other inflicted no wound. The postillion alarmed, applied the whip to his horses, and drove on at a rapid rate, soon, however, encountering Antonio Alvarez Ferreira and José Policarpo, who fired their weapons into the carriage from behind. They were loaded with slugs, and penetrating the carriage in every direction, severely wounded the king in several places. It was here that Joseph shewed great presence of mind. He called to the postillion and directed him to turn back and drive to the residence of the royal surgeon, in order that his family at the palace might not be alarmed. This command saved his life, as he thereby escaped the ambush of the other conspirators.

On the recovery of the king, steps were taken for the punishment of the conspirators; but what must excite surprise, this was not done till the 9th of December, when a proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the assassins was published. On the 13th, the Marquis of Tavora, his two sons, his four brothers, his sons-in-law the Count D'Atouguia and the Marquis d'Alorna, together with Dom Manoel de Sousa Calhariz, were all arrested, and with some of their servants conveyed to the prisons of Belem. The Marchioness of Tavora was sent to a religious house. Besides these Count D'Obidos, Antonio da Costa Freire, the Solicitor General, and the Count de Ribeira were also arrested, and Jesuits were forbidden to leave their houses. The tribunal appointed to try the conspirators met on the 12th January 1759, and after a patient investigation of the whole evidence, passed sentence. The Duke of Aveiro and the Marquis of Tavora were sentenced to be conveyed to the public square of Belem with halters round their necks, to be broken on the wheel, their bodies burned and the ashes thrown into the sea. Their arms and achievements were everywhere ordered to be effaced, their property confiscated, their residences pulled down, and salt strewn on the sites. Luiz Bernardo, and José de Lavora, the Count d'Atouguia, Braz José Nomeiro, Joao Miguel, and Manoel Alvares were sentenced to similar punishments, with the exception that they were first strangled before they were bound upon the wheel; Antonio Ferreira and Polycarpo were sentenced to be burnt alive, but as the latter escaped, his effigy was burnt instead. Lastly, the Marchioness, in consideration of her rank and sex, was sentenced to decapitation. These sentences were carried into execution the day after, and to the very letter. The bodies, the scaffolding, and even the very instruments of execution being thrown into the fire, and their ashes into the Tagus. Even the very name of Tavora was abolished, and a river so called, was henceforward named "the River of Death."

That the conspiracy was horrible, and that the conspirators deserved the severest penalty of the law there can be but one opinion, but that it answered any good end, or indeed any end at all, may fairly be questioned. Punishments such as these defeat their own purposes, and in years after, the Tavora family revisited much of the seeming harshness of the sentence upon Pombal, though he was not more inculpated in its severity than the judges who tried the prisoners and passed the sentence.

With the notice of this conspiracy, we must close this critique, which will serve to shew that these volumes contain much interesting matter, not only of an historical and biographical, but of a commercial nature, especially on the formation of the famous Oporto Company and its recent dissolution, the departure of the royal family for the Brazils, and many curious extracts from the papers in the foreign offices of Paris, London, Lisbon, and Vienna. There are also many

anecdotes and sayings of Pombal—and passages from his writings, in which much of what Adam Smith lays claim to for originality will be found,—together with reflections on the establishment of schools and colleges which are only now even in England beginning to be acted upon. Taking the work then as a whole, it is wanting in perspicuity and arrangement, but these are faults which a very copious index or table of contents affixed to the heads of each chapter, remedies and removes. They are the natural consequences of a desultory course of reading and an admission to the voluminous papers in the State Paper offices of the four capitals of Vienna, London, Paris, and Lisbon. It rarely falls to the lot of any one author to enjoy such opportunities as Mr. Smith, and the use he has made of the papers with a perusal of which he was favoured, is such as is both creditable to his talents and his industry. We cordially recommend to all the lovers of biography this light, amusing, and instructive volume, at the same time that we hope that in the next edition, the faults which we have pointed out will be avoided, and the work will then be a continuous and consecutive, not a broken and interrupted narrative. We have omitted to say that there is a fine portrait of the illustrious Portuguese prefixed to the first volume.

ART. II.—*Les Français, Peints par Eux-mêmes; Texte par les Sommités Littéraires; Dessins par* MM. GAVARNI et H. MONNIER. 9 vols. grand oct. Paris: 1840-1842.

AN attempt somewhat similar to the one indicated by this work has been made in our own country, in reference to English society, under the denomination of the "Heads of the People." The difference, however, in the manner of "getting up" the two works is considerable,—the vast superiority of the French, as regards the literary talent enlisted in its service, and even perhaps the pictorial illustrations accompanying the various sketches, contributes to render the production of our neighbours a grand and comprehensive repertory of social distinctions—a kind of gallery of national portraits faithful to the life, which not only the stranger but the Frenchman himself may consult with pleasure and profit. Meanwhile, comparatively little attention is directed towards the English publication, which cannot boast of the *Sommités littéraires* among its chief contributors; nor indeed, is the subject, we believe, so fertile a one on this side of the Channel as on that. The line of demarcation between the different classes of the English people is less broad and distinctly obvious than in Continental communities generally, or than it was in this country in times past, before the much-boasted "march of intellect" had done its work in thus far levelling distinctions. Hence, a publication of this sort will be less likely *per se* to create an interest

in our countrymen, unless the characteristic types come fresh and glowing from the descriptive mould of such geniuses as a Fielding, a Lamb, or a Dickens. While indeed individuality of character is growing less and less prominent and observable almost everywhere, in England especially, an identity of dress at least, and partially of manners, has for the most part fashioned society into one homogeneous mass. There are, comparatively, but few distinctive peculiarities of its various classes left. What with the constant intermixture of the different grades, brought about by the rapid and facile means of internal transit, the steadily-maintained intercourse between London and country life, the emulous spirit of competition and of imitation incident to a commercial nation,—whereby the class below is ever prompted to reach the position, or to copy the demeanour of the one above,—the once broad and deeply marked features typical of great external differences have in great measure disappeared among us: yet, of course, not wholly so. Birth, rank, education, and property still do, and must ever, generate distinction here as elsewhere. What we mean to say is, that in the mere internal phases of English society, there is considerably less variety, fewer points to exercise the ingenuity of the national portrait painter than in several continental societies. And in all probability, the increasing rage for commercial and mercantile pursuits, and the facility of means which these afford for the accumulation of wealth among the mass, will eventuate in the still further removal of the barriers which serve to separate and distinguish the still existing nominal sections of the community.

In France, the principle of democracy has operated towards the same end as commerce in this country, though an amalgamation precisely identical with ours has not taken place there. The great revolution and its consequences, have as yet much more closely assimilated the higher and middle grades of society than these latter with the lower. "You see no longer in Paris," says Mr. H. Bulwer, "a nobility that lives upon credit, and boasts of its ruin with ostentation. But as in a voluptuous people the habits of the lower classes mount up to the higher, so in a vain nation the habits of the higher classes descend more naturally to the lower." And again, "All classes are comprised in one immense middle class—a middle class that does not stand between the gentry and the people, but between the mob and the monarch." It is to be observed, however, that in Paris, the divisions are much greater in the manners than in the laws; the ideas, habits, and appearance of the inhabitants of some districts differ as widely from those of others, as the height and magnitude of the buildings, or the width and cleanliness of the streets.

Besides the one prefixed to this article, there have been several attempts made of late to pourtray the peculiar phases of Parisian society, from the clever and amusing work of Mr. Bulwer, or the "*Paris*

and Parisians" of Mrs. Trollope, to the *Paris Sketch Book* of Tidmarsh, "*The French Daguerrotyped*," or the "*American in Paris*," by M. Jules Janin, a most instructive and interesting book. We prefer however, the one coming forth under the auspices of a combination of native talent. It is morally impossible that any foreigner should be able to throw into his portraitures those nice shades and touches of character so indispensably requisite, while he is very likely to omit many "heads" altogether that are neccessary to constitute a satisfactory pictorial whole. His work will hence be an imperfect one. It can only be cleverly and completely done by a native artist, or rather a number of that class uniting their efforts, as employed upon those particular branches of the subject for which each feels himself respectively best qualified. In this respect, though there may be such a thing as a distinction without a difference—and we know the French have a wonderful knack at displaying the extent of their resources, which they are apt to exercise in book-making as well as in cooking,—the present work, while it undoubtedly exhibits the most comprehensive, may be taken, we think, to afford the most truthful and effective, delineation of the various social types of a nation that has yet appeared.

The two best delineators of French manners under the old régime, though they did not adopt the same process, nor apply themselves to the same subjects or modes of elucidation, were Molière and La Bruyère; the one the historian and friend of the people, the other the delineator of the court, of which he was far from being the friend. There have been other inferior authors of the same school, such as Sainte-Foix and Mercier, who wrote just previously to the revolution of eighty-nine. Though the characters which Molière selected for the purpose of representation and ridicule were, for the most part, peculiar to the times he lived in, yet each of those characters may be looked upon as the type of a class, the universality of which must preclude his representatious from ever becoming altogether obsolete or inappropriate. The essential elements of human passion and character remain through all ages the same, while their internal manifestation may change with time, and according to the turns of fashion, accident, or caprice; and the genius of Molière was far too penetrating not to go below the surface of things—not to distinguish what was enduring and essential from what was transitory and superficial—and to seize upon the generic rather than the specific indications of humanity. On the other hand, the work of La Bruyère was of an ephemeral, because generally of a personal nature. His "characters" were intended to describe merely the manners of his age, —the age of Louis XIV; something after the style of Theophrastus the Greek (whose work by the bye he translated), but the Frenchman far exeels his prototype. Voltaire ranks the "characters" of La Bruyère among the extraordinary productions of that epoch.

His satirical touches are as bold and vigorous in their way as those of Molière, and at the same time more refined and delicate. It has been said that both have corrected more follies under the caustic force of mere *bienséances*, than all moralists ancient or modern. When La Bruyère showed his manuscript to Malezieux, the latter observed that it would attract many readers and produce the author many enemies.* His book has lost much of its interest, as was to be expected, now that the generation whose modes of living it described, and whose foibles it attacked, has passed away. Though, from the variety of its portraits, we have here placed its author by the side of the great comic writer of France, we are not insensible that the genius of the two men was as separate and distinct as that of a mere copyist of paintings from a Raphael.

It is the very just complaint of the introducer of the work before us, M. Jules Janin, that historians, in forgetfulness of the human species, have ever amused themselves with recounting sieges, battles, towns taken and pillaged, treaties of peace or of war, all sorts of things indeed of a false, futile, and sanguinary character; they have told us *ad nauseam* how men fought, but not how they lived; they have described to the greatest nicety of detail their armour, without troubling themselves about the every-day dress; laws come within their constant and especial cognizance, but not manners; and to such a pitch has this system of writing history been carried, that the thousands of years which have elapsed since men came to live in society may be looked upon as *nil* for the purposes of moral observation, or the discovery of the social habits and ordinary feelings of a community. And how few even of moralists, so called, have deigned to enter into the simple details of daily life. How few comic poets have there been compared with the number of logicians, metaphysicians, or rather casuists! For this animated and picturesque representation of the characteristic manners of the common people, antiquity relies almost solely upon Homer, Theophrastus, and Aristophanes, among the Greeks; and Plautus and Terence, and incidentally Horace and Juvenal, among the Romans.

But however deficient preceding ages have been in this respect, M. Janin thus anticipates, as he fancies, the curiosity of posterity concerning his own times:—

> Yes, let us look to it (says he), a day will come wherein our grandsons will like to know what we were and what we did in *this age;* how we were clothed; what sort of gowns our ladies wore; what were our houses, our habitudes, our pleasures; what we understood by that fragile word, beauty, so subject to an eternal change of definition? They will wish to know every thing about us;—how we mounted on horse-back,—how our tables were served,—what wines preferred,—what kind of poetry pleased us most,

* "Voilà de quoi vous attirer beaucoup de lecteurs et beaucoup d'ennemis."

if we wore powder in our hair, or on our legs *des bottes à revers?*—Not to mention a thousand other questions that we do not care to foresee, which should make us die with shame, and which our posterity will broach as the most natural of queries. Meantime you must take your course, my dear cotemporaries: what you do now, what you say now, will one day be history. In a hundred years they will talk as of a very extraordinary thing, of your bituminous squares, of your little steam-boats, of your badly constructed railways, of your gas so wanting in brilliancy, of your narrow *salles de spectacle*, of your moderate modern drama, of your vaudeville so reserved and so chaste. In that age, they will hear speak of a capital of a great kingdom which absorbed that entire kingdom, which attracted to it all fortune and all beauty, all intelligence and all genius, all the virtues but also all the crimes, all the poesies but also all the vices. They will say that in that capital the whole time of life was passed in talking, in writing, in learning, in reading: discourses written in the morning, in your immense *feuilles;* discourses spoke at midday at the tribune, and printed in the evening; that the sole preoccupation of the entire city was to know if it could talk a little better the next day than the day before; that it had no other ambition, and that the rest of the world might sink to nonentity, provided every morning it could have its *dose d'esprit* all ready and its *café à la crème*. They will relate at the same time how this city, so proud of its unity, was divided nevertheless into five or six faubourgs, which faubourgs were like so much of the universe separated the one from the other, much more than if every one of them were surrounded by the great wall of China.

Our editor notices the difference in several particulars between Parisian society in the seventeenth century and the present; he is eloquent on the vices and foibles of the former epoch, while he remarks the revolution that has taken place in manners and in the study of manners. He exclaims in reference to the earlier period:—

Strange world! where it was necessary to show effrontery and insolence, and yet to be mendicant; where the most skilful lived at the same time by the church, the sword, and the robe; where life was passed in receiving and demanding, in congratulating and calumniating one another; where the mask was worn all the year round, though the visage was well known; where forgetfulness, pride, arrogance, hardness, ingratitude, were the current coin; where honour, virtue, conscience were useless; where men might be seen so intoxicated and overcome by the smiles of favour, as to deal out their droppings of haughtiness, arrogance, presumption. Incredible country!—The old men are gallant, polite, and civil; the young men on the contrary, are hard, fierce, without politeness; freed from the passion for women at an age in which elsewhere it begins to be felt, they prefer to them repasts and viands and *amours ridicules*. In their debauch there is nothing wanting but to drink of *l'eau-forte*. In this fearful nation, the women hasten the decline of their beauty by artifices which they believe tend to heighten it; their custom is to paint the lips, the cheeks, the eyebrows and the shoulders, which they expose together with the throat, the arms and ears, as if they feared to hide those parts whereby they could please, and not to show them enough. This place is called Versailles, and it is situated at forty-eight degrees of northern latitude.

Curious picture this, and yet full of spirit and life! However, go to Versailles now, and in that palace, then embracing all France, you will find the completest deification of that same people who entered it for the first time to drag thence with blood-reeking hands the royal occupant and his family. In truth, royalty has become so meek and humble, that it furnishes a lesson more potent than all philosophy, or even Solomon himself, on the vanities of worldly greatness, and how necessary it is from time to time to write the changing and inconstant history of this poor humanity of ours. Yet still, as heretofore, there are not wanting those with whom politeness and fortune are substitutes for intellect and merit, and who, vacant enough oftentimes in this latter point, still have "greatness thrust upon them." But that greatness is now of a different kind, and comes from another source. It is not the monarch in this day, but the people of France who require their flatterers. There is no fear that the really ambitious will seek favours from what is called ironically the Court. When La Bruyère spoke of *favour*, he felt no necessity to add the word *royal*. Now, when you speak of that quality, at least in a public sense, you must understand the indispensable epithet *popular*—for no other is recognised.

The more French society is found divided, the more difficult is the task become of studying its manners. This great kingdom has been separated into so many little republics, every one of which has its laws, its usages, its jargons, its heroes, its political opinions in lieu of religious convictions, its ambitions, its faults, and its amours: not more inveterately has the soil of France been partitioned since the abolition of *la grande propriété*. One and the same moralist, therefore, one and the same delineator of manners, cannot penetrate into all those remote regions, of which he knows not the ways, nor the language, nor the customs. This extensive work must be divided and subdivided, that every one of its departments may have an appropriate historian, who can speak of what he has seen and heard in the district with which he is familiar. Formerly, it might be a proper and easy task for one man to undertake, when there existed in France only the two social sections of the court and the town; but now, since the natural, or shall we say the ancient limits have been passed—now, when all those rare elements of a grand society are confounded and mixed together as it were *au hazard*, the necessity of numerous *collaborateurs* becomes obvious. The better to perceive this, let us open at random any one of the chapters of La Bruyère, and we shall see what an infinite variety of materials were unknown in his time. Take the first, for instance, entitled "*Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit.*" Since his age this simple chapter is become a sufficient subject for an immense work, which should embrace all the details of the literary life,—that new mode of creating personal importance, of which the seventeenth century had no idea. In the time of La

Bruyère there had never been such a thing seen as a *chef-d'œuvre*, being the work of *many* hands: that was left for the present era. The literary life, properly so called, had then scarcely commenced; and in fact it is not certain if it be yet begun.

How different, in many respects, are the external types of woman from what they were in those times. And as for the *passions of the heart*, our author somewhat satirically but truly observes:—

We have now disordered or irregular passions *(passions échevelées)*, loves *à coups de poignard*, adulteries more regulated and more regular than marriages, amours between middle age and youth; moonlight frenzies; passion is now a public exhibition; the heart is set out for show, like gold chains in the shop of the jeweller: thus two things from which the moralists drew so largely are destroyed—love and gallantry.

And the salon, where is it?—Parisian conversation, in which the French so excelled, and of which superiority we were so justly proud—what has become of it?—I seem to be admitted into one of those beautiful salons of old times, in the hotel de Rambouillet, with Mademoiselle de Lenclos, with Madame de Sévigné;—what a spiritual and poetic murmur! All the intellectuals are admitted; the censorious, the satiric, the good jester,—rare entertainment! the orators, the moralists, the savans, the triflers, the *purists* themselves. Politeness and elegance were the unique centre of those happy reunions wherein Bossuet pronounced his first sermon, and Molière submitted the first reading of the *Tartuffe*. But now-a-days, hold!—have a care!—fly, Madame!—defend your lace and your scarf;—you are not far enough removed yet, fly still further!—for here behold, is a troop of our young gents *à la mode*, who invade the boulevard, spurred, cigarred, with hat closely fixed on the head!—too fortunate, Madame, if, covered with smoke and your robe torn, these gallant young gentlemen do not eject you upon the bitumen *en passant!*

Formerly, a *rich* man in France was one who kept a splendid table, painted his ceilings and his alcoves, rejoiced in a country and a town palace, sported a grand equipage, and brought a duke into his family; now, he traffics at the bourse, inhabits a second floor, frequents the *spectacle* with a free ticket, and marries his son to the daughter of a usurer. Then, moreover, there were valets who, by being partisans, finished their course by becoming princes; now, banker-princes conclude their career by becoming valets. The race which M. La Bruyère designates by the term *les grands* is extinct. Talleyrand was the last of that school; and with them has gone the entertaining tribe of laughers, dwarfs, buffoons, and flatterers: the race is extinct, and in its stead has arisen, secure in its rights and powers, the great community of *épiciers*. The "moneyed man" has replaced the grand seigneur: it is he who piques himself on opening a road-way in the forest, who protects his lands by long walls, gilds his ceilings, furnishes his orangery, and, in the words of Johnson, "points his prospects, diversifies his surface, entangles his walks, and

winds his waters!"* But to render a heart contented, to fill a soul with joy, to prevent or to remedy extreme want, in this consists not the superiority of the moneyed men of our day, any more than—nay, not so much as it did of the grand seigneurs of former times!

The Charter of 1830, and representative government, have introduced among the French, as if by enchantment, a perfectly new system of manners, of which past times had and could have no more idea than those living in the present day possess of the salons of old Paris, in which every moralist of the bygone period, (and at their head, as we have already observed, were Molière and La Bruyère,) found the types of their heroes, such as Tartuffe, M. Orgon, M. Jourdain and his Wife, Harpagon, Sganarelle, Valère, etc., etc. There still exist, it is true, types of the same characters, but much modified, corrected, and though less ridiculous it may be, yet sometimes more odious: moreover, the mind feels somewhat disconcerted and humiliated in perusing revolting details that are no longer possible in fact, as the following portrait, for instance, in which the author is speaking of the French peasantry:—"You behold certain ferocious animals, male and female, spread over the country, dark, livid, and sun-burnt, attached to the land which they dig; they have, to be sure, an articulate voice, or something like it, and when they stand upon their feet, they show a 'face divine,' and the fact they are men!" Thank God, this species of animal no longer exists; he has held up his head, and become quite a man; at certain times of the year, too, those who are ambitious of his regards pay him a visit, not in his den, but in his house, to solicit his smile and his suffrage: not long since, by the bye, one of these *animals* was made a knight of the Legion of Honour for his invention of a plough!

The outward fashion has changed in most other things, as well as in this vital one, since the age of Louis le Grand, though the essence of those things remains. The French still have their florists and their *bouquinistes*, eager as ever after flowers and books, but of a different sort from what they used to be; they have still their ragouts, and liqueurs, and entremets; they dispense homœopathy, where they formerly sold drugs; they still have their diviners and sorceresses, though they have less faith in magic than La Bruyère himself. In grammars and dictionaries, too, there has been a revolution; for words resemble the leaves of trees, which the autumn removes, and the spring renews. Modern French indeed is fast separating itself from the language of Bossuet, Pascal, and Molière. But that which is quite discarded is the Christian pulpit, while the evangelical orator

* See his life of Shenstone.

† Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Hor. De Art. Poet. v. 60-63.

collects a considerable assembly; to make some amends, however, such as it is, there is the political tribune, the centre around which so many stormy passions are excited. Men are as formerly the dupes of action and speech and all the other auditorial *appareil*. There are no longer *esprits forts*, but there are disciples of Robespierre, of Marat, or of Danton.

In the present day, comedy, too much neglected at the theatre, has entered into every form of writing,—histories, romances, songs, sketches, and pictures of life and manners. The artist and designer have become absolutely true moralists, and while exciting the surprise of this lively nation by their productions, have induced it to sit for its portrait. For a long time the artist kept to his own peculiar path, while the writer as tenaciously held to his; they had never dreamt of a combination of powers, in order to put to common advantage their observation, their irony, their sang-froid, and their satire. At length, however, and when each of them had obeyed his vocation of observer they mutually agreed upon this grand experiment,—the combined study of contemporary modes, ideas, opinions, and manners. From this agreeable association has resulted the work before us; a comedy, it may be called, in a hundred different acts, but all worked up, set off, furnished, and, in a word, such as may be exhibited before any assembly of men. In this *étude* of public and private manners there are, besides the present, certain epochs of the history of France, which have been little described, except by representations but dubiously faithful. Boucher and Watteau, for example, are as much historians of the manners of the past century, as Diderot or the younger Crebillon: what then must be the effect when their two modes of delineation are united in the same book? and what a charming, and, above all, faithful portraiture would that have been which embodied a romance of Crebillon illustrated by Watteau? Further, whatever be the talent of the writer, or the accuracy and truthfulness of the historical page, a period at length arrives wherein some traits of the picture, the originals of which are so easy for contemporaries to recognise, will be worn out. Dress changes its form and colour; one sort of arms disappears to be followed by another; wool is succeeded by velvet, velvet by lace, inferior metals by gold, poverty by luxury, ancient by modern art, Louis XIV. by Louis XV., Athens by Rome. In a word, whatever be the character of any particular period, or whatever the vice that constitutes the difference between one epoch and another, how can the simple historian, left to himself, seize in their passage all the characteristic shades—the important *nuances*, which mark that difference? Certainly, when we read the admirable chapters of the aged Theophrastus, dying in his 107th year, and yet lamenting the shortness of human life, we are astonished at perceiving how the whole Athenian community stir and move in his lively pages, so full withal

of wit and spirit, though begun in his 99th year. His simple chapters afford us a more familiar acquaintance with the people of Athens than all the histories of Xenophon and Thucydides: yet how much more gratifying would it have been could we now see those goodly citizens, as pourtrayed in their clothing, their furniture, their food and mode of living, and presented to us just as they existed in the time of Aristotle's successor, and as he saw them himself! Could we but behold, through the medium of sensible imagery *also*, those remarkable characters as they pass along the streets, whose types the philosopher has transmitted to us so graphically in writing;—such as the Great Talker, the Fop, the Flatterer, the Rustic, the Knave, the Miser, the Newsmonger, the Statesman, etc. etc. What additional interest would have attached itself to the recital of Theophrastus, and how much more easily could we have recognised the originals, thus vividly pourtrayed!*

The work under our notice is as remarkable for the number and excellence of its illustrations as for the talent and quiet comic humour displayed by most, if not all, its various contributors. They frequently remind us of Addison in the Spectator, and sometimes of Paul Louis Courier.

What our predecessors have not done for us, (says the prefatory writer,) we will do for our descendants: we will show ourselves to them not only in bust likenesses, but from head to foot, and as ridiculous as we can make ourselves. In this magic lantern, where we all pass in review, nothing shall be forgotten, not even to light the lantern; in a word, nothing shall be wanting to complete the work, that has for its object the study of contemporary manners, and of which La Bruyère himself, our master and prototype, has in some sort indicated the programme, when he somewhere says, "our fathers have transmitted to us, with the knowledge of their persons, that of their dress, of their *coiffure*, of their arms offensive and defensive, and of other ornaments to which they were partial during their life-time. We should not show our gratitude for this series of good offices, did we not treat our descendants in the same manner."

What is here promised, the voluminous work performs. In fact, the chief fault we should have to find with it, were it an English production, and estimating it on popular grounds, would be its voluminousness; and yet the Editor has followed up the publication of these ample tomes, which are principally descriptive of every-day actual life in Paris, by a further series on the social characteris-

* We are not unaware that among the English translations of this author, a rather recent version has appeared under the following title:—"The Characters of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek, *and illustrated by physiognomical sketches*. To which are subjoined the Greek text, with notes, and hints on the individual varieties of human nature. By Francis Howell." London. 1824. 8vo.

tics of Provence. Among the letter-press contributors—the *sommités littéraires*,—are the names of MM. Jules Janin, Balzac, Bernard, Viel-Castel, Cormenin, L. Roux, Lacroix, Duval, Soulié, D'Arlincourt, Tissot, Dubuisson, Prévost, Delord, Nodier, Arago,—Mesdames Ancelot, De Bawr, De Longueville, D'Anspach, Marie, Waldor, Foa, Colet, and more than sixty others. The designs are chiefly by MM. Gavarni, Monnier, Pauquet, Meissonnier, etc. etc. Of the immense number of characters described we cannot even mention the titles of more than a few, and from these our limits will only allow us to select three or four for particular notice. In the first volume we have articles on the *Epicier*, *L'Etudiant en Droit*, *Le Debutant Littéraire*, *Les Femmes Politiques*, *L'Avoué*, *Le Deputé*, *Le Pair de France*, *Le Postillion*, *L'Employé*, and upwards of thirty more. The second volume contains those on *La Loueuse de Chaises*, *Le Gend'arme*, *L'Avocat*, *L'Institutrice*, *Le Conducteur de Deligence*, *Le Gamin de Paris*, *L'Invalide*, and more than thirty others. In the third, are comprised very interesting and amusing portraitures of *Le Journaliste*, *Le Bourgeois Campagnard*, *Le Flaneur*, *Le Chaperon*, *L'Homme de Lettres*, *La Demoiselle de Comptoir*, *Le Commissionaire*, *L'Homme du peuple*, *Les Chiffonniers*, and of twenty-seven others. The fourth volume has instructive and entertaining *tableaux* of the moral and trading features of French society,—such as *Les Détenus*, or Prisoners, under twelve different types; *Les Pauvres*, under four types; *La Dévote*, under two, *La Réligiuese* under three types; concluding with those of the different callings or trades, such as *Le Patissier*, *La Laitière*, and an infinity of *Les Marchands*, etc. etc. etc.

In noticing M. Balzac's clever sketch of the Epicier, i. e. *grocer*, or rather *huckster*, we may here observe what has already been said of that character, that "since the Restoration, the Epicier has become the type of a class of men very widely diffused in France. There are coarse and narrow understandings which have neither the creed and feelings of the past, nor those of the future, and which maintain a fixed middle point amid the movement of ideas. This is what we call *l'esprit épicier*. Applied to literature, to the arts, to the mode of living, and manifesting itself in manner, style, and taste, by something obsolete, vulgar, and awkward, tinged with the ridiculous; this spirit has created what we call *le genre épicier*. The épicier has formed his political opinions, if he has any, in the school of the *Constitutionnel*. He has not emerged from the narrow principles of the old liberalism of the Restoration. His nationality is a prejudice, without ideality, and without grandeur. He thinks himself a friend of liberty, and he sacrifices it daily by lending an unintelligent support to power. His ruling passion is the love of 'order,' because he has observed that in the days of political disturbances there has been a fall of a per-centage on his operations. The apprehension of

anarchy, or, to speak more correctly, the fear of diminished sales and falling prices, has made him a fanatic of 'l'ordre public.' It would be impossible to make him comprehend that the best means of consolidating public tranquillity would be to labour for the reconciliation of all the interests of society. He cannot conceive, even in moral order, any other interests than those of his trade. For him, order is a positive result which must be obtained at any price, without regard to the causes which may have produced a feverish over-excitement in any portion of society."

With this introduction, the reader may be enabled the better to appreciate the spirit and humour of the few passages we are about to extract from the essay of M. Balzac; and as the Epicier is a theme that has employed the pens of several *littérateurs* of late years, and has therefore become a somewhat familiar topic, we shall be excused for not dwelling upon it further than what is implied in the following citations: *

Others, ungrateful wretches, pass carelessly by the *sacro-sainte boutique* of an *épicier*. From such Heaven preserve you! However crabbed, dirty, *mal en casquette* be the *garçon*, how fresh and joyous be the master, I regard them both with solicitude, and address them with all the deference of the *Constitutionnel*. I let a dead body go by—a bishop—a king, and I pay no attention; but as for an *épicier*, I never look upon him with indifference. In my eyes, the *épicier*, whose omnipotence is but a century old, is one of the noblest expressions of modern society. Is he not a being as sublime for his resignation as remarkable for his utility; a constant source of sweetness, of light, of bountiful commodities?—In short is he not the minister of Africa, the *chargé d'affaires* of the Indies and America? Certes, the épicier is all that; but what constitutes the crowning point of his perfections is, that he is all that without himself having the least suspicion of it. Does the obelisk know that it is a monument?

Base sneerers, did you ever enter the shop of an épicier, who did not smile upon you most graciously, cap in hand, while you kept your hat upon your head? The butcher is rude, the baker is pale and grumbling; but the épicier, always ready to oblige, exhibits in all quarters of Paris an amicable countenance. So, to whatever class the foot-passenger belongs, he, in any perplexity, does not address himself to the snappishness of the *horloger*,

* Besides that Paul de Kock,—who is indebted perhaps mainly for his great popularity to his chiming in so adroitly with the predominant tastes and opinions of his age,—has embodied and set forth *l'esprit épicier* in his novels in general, which have hence become such great favourites with the English public, in whom this spirit exists a hundredfold more than in the French,—he has also admirably pourtrayed the character of the *épicier* INDIVIDUALLY in his M. Dupont. Previous sketches have likewise been written of this character by M. de Balzac himself, as well as a long article on the same subject in the "*Revue Encyclopédique*" for February 1833, entitled "*Etudes Politiques sur l'Epicier*," &c.

nor to the bastioned counter of bleeding viands where sits the buxom butcher's wife, nor to the distrustful grating of the baker;—among all the open shops he looks for, he chooses that of the *épicier* to get change for a hundred-sous piece, or to ask his way; he is sure that this man, the most Christain of all traders, is at every one's service, though the most engaged; for the time which he bestows upon passengers, he robs himself of. But though your call should disconcert him, being for the purpose of putting him under contribution, he is sure to give you a welcome reception; and he will be sure to turn it to his own interests, if the conference exceeds a simple interrogation, or becomes any way confidential. You would sooner find a badly formed woman than an impolite épicier.

A Parisian épicier may be always known by his physical exterior, by his dress, his phraseology, his gait, or a certain ostentatiousness of manner, which the prying eye of the caricaturist will not fail to mark and make the most of. These traits are humourously set forth by M. Balzac, though we must confess to the inadequacy of our language or of ourselves to do justice to the point and raciness and gusto of the original:

He is so sensible of the happiness of quitting his *boutique*, his spouse so rarely undergoes the process of the toilette, her gown is so *bouffante*, that an épicier attended by his wife takes up more room in the public way than any other couple. Disencumbered of his *casquette de loutre* and of his *gilet rond*, he might appear like any other citizen, were it not for those words, *ma bonne amie*, which he is in the habit of frequently employing to explain the various alterations in Paris to his wife, who, confined within her *comptoir*, is ignorant of the novelties and changes going on. If now and then, on a Sunday, he ventures upon a *promenade champêtre*, he chooses for a seat the most dusty place in the *bois de Romainville, de Vincennes, or d'Auteuil*, where he falls into an ecstacy on the purity of the air. There, as everywhere, you shall know him, under all his disguises, by his phraseology or his opinions. You go by a public voiture to Meaux, Melun, Orleans, and you find just in front of you a man well clad, who casts upon you a look of suspicion or defiance: you are lost in conjectures as to this individual at first so taciturn. Is he an *avoué?* Is he a new-made peer of France? Is he a *bureaucrate?* A lady in ill-health says she is not yet recovered from the cholera. Conversation begins. The unknown takes the word. "*Mósieu*" . . . (The cat's out of the bag—the *épicier* has declared himself.) An *épicier* does not say *Monsieur*, which is affected, nor *Msieu*, which seems exceedingly contemptuous; he has found his triumphant *Mósieu*, which has something in it between respect and protection, at once expresses his consideration, and imparts a marvellous savour to his person. "*Mósieu*," he will say, "during the cholera, the three greatest physicians, Dupuytren, Broussais, and Môsieu Magendie treated their patients by different remedies; all died, or nearly so. They did not know what the cholera was; but the cholera,—it is a malady, of which one is sure to die. Those that I have seen with it had been ill previously. That time, Môsieu, did great, very great injury to trade!"

You then sound him on his politics. His political creed runs thus:—"Môsieu, it appears to me that the ministers don't know what they are doing! Change them as you may, it is always the same thing. It was only under the emperor that they went on well. But what a man he was! In losing him, France has a good loss! And to say that we did not support him!!" You further discover that the épicier entertains religious opinions of an extremely reprehensible character. The *chansons* of Béranger are his gospel. Yes, those detestable *refrains*, mixed up with politics, have done incalculable injury, of which the *épicerie* will long feel the effects. Perhaps a century must pass before an épicier of Paris (those of the provinces are a little less chanson-ridden) shall enter into Paradise. Perhaps his wish to be French carries him too far. God will judge.

Of all the books that are popular with the youth of France, perhaps there is none more so than *Numa Pompilius*, the work of Florian: it is to him and his book that the nymph Egeria owes the great reputation she enjoys. It is to Florian that the honour belongs of having given a proverbial signification to the name of that nymph, and of having, so to speak, snatched her from the ungrateful oblivion of history, by placing her as a glorious symbol in the vulgar alphabet of poetical figures. Thanks to the chevalier Florian, Agnes Sorel and Madame de Maintenon saw themselves transformed into aquatic nymphs, and Charles VII. and Louis XIV. into *Numas* of a second edition. The modern Egeria, however, no longer inhabits a grotto furnished with pebbles, green moss, and a limpid stream: she no longer avoids the homage of the crowd, to feed on her platonic aspirations; no, the Egeria of the nineteenth century is less impalpable; she has understood that it is necessary to be a woman, and a woman of the world. The Egeria created by Florian, is now named *femme politique*. Generally speaking she is a lady no longer in the prime of life; her age is no more spoken of, not even guessed at, and to the day of her death she will contrive to keep in this doubtful position, which leaves those gentlemen by whom she is surrounded, wavering between grave respect and that courteous impertinence which some ladies covet as a mark of homage. But to sustain her pretensions to the title of *femme politique*, two conditions are indispensably necessary. Whether she be on the side of government or opposition, she must belong to the best society, and be in possession of considerable fortune. Without the reunion of these two primary requisites, the *femme politique* will run the risk of being but lightly esteemed, and to pass with many for no more than an intriguante. Literature has but small attractions for the political lady; she interdicts herself all frivolous reading, and on no account is a romance permitted to enter her salon or her boudoir, but on table, sofa, fauteuil, and chimney-piece, the journals predominate, and political brochures, diplomatic documents, down to the opinions of the deputies, printed separately on vellum, ornament the shelves of her

library. "The *marquise de*.....one of the most celebrated of the *femmes politiques* of our times, regularly reads every year the enormous folios containing the different chapters of the state-budget. At certain seasons, the *femmes politiques* fill the diplomatic box at the Chamber of Deputies; they murmur; they approve *à demi-voix;* in the interludes of the parliamentary sittings, they maintain warm discussions with the young and old diplomatists. Some, still more presuming, affect the language of learned incomprehensibility, and are so metaphysical as to be unintelligible to ordinary minds. These drop to sleep of an evening while reading the *Cours philosophique* of Cousin, and take a turn in the *bois de Boulogne* with the volume of the "Philosophy of History," by M. Guizot. The Countess of ....., a political *blue-stocking* of the highest distinction, said lately in the presence of the most spiritual of the authors of the apocryphal memoirs,—"I love Guizot and Cousin with an almost equal affection, or rather the two perfect in me an affection physical and instinctive; the duality of these great men confounds itself into one complex unity, and leads me, so to speak, to comprehend the infinite: the former has its profundity, the latter its extent." "Could it not rather be asserted," replied the author of the memoirs, "with more reason, and without detracting from them the least of their resemblance to the infinite, that they are as inexplicable?"

The author of this sketch speaks of two remarkable types of the *femme politique;* the first of which embodied in her sole nature all those of the governmental class; the other those of the opposition; both, ladies of good society, rich, elegant, talented,—exercised, each in the circle of their respective opinions, a certain influence, a sort of political and moral sovereignty. Of both, he gives a graphic and amusing description, and we believe, a very just one, summing it up with the following reflections:—

Such are the two types of the *femmes politiques*, that I have known in the world, and more than ever do I remain convinced that God has not created woman for so rude a calling as politics; more than ever am I persuaded that a woman who seeks to mix in the labours of men loses all her feminine qualities, all her graces, all her advantages, without any profit that can repay her for so many losses. There are not many *public* careers open to women; very rarely does God bestow upon some inspired Joan of Arc the sword of combat, very rarely does he commit to some sanguinary Elizabeth, or to some sanguinary Catherine, the destiny of human empires.

Without imposing upon all ladies the epitaph of the Roman matron—"*Domi mansit, lanam fecit,*" I should yet prefer reading on their funeral stone—"*Elle aimait trop le bal, c'est ce qui l'a tuée,*" to finding many tombs like that of the mistress of Monaldeschi.

Mr. H. Bulwer has given us a lively and expressive portrait of the "Gamin" of Paris. "The sun shines; and behold that important personage who has so frequently decided the destiny of Paris!

See him in his black and besmeared 'blouse,' his paper cap, and his green apron. There he is on the quais, on the Boulevards, in the Palais Royal; wherever Paris is more essentially Paris—there he is, laughing, running, shouting, idling, eating. There he is, at the fête, at the funeral, at the bridal, at the burial, above all—at the Revolution. Hark, as he cries '*Vive la France! vive la liberté!*' And he rushes on the bayonet, he jumps upon the cannon, he laughs at death—he fears nothing—but a shower of rain; and was ever found invincible until Marshal Lobau appeared against him,—with a water-engine. Such is the 'gamin' of Paris, who, in common with the gods, enjoys the privilege of perpetual youth. Young at the 'League,' young at the 'Fronde,' young in 1789, young in 1830; always young and always first when there is frolic or adventure; for the character of the Parisian is the character of youth; gay, careless, brave at all ages; he is more than ever gay, and careless, and brave, when he is young. Such is the 'gamin' of Paris; and in spite of his follies and his fickleness, there is something in the rags darkened by gunpowder, in the garment torn by the sword, and pierced by the ball, that a foreigner respects."

And M. Jules Janin thus proceeds in describing the Parisian boy:—

Hardly awake, the "gamin de Paris" becomes the prey of two passions which make up his life, hunger and liberty. He must eat, he must go out. Give him at once a piece of bread and the open air. He is very soon dressed, for a blouse equips him; and having plunged his hands and head into the cold water like a gladsome poodle, his toilette is finished for the day. His father concerns himself but little about him, for he himself was once a "gamin de Paris," and knows what the rearing is; but his mother, in her quality of a *Parisienne* and a mother, is jealous of the beauty of her son; always has she ready for him a white *chemise*, a comb, a kiss, and a few sous; and then, "Adieu, my son, you may go." Yes, take possession of the city, thou art its master, thou art the king of Paris; the city was made for thee, it must obey thee: yes, evil be to the provincial, evil to the *bourgeois*, evil to the *ignoramus*, who does not recognise in this passing boy the sovereign of this great city! Once freed, he meanwhile minds which way the wind blows, and obeys it as his sole master. Do you already hear his joyous little cry which mingles with the notes of the morning swallow? "*O eh! O eh!*" and to this sudden triumphant cry, all the echoes answer, *O eh! O eh!* For it is his instinct to unite with others, to discover his comrades, and to march *en troupe serrée*. When he is alone, the gamin has a weary time of it, his appetite fails him, his hands are idle, his light feet are as of lead; but as soon as the joyous band is formed, his hand is all activity, his foot regains its nimbleness, his look is sharp and quick, his breast dilates, all the warrior instincts of this little community are awakened at once. Look, there is the gamin marching *au pas;* he has heard the drum; the corporal smiles upon him, the officer gives him a slight tap on the cheek. By the way, and however little disposed, nothing hinders him

from entering a school. The lesson is begun, the master has entered upon his expositions; but already does the "*gamin*" comprehend all; his is the most lively, most rapid and sincere intelligence in the world; his sagacity is incessantly in advance, clear and quick as the lightning. Nothing astonishes him; he learns so quick, that it has the air of recollection. In their vocabulary they have a word which does for all the sciences, political, scientific, and literary; when they have said *Connu, connu!* they have said all. You speak to them of Peter and of Paul: *Connu, connu!* You speak to them of Charlemagne and of Louis XIV: *Connu, connu!* You explain to them how two and two make four: *Connu, connu!* How it is the earth that turns and not the sun: *Connu, connu!* But now only pronounce before them the name alone of Napoleon Bonaparte, and instantly these young heads will be uncovered, their roguish smiles become serious; they will no longer say—*Connu, connu!* but on the contrary, they will listen with infinite attention to the minutest details of this species of modern evangelism.

In fact, the "*gamin de Paris*" has some confused notions of those glorious times when he was a personage of some importance,—the times of the Emperor. Under Napoleon he became a hero at the age of sixteen, being sent to the frontiers barefooted and wretchedly armed indeed, but still distinguished for vivacity and courage. Then he constituted the *bon mot* of the battle, the joy of the bivouac, the source of those fine sallies and pleasant repartees which so charmed the Emperor. Then, we are told, the "gamin de Paris" changed his name to the simple appellation, "*Parisian.*"

It is with the Parisian, (says M. Janin,) as with champagne, you meet with him under all longitudes and all latitudes, upon the earth, under the earth, upon the sea. From him proceed all recitals, all tales, all marvels. Nothing to do but to hear him speak and to see his laugh, to forget hunger, and thirst, and the burning heat of the dog-days. It is ever with the most consummate grace that the Parisian casts upon you his *bon mot* and his *coup de sabre;* it is he who makes the song to rhyme, who writes the billets-doux of the regiment, who takes the message to the captain. He is the fencing-master, and has invented certain secret passes, which he teaches to every body; he plays on the flageolet, on the *trompette à l'oignon* and the jew's-harp; he imitates to the life dogs, cats, and other domestic animals. In his travels M. de Chateaubriand met with a "*gamin de Paris,*" who taught the polished manners of the court of Louis XV. to savages. He lives in all climates, accommodates himself to all kinds of food and fortune; he is courageous, vain, a fabricator, and a varlet; bold and insolent as a page; his eloquence is unwearied and inexhaustible; he has a great fund of philosophy, a patience proof against every thing, a complete improvidence of all human things, a certain sentiment of probity and of duty, which never forsakes him. Such is the basis of the character of this singular personage, with whom nothing in the other nations of Europe is to be compared.

Of the various trades and callings of the *gamin*, that for which he has the greatest *penchant* is the *métier d'homme de lettres*, which here means that he is employed in carrying to authors the proof-

sheets of their respective works. Of one engaged in this office, M. Janin, in his usual lively manner, gives us an interesting anecdote, the citation of which, closing our extracts from this able and animated essay, may be a source of gratification to the reader.

One day, he [the gamin] came to M. de Chateaubriand's, quite out of breath, in his eagerness to have a near view of this great popular character: the young man had crossed at one bound that long street, to the summit of the high hill where the great poet then was: he arrives, and finds himself in the presence of M. de Chateaubriand; he is as overcome as if he had seen the Emperor Napoleon in person; he is quite in trouble, he who never troubles himself with any thing. "Monsieur," says he, "here is a *proof* that I bring you." At the same time he searches for his proof: in his hind-pockets were contained articles of reviews and romances of M. Paul de Kock: his side-pockets groaned with a classic tragedy; under his two arms was piled a romantic drama by the side of a vaudeville of M. Scribe; his cap even was full of prose and verse; but there, in that mediocre pêle-mêle of every-day writings, the prose of M. de Chateaubriand was not: the boy was quite disconcerted, and upon his fine visage was pictured the most profound grief. "*Allons, allons,*" said M. de Chateaubriand, "'tis but a slight misfortune, if thou hast lost it by the way." At these words all his presence of mind returned. "Here it is; here it is, Monseigneur!" exclaimed he; at the same time drawing forth the goodly sheet which he had placed next to his heart, in order that it might not become mixed, even for an instant, with that *pacotille* of prose and verse. M. de Chateaubriand was more touched with this instance of *naïf* and sincere homage than with the encomiums of all Europe. He offered his hand to the boy, who kissed it!!

These are but a few traits in the multifarious character of the "gamin." Our limits will not allow of our giving more. In him is embodied the most singular mixture of vices and virtues, of qualities and defects, of carelessness and of courage, of cunning and of *naïveté*, of all the opposite virtues and of all the contrary vices which it is possible to find together. This boy, or if you will, this man thus formed, takes in the whole of what is called *l'esprit français*, an indomitable independence, a noble heart, a dangerous head, a cheerful countenance, malice without gall, a youth dazzling and disordered; all the generous instincts, intelligence the most daring, an aspect the most shrewd, and vanity the most charming; such is the "gamin de Paris." He is not the product of centuries, any more than he is the product of education; he is of himself and by himself; he proceeds from himself alone; and history, of which he forms a part, has passed over his young head unheedingly. Such is he at this day, and such was he at the commencement of the French monarchy. It is of this character especially that we may say what Napoleon declared of the old branch of the Bourbons:—"Il n'a rien appris, il n'a rien oublié, il a passé, sans rien prendre et sans rien laisser de sa toison, à travers toutes les révolutions et toutes les tempêtes." Gamin he was under

Charlemagne, and so he continued under successive kings, to the epoch of Louis XVI.; not troubling himself meanwhile as to what individual reigned, nor yet about the laws which he found it necessary to obey; he has never been either catholic or protestant, jesuit or jansenist; but he has always been revolutionary,—revolutionary not from principle or forethought, but from feeling and instinct; not for his personal ambition, but for his own pleasure; and because it amuses him to aid in subverting every thing about him. He has never flattered any power, and he has never yielded submission to anybody; you cannot reckon upon any thing belonging to him, not even his enthusiasm. He is as devoid of rancour as he is of gratitude. No power or person has been able to discover the means of taming, governing, or checking his indomitable spirit: neither force nor fear has any influence over him: glory alone can avail somewhat that way, but it must be glory of a peculiar character. He equally defies the efforts of politicians, of priests, of soldiers, of orators, nay even the prefect of police himself.

And here we are led, by an easy transition, to think of journalists and journalism, a fourth power in the state, the representative of the spirit of the French public, the organ of its utterance. A character so important as the journalist would not be omitted in such a work as the present. Accordingly, he occupies a very conspicuous position in the third volume, and is somewhat lengthily indeed, but skilfully, sketched by Jules Janin,—who traces the history of journalism from its early Roman origin,—Julius Cæsar being the first journalist. He was the first, according to Suetonius, to institute the custom of writing and publishing the daily acts of the people and the senate. *Primus instituit ut tam senatûs quam populi diurna acta conficerentur et publicarentur.* But the first Roman journalist, similar to the modern, was Celius, who did for Cicero, when proconsul in Cilicia, what Grimm and Diderot did for the empress Catherine, that is keep up a political and literary correspondence referring to the historical details of every day. M. Victor Leclerc, a journalist, and a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, has recently made some singular discoveries in this respect, namely, some records of the early times of Rome; from these annual tablets he has recovered the accounts of the prodigies, the state expenses, the Death of Virginia, all the eclipses which were so great a source of terror to the ancients; the statues accorded to citizens unjustly killed; the raining of blood and milk under the consulate of Marcus Arilius; and the suit of Valerius Triarius against Scaurus, accused of extortion before Cato the Prætor: he has searched into the records of the city under the imperial government, and he has retrieved the insults against Livia, the mother of Tiberius.

The greatest number of the national chronicles of France, are written in the form of a diary or journal. In the early times, pro-

bably, it was only a somewhat educated bourgeois, who might write on the margin of his missal the chronological order of the events which interested him, the price of commodities, the state of the seasons, the birth of the dauphin, the death of the king, the marriage of his own children, etc. As early as the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII., there appeared a veritable journal of great importance, *Le Journal d'un bourgeois de Paris*, composed in a singular manner, inasmuch as it contains in their own hand-writing and style, the several reflections of the bourgeois, the clerk of the university, the priest, and the captain of militia. There is also that terrible journal, *La Chronique scandaleuse du Roi Louis XI.* Moreover, a very curious one exists—*Le Journal de Louis de Savoie*, a genuine court gazette; as well as that of Estoile, a hand-journal, many copies of which circulated among the families of the magistracy. This journal included more than one age, but especially the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV. The sixteenth century, enterprising and adventurous, taking account at once of the past and present, of the old world and the new, had adopted with ardour this easy form of recounting its emotions, its discoveries, and its conflicts. If, under the title of journalism, we include all those productions of the press which may be looked upon as the representatives of the feelings and passions of the passing day, Luther was undoubtedly the greatest, because the most influential journalist that existed in this century, or perhaps that ever did exist, inasmuch as in that form, he let loose the human mind by means of the press, which was coeval in its origin with himself. From that epoch, unity, the dream of Charlemagne, supported and consecrated by the church, was broken; and history, which hitherto had been as it were but a legend, became a pamphlet; all the powers of the world were in controversy, and debated aloud in presence of the people, who were astonished at entering thus, for the first time, into the disputes and secrets of their masters. It was a strange thing to witness that silence broken, (never to be recovered,) which had heretofore weighed over all political affairs. Francis the First attacks Charles V., first by the sword, and then by words; he called to his aid, not only the soldiers, but the writers of France. Charles replies to Francis by the sword and pen at the same time, and thus we behold the people in contact with their rulers; and hence also we perceive the imprudence of the latter for their own ends, in admitting their subjects as judges of their own quarrels. The more so, when in 1789, the people, having well understood all these controversies, took it into their heads to deliver their own verdict, and then declared to all the parties concerned, to the king of France and all the sovereigns of Europe, to the pope and the emperor: "You are wrong,—we are right;" and by a simultaneous movemen discomfited them.

In the time of Louis XIII. was established a regular French

journal, entitled, *Le Mercure de France.* It gives an account of the death of Barnevelt, the minutest details of which are recorded, of how and when he arrived at the scaffold, and with what magnanimity he met his fate,—"*Barnevelt, un des plus grands esprits de l'Europe.*" Among its other literary novelties, such as,—*Le poëte Théophile est chassé de France;—Ballet de la reine; Psyche,* etc., we find a small piece of fugitive verses certainly not inferior to those of their class of the present day:

Damon. Dois-je perdre tout mon âge
Sans repos, ni liberté ?
Sylvie. Berger, vous étiez volage,
Mais vous êtes arrêté.
Damon. Au moins qu'on me fasse entendre
Pourquoi je suis détenu.
Sylvie. Berger, vous me vouliez prendre
Mais je vous ai prévenu.
Damon. Pour vous, en cette contrainte,
Je meurs la nuit et le jour.
Sylvie. C'est de regret ou de crainte,
Vous ne mourez pas d'amour.
Damon. Qui pourrait sur votre face
Voir les lis sans vous servir ?
Sylvie. Mais vous avez eu l'audace
De vouloir me les ravir!

The Cardinal Richelieu established the *Gazette de France.* This gazette, the oldest of the regular journals, begun in 1631 by Théophraste Renaudot, did not cease till 1792, and forms no less than 163 volumes in quarto, with or without privilege. Consulted with care, this immense repository would furnish an inexhaustible mine of terrible and of pleasing anecdotes.

Some days previous to the publication of Renaudot appeared the *Gazette en vers,* a facetious periodical that did not fail of readers, and doubtless owed its existence to the satirical and witty journals of the times, which were written as newspapers, and replete with scandal and bitterness. For, at this period, such small publications were already in being, and cruelly did they perform their vocation, inasmuch as no one was spared by them, neither men nor women; the former in respect of their courage, or the latter in that of their beauty; even the manuscript song, with its stinging irony and daily circulation, constituted a ruder and fiercer attack than the small journals of our day with the editors' and printers' names affixed. An injury in print has something of a solemnity about it, which half destroys its effect; you know moreover whence it comes, and you can avenge it if you like; but what protection or redress was there when scandalous couplets were handed about, whose origin and source were unknown, and in which no one was respected ? It reminds us

in some respects of the infamous publication that created such a stir among private and respectable families in this country a short time ago,—called the "*Paul Pry.*" The *Gazette en vers* had its outrage for whoever had the fortune to succeed in the world,—for whoever became famous in war, in politics, in love, or intellectual pursuits. The ladies of the court, for example, were thus treated:

Dolore est cruelle
Luynes n'est pas belle;
Lamothe est si prude
Qu'elle en paraît rude.
Et pour Coëtlogon,
Si elle sait vous plaine,
Ce n'est pas une affaire,
Elle ne dira pas;—non.

When Madame de Montespar had left the society of M. de Lauzun to become the mistress of Louis XIV., M. de Lauzun is made to write thus to the king:

Votre Majesté, sire,
M'a fait un vilain tour;
Mais je n'en puis que rire,
Car je n'ai plus d'amour.
Je vous laisse ma maîtresse;
Mon Dieu, que j'en étais las!
Faites-en tous vos choux gras;
Moi, je n'en fais plus de cas:
Elle est vieille et sans appas.

The most remarkable of these burlesque writers was one Loret, a domestic of Cardinal Mazarin, who managed to work himself into the good graces of the celebrated Mademoiselle de Longueville, under whose auspices Loret carried on his trade of low wit and buffoon until his journal extended to two large volumes, which are now extremely rare. "Mademoiselle de Longueville," says M. Janin, "did well to love and protect him (Loret) as a worthy sister of the Prince de Condé and the Prince de Conti which she was. The hôtel de Rambouillet (that was the flourishing period of the hôtel de Rambouillet) was justly proud of Mademoiselle de Longueville, who received from all the highest respect and homage; for she had been the heroine of the Fronde, as the Duchesse de Montpensier had been the heroine of the League." Loret, having subsequently come under the protection of Superintendant Fouquet, when the latter was imprisoned in the Bastille, had the courage to address to him publicly "*d'honnêtes et de tendres adieux:*" for this he was disgraced by Colbert, and died in 1665.

Literary criticism had hitherto been unjust and partial. For instance, Richelieu, who was jealous of Corneille, would not permit the success nor even the name of his *chef d'œuvre*, the *Cid*, to be

mentioned in his paper, the *Gazette de France*. Hence there was great need of a reform in this department of journalism. The seventeenth century was at the height of its glory and magnificence. All the grand questions of this illustrious epoch were being daily agitated, and it was fit that they should find a just representation somewhere. Hence therefore we arrive at the *Journal des Savans*, founded in 1665, and which, like the *Gazette de France*, ceased in 1792, at the moment when there was no longer any other science in France than political science. M. de Sallo was the originator of the *Journal des Savans*,—"an idea so novel and happy," says Fontenelle, "and which subsists to this day with more vigour than ever, and accompanied with a numerous posterity." M. de Sallo was a man of consideration in his day, and the friend of Colbert. He is made the hero of an adventure in Fielding's *Tom Jones*. The plan of his journal was, "to announce new works and give an analysis of them, to report the discoveries in physics and chymistry, the arts, and *the tribunals*, etc." Our limits will not allow us to dwell on the names and qualifications of its contributors, on its intrinsic merits, its style, or on its incredible puerilities, such as its prescriptions how to lengthen life, or its definitions of sympathy, etc. It did not exist long without an opponent in the *Journal de Trévaux*, which was started under the auspices of the Jesuits; whereupon M. de Sallo thought fit to give up his journal, leaving to others the task and the honour of continuing the work he had begun.

In conducting the *Journal de Trévaux*, the jesuits remembered with some degree of soreness, that irresistible journalist, Pascal, whose loose sheets were daily printed in a form that entitled him to that appellation; and indeed in some choice libraries the Provincial Letters are still to be seen as the *Journal de Pascal*. The next great writer of this kind was the celebrated Pierre Bayle, who published in the shape of a journal his *Histoire de la république des Lettres*. "Voilà," says M. Janin, "un grand journaliste, courageux, devoué, ne s'arrêtant devant aucune disgrâce, regardant a face le soleil de Louis XIV., laborieux surtout, et pesant d'une main ferme toutes les disputes de l'univers." The sieur de Visé was the inventor of a species of journal that has never been dispensed with since, the *Journal galant et dameret*. His object was to collect in the anti-chambers, and retail, all the news and tittle-tattle of the court, and sometimes of the town. In this *Mercure galant*,—this *journal de ruelles*, were found all sorts of things, and "particularly the enigma, the griph, the logogriph, the rebus, the device, the emblem, the hieroglyph, the paradox, the problem, the axiom, the aphorism, the sentence, the maxim, the proverb, the apophthegm, the bon-mot, the turlupinade, and the quolibet." Such was the want of publicity at this period, that the grandest seigneurs and the greatest poets of the day held it as an honour to see them-

selves in the *Mercure galant.* Some verses of Fontenelle have been met with there, that are not in his *œuvres complètes.*

Hitherto journalism had been designed for the idlers of the court, for the savans, and the magistrates; it was now found necessary to write for the people,—and the Abbé Desfontaines instituted the *Nouvelles de Parnasse.* He was the first to write literary criticisms in a just and natural style; though occasionally violent and sarcastic, he was the first to infuse a certain grace and warmth into his analyses, the first who knew how to show up the beauties and the defects of a work, so that you see it as well as if you had read it yourself from beginning to end. But of all literary critics of that age, Fréron was far the most masterly in point of energy, conviction, clearness, and vehemence. He was the sworn foe of Voltaire and Voltaire of him. The history of their contests is extremely amusing, and gives you a high idea of the moral courage and sagacity of Fréron. He defended Corneille against the literary and philosophical Coryphæus, and dared to pronounce with honour the name of Shakspeare.—With him finishes the race of the primitive journalists.

We omit the journals of the revolutionary period, and come down to modern times. Napoleon, it is well known, permitted no one to write a line that was not inspected by his prefect of police or by himself. With the charter of Louis XVIII. came the favourable era for journalism in France,—the era in which human thought was allowed to enjoy its free and just development. "The Journal then became," says M. Janin, "what it was under the Roman Pontiffs, the universal book; only, in this book open to all, every one proceeded to inscribe his hatreds, his loves, his regrets, his hopes, his ambition, his passion for the public good.—Into this composition of its papers, the tribune and the bar cast each morning the double reflection of their eloquence; from this resonant echo, the man of politics came to seek popularity, the poet glory, the statesman power, the historian facts, the comedian counsels. Not that the restoration, (which had by the bye, whatever may be said, a sentiment of its approaching destruction,) did not feel somewhat uneasy at the usurpation of a fourth power which the *charte* of Louis XVIII. had not foreseen; but the impulse was given, the stream had forced its current into that arena whither royalty itself could not reach except by its own proper reasonings, though every foreign obstacle were promptly removed. In vain did the old and eternal *rédacteurs* of the *Journal de Trévaux* re-enter the lists; in vain did the *gentilshommes* who indited the *Actes des Apôtres* rise from their tomb to re-commence their war of epigrams; in vain had the rarest talents and the most excellent courage of the public administration maintained by a prudent magistracy,—and defended foot to foot,—that *terrain d'allusion,* conquered by the house of Bourbon

over 1789:—Nothing availed, neither the menaces of power, nor corruption, nor penalties. The house of Bourbon was to perish by journalism. The day at length arrived, the decisive day in which the magistracy itself, called upon to pronounce between the house of Bourbon and that same rédacteur of the *Journal de l'Empire* whom Napoleon had caused to be seized by the *gensd'armes*, pronounced aloud from its tribunal the condemnation of the House of Bourbon. Such is the power of the journal, that if we would name all the men who have brought their aid to this gigantic work, we must name all those who have had any value or credit in the government of affairs, in letters, in the sciences, in the arts; and at their head we might place Châteaubriand in person."

True indeed, it is, that almost all those who, in recent times, have made a distinguished figure in France, as politicians, statesmen, or legislators, were and are the offspring of the periodical press. The influence of that press has ever of late years been very great as the organ and expression of the public voice, and down to a very recent period such influence was paramount. But French Journalism has seen its best day: its career has been a suicidal one, and its fate deserved: it suffered itself to be so abased and tampered with under the administration of M. Thiers, more particularly pending the agitation of the Eastern Question, that its power over the public,—the popular respect and confidence once attached to it, have been very sensibly diminished, if not altogether withdrawn. "The newspapers of France," says a late intelligent writer, "have in a great measure lost their celebrated hold of the opinions of the French people." Did space permit us to enter into a detail of the causes of this visible decline of power, it would be instructive and gratifying to show, even in the case of so journal-ridden a people, that without something more than the possession of immense talent, attended and aided even by the best repute, a just and creditable influence cannot be retained. For, "Journalism," proceeds the writer just alluded to, "was at the height of its greatest triumph in Paris, when the disease which struck down its strength appeared. While a Journalist was yet prime minister of France, its influence began to give way; though not till another journalist had received sentence and imprisonment as a felon, was its degradation openly proclaimed."

To conclude, it has been our endeavour, in the brief account we have taken of the very comprehensive and entertaining work before us—a notice inadequate, we admit, like the brick of Hierocles, to give a full and complete idea of the ample proportions, design, and workmanship of the whole—to exhibit specimens of those parts of it at least, that we conceived likely to prove of most interest to the reader. By the French we believe it is regarded, notwithstanding its occasional *outré* style of caricature, as an able and faithful por-

traiture of themselves: doubtless there are many characters and characteristics brought forward, which possess comparatively small attraction for a foreign people, whose habits of thought, modes of living, and national customs widely differ; yet still there are but few, to whom the every-day life and manners of the various grades and classes of a community situated so near to, and connected so closely with us as the Parisian, can be wholly uninteresting,—a community deficient in no requisite qualification, social or intellectual, calculated to elicit the most friendly regards, and command the just homage, of every lover of his species.

ART. III.—*A Discourse delivered upon the Opening of the New Hall of the New York Lyceum of Natural History.* By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.

EDUCATION, in its most extensive acceptation, comprehends whatever may have any good influence or tendency in developing the mind, by giving direction to thought or bias to motives of action, as well as in furnishing a stock of ideas. It is confined to no period of life, for man ought always to be learning and to be in search of whatever exercises the mind to its growth in improvement and to its capacity for happiness. To youth, among other things, a right education imparts that knowledge whose ways are usefulness and honour, and by due restraint and discipline, makes individual to entwine with public good. To manhood, "it leads him to reflect on the ties that unite him with friends, with kindred, and with the great family of mankind, and makes his bosom glow with social tenderness; it confirms the emotions of sympathy into habitual benevolence, imparts to him the elating delight of rejoicing with those who rejoice, and if his means are not always adequate to the suggestions of his charity, soothes him at last with the melancholy pleasure of weeping with those who weep." To age, it gives consolation, by remembrance of the past and anticipation of the future. It is not too much to say that every man is what education, in its widest sense, has made him.

A wrong estimate is very generally formed of this great power and quality; being regarded as a *means* which must be employed to accomplish some *purpose*; and consequently it is looked upon as a secondary thing, as a mere engine or convenient instrument. It is viewed as being contained in books and a certain routine of school-room studies; so that when gone through, it is supposed to be accomplished and completed, and only to be used as interest or occasion may suggest. Such are the limitations and the common crudities which are connected with education; whereas in reality it includes all the improvement of the mind, from the cradle to the grave.

It is often the subject of deep regret, that education answers so imperfectly its proper design; that much of the labour of teaching is absolutely thrown away; that little of school-training and school-supplies is carried into the actual business of life; and that what was considered dry in boyhood is soon forgotten after the pupil is disengaged from the schoolmaster's rule to take a position in the community, where his own powers of mind are to be called suddenly into independent exercise. Nor ought this notorious fact to be a cause of wonder, considering how very little of school routine is calculated to develope and at the same time both to interest and discipline the mind,—how very scanty and ineffective a great portion of present tuition is in respect of retaining a hold and a practical direction in after experience. Let it not be said that the majority of mankind have only time to learn what is absolutely useful, and that all knowledge which cannot be brought to aid us in our daily labours to obtain a livelihood is useless, or that its acquisition infers time misspent. But what do you call useful knowledge? Surely it must be that, whatever the thing be, which tends and helps to make a man wiser and better, or that which is fitted to secure the greatest amount of sterling happiness. Do you talk of immediate wants? Why, our wants are always immediate; and to say we should teach what ought to be practised in after life, conveys a very large and a very correct idea of education.

It is professed that the usual branches of a common education are taught for their indispensable utility. Yet complaint is made of the little amount of knowledge imparted, and the want of completeness, of thoroughness, in regard to that which it is attempted to be conveyed. But it is to be borne in mind that a great portion of the first twelve or fourteen years of life is spent at school; and that it is the lot, the fortunate condition, of the majority, after this, to be obliged to labour for the means of existence; so that the many have little time during their manhood to read books or to pursue the studies of which they had some of the rudiments in early youth,—having to trust to the passing events of the day for topics of thought and conversation, as well as for occupation at their pastime hours. Every one, however, knows that a vast amount, in all these respects, is expended on trivial, if not on questionable,—yea, debasing and pernicious subjects. But why and how is this? Part of the answer undoubtedly is inseparable from this fact,—that, at the interesting age when intellect begins to put forth its manly efforts, and needs more than ever something to nourish and direct it, the feeble stock and the forbidding nature of the knowledge acquired at an earlier period, are unequal to answer the demand; so that the man's character becomes the offspring of accident or the sport of chance. Is it not lamentably true, that there is far too little in boyhood's common education for which, in after and mature life, memory can feel constrained to cherish gratitude?

Without attempting to sketch the particulars of a better system, we venture to assert that it would be wise to explain to youth some of the leaves of that great book, the works of nature,—to train the mind to a degree of skill in the way of pursuing independent studies, as passages of novelty or great interest present themselves,—and to initiate to habits of close observation as well as of sound interpretation and comment. Certainly it is not desirable that the study of Natural History should be introduced to the exclusion of any branch of common education now generally taught; but surely it merits attention and has a right to rank not last in any system.

The natural sciences are neglected, to the great loss of mankind, even in what most intimately concerns them,—their happiness. Whatever augments this is the soul's great good; nor in that sentence which appointed to man daily toil for his subsistence, are clear tokens of mercy wanting in that, by the constitution of his nature, he has the power to convert all the objects around him into sources of pleasure as well as of profit. Now, why should not this capacity to see and to enjoy the beauties and riches of creation be cultivated, be directed and trained, so as to make all things answer the double purpose of ministering to our wants and to our adequate enjoyment? Never, indeed, has it entered into the mind of man to conceive of the amount and variety of this enjoyment, unless he has actually and habitually been in the enlightened pursuit of it. Books may be read and be forgotten—the avocations of after life may leave us no time for their perusal. But the volume of nature is always before us, and inviting us to ponder it. You cannot escape the sight of her pictured pages; nor, if construed with tolerable sense and clearness, can you fail both to be really instructed and pleasureably engaged, even to the earning of true happiness. Yea, the study of the natural sciences does not confine knowledge to a discovery of the properties and functions of the material objects of creation, but sheds a light on every other department of learning and sphere of thought. We have not space for the illustration of this highly important view; only remarking, for the sake of brief example, that to geology is reserved the honour of confirming from nature, the doctrine of miracles. This science declares that the earth was long inhabited by countless races of animals, before it became the abode of man; while comparative anatomy establishes the fact, that man could not have ascended, by gradual improvement from any other race of animals. His introduction into this world must then have required an absolute creation; and this was a miracle, an event which the established laws of nature could not have accomplished. If the doctrine be proved in one instance, it will obtain in all.

Dr. Francis's Discourse, published in 1841, was delivered, we learn, several years prior to that date. We are also informed that the New York Lyceum of Natural History has long been known as

one of the most active among the scientific associations of the United States. Placed in the great commercial capital of the western continent, it must possess superior advantages for forming collections from every region. Accordingly it has extended its inquiries to the whole kingdom of nature, and appears altogether to have been conducted with proper spirit and an enlightened judgment. One, indeed might expect that, independent of the intellectual pleasures and real advantages to be derived from the study of nature, the pursuit would be a favourite in America, as there is scarcely a product of human industry of whose value it does not form an essential element, and as, besides, the American continent affords unlimited scope as well as objects for the culture of the science. Still, although in such a city as New York, a school for teaching the natural sciences would seem to be about as necessary as workshops for practical instruction in the mechanical arts, there were none, it is said, and no opportunities whatever for acquiring this branch of knowledge, prior to the opening of the New Hall,—no lectures upon the grand department, and no collections in the colleges; almost all that was done being through the agency of the Lyceum named at the head of our paper. Perhaps, indeed, in no other educational and scientific respect is the contrast between European and American cities, so striking, as in that of which mention is now made.

Dr. Francis's discourse necessarily occupies only such a number of pages as go to the formation of a moderate pamphlet. Still, it is luminous in arrangement, comprehensive in regard to material, and eloquent as well as enthusiastic in tone and expression. The introduction is remarkably appropriate and happy; being calculated to impress the student with an elevated and an enlarged idea of the natural sciences; the author at the same time experiencing such a difficulty, in the multitude of things and of thoughts inseparable from his subject, in the effort to confine himself to a comparatively narrow field, as to make the book of nature swell to something like its adequate size to the imaginative eye. He says,—

To select a theme becoming the present interesting occasion has not been without its difficulties. Nothing, perhaps, would be so appropriate as an exposition of the present state of natural science abroad, embracing a cursory view of the early condition of physical knowledge by its primary cultivators, and an examination of the present respective merits of the nations of Great Britain and the European continent. To present but a concise summary of this character, calls for richer materials than I possess; and justly executed, would trespass on time which we have not at command. The inevitable consequence of a mere outline of such a survey, however, if impartially and judiciously drawn, could not fail to strengthen our admiration of the dignity and importance of natural knowledge as connected with the interests of human society, and raise our estimate of the talents which have been appropriated to its elucidation. It would liberalise our feelings, warm our charities,

and counteract the prejudices which unfortunately too often beset even the most enlightened cosmopolite philosopher.

In instituting a comparison of the respective theories of the earth, we would be bound to reduce the speculations of geologists to the actual condition of the globe: and whether we enlisted as disciples of Neptune or of Vulcan, of the Wernerian or of the Huttonian school, while scrutinizing the services of the ingenious writers who have appeared on the subject, with all the lights of modern science, we should be brought to the conclusion of the extraordinary conformity of facts, the most recent and abundant, to the cosmogony of the great Jewish lawgiver. In descanting on another almost boundless topic, zoology, we should be struck with the wonderful sagacity and matchless acumen of Aristotle, the first classifier of this department of physical study. We should be taught the great excellence to which, as a branch of knowledge, it has attained in our own day; and in the exposition of zoological systems, we should be compelled to notice the progress of discovery and the consequent modifications of systematic reasoning. A discussion, not without practical instruction, would here very properly offer itself.

The arrangement of the several branches of this division of natural history has vexed minds the strongest for accurate discrimination, and, by consequence, the cogitative powers have been subjected to a logic as astute as any of the schoolmen may have formed. The Linnæan division *mammalia*, among the *primates*, it is familiarly known, associates man with the monkey and the bat—a classification not over flattering to the lord of creation. The fancied chain of being on which poets and philosophers have written so ingeniously, which has occasioned the association of minerals with vegetables, vegetables with animals, and again animals with the Creator, has been the efficient cause of the nomenclature to which I now allude. But the metaphysics of Bonnet are not to be allowed to supply the chasms originating from our incapacities; neither an artificial nor a natural arrangement of the characteristic organs of animals ought to tolerate such freedom: and improved physiology discards it, and the inherent dignity of man, as a moral and accountable being, renders demonstrative the difference between the operations of human reason and the impulses of the instinctive faculty of brutes. A later and more successful division of zoology, by the immortal Cuvier, rests on the nervous and sensorial and not on the circulating and respiratory systems; and in order 1, *Bimana*, we find the species *man* placed at the head of the living creation, and no longer *primus inter pares*. Nor would our labours here end: though we be disqualified from speaking with oracular precision—mineralogy would demand of us that homage be rendered to Theophrastus, and the elder Pliny, among the ancients, while the vast accessions to this science by the enterprise and sagacity of the moderns have given it the certainty of experimental knowledge, and placed this branch of investigation, for its importance to the elegant arts and useful resources of man, as second to none in the volume of nature. In a comparative estimate of the contributions of eminent men in this extensive field of productive effort, imaginative Germany, philosophic France, and harmonious Italy, would prefer the claims of their respective sons, in accents too loud and too continuous to be resisted.

The peculiar position of the American continent, its great extent, its grand features, its vast untraversed regions, and its variety of

climate, give an importance to the study of the natural history of the New World, of which Dr. Francis has not failed to take advantage and to urge forcibly. His discourse, at the same time, is rich in interesting facts, and to that portion of the pamphlet where these are most prominently brought forward, we shall chiefly confine our attention. In treating of the genuine and specific differences observed to exist in corresponding objects of nature of the eastern and western continents, our author presents much that is novel and highly curious. Our extract is long, but it will not fatigue. He says,—

Admitting, to its fullest extent, the interchanges of place which occur among animals by reason of their migratory movements, whether accidental and irregular, or stated and periodical, and the complexity into which inquiries on this head are thus unfortunately involved, we, nevertheless, find to our entire satisfaction, that every country is characterised by various peculiar tribes, and many of them, although the farthest removed from what we consider as the central station in which all living creatures were originally placed, are naturally the worst prepared with the means of locomotion. Thus we find that the tiger, with his herculean strength, confines himself to the most beautiful of the Asiatic islands; the panther crouches among the branches of the African forests; the jaguar, of the new world, prowls along the wooded shores of the Orinoco; the moose deer roams amidst the primeval forests of the North American continent; and the gigantic cetacea gambol beneath the ices of the poles.

The fur-bearing animals are principally confined to the regions of perpetual snow in Arctic America; and while it is ascertained that some are common to both continents, many, it is equally well known, are peculiar to North America. The musk ox is deemed to be an arctic quadruped, yet is it unknown both in Asia and Europe, while two races of deer and the prong-horned antelope are recognised only in America. The Fauna Boreali Americana of Dr. Richardson, contains many illustrations of a similar sort. The zoological aspect of the northern parts of British North America, according to this intrepid and enlightened traveller, the companion of Captain Franklin in his late expedition toward the North Pole, is more allied to that of Norway and Lapland and some of the corresponding parallels of Asia, than to the southern parts of the new world. The equatorial regions of Asia, Africa, and America, possess no quadruped which is common to more than two of those regions, and it might be said that none of the three possess a single mammiferous animal in common.

Melville Island, and the rest of the North Georgian group, may be affirmed as the most northern region to which our knowledge extends. In the more northern parts we have the polar bear, whose southern limits seem to be found at fifty-five degrees; as we retire from the north to the more southern latitude, we lose the musk ox and the icy hare. The distinguished explorer of Arctic zoology has also thrown a large amount of information on the zoology of the temperate parts of North America. The bison may be found far south, probably at the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude. Its characteristic positions are the great prairies to the west of the Mississippi, where it may be seen in droves of countless numbers. Lewis and Clarke

mention several species of the cerous, canes, and ursus, as inhabiting the plains on the banks of the Columbia river. The Rocky Mountain sheep and goat are, upon good authority, conjectured to be peculiar, and to differ essentially from the argall of the north of Asia. We have still further illustrative proofs of the effects which local peculiarities produce on the zoological character of a country. According to Dr. Richardson, the moose deer and the American hare are met with at the junction of Peel's river with the Mackenzie. The didelphis forms a genus, according to Cuvier, peculiar to America; and I conjecture that we have rational grounds to infer that the castor fiber, which is found on the most solitary parts of North America, is a species distinct from that of Europe, which seems not to possess or exercise the faculty of house-building. If such be the fact, we can promptly reconcile many conflicting accounts of the beaver. We may, moreover, justly boast of the mastodon as our exclusive property, whose size is greater than that of the elephant, and of heavier proportions, and, as once, an inhabitant of North America alone. The fossil skeletons of two edenta, of great size, have been discovered in America, the megatherium and the megalonyx; with the brilliant aids daily increased in this age of fossil zoology, I am yet disposed to receive with great allowance the remarks on this subject of an eminent writer, Dr. Lyell, in his work on Geology. The Siberian fossil remains which he has classified with the American mammoth, are a distinct and inferior animal from that of America, and truly a species of elephas, not mastodon. A too solicitous desire to establish a favourite hypothesis has not unfrequently detached the best minds unwittingly from the path of a legitimate philosophy.

From the collected results of enterprising and intelligent travellers, it has been ascertained, with tolerable accuracy, that there are one hundred and forty-seven species of mammiferous animals in North America, eleven of which are fossils, and no longer occur in the living state, and twenty-eight of the cetaceous order. The remaining one hundred and eight are considered as American quadrupeds, and of these only twenty-one species are common to North America and the old world. Mr. Jefferson, more than fifty years ago, said, that of twenty-six quadrupeds common to both countries, seven are larger in America, seven of equal size, and twelve not sufficiently examined; that there are eighteen quadrupeds peculiar to Europe, and more than four times that number peculiar to America; and that the first of these, the tapir, the largest of animals peculiar to America, weighs more than a whole column of European. But we are not contesting the opinion of certain foreign writers who have alleged the inferiority of American animals and the deterioration of those imported. We at the present day might search in vain for a well-informed naturalist who would grant an affirmative to a position of such tendency. Such a doctrine has, in fact, long since been demonstrated erroneous, and holds at present no place in the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century.

Our Ichthyology is rich and peculiar in many species; and the law of limitation to particular locations is found to be sustained with respect to marine animals as well as those of the land; in short, naturalists have said that the species of whales differ, those of the North from those of the South Seas; and geologists have remarked that the external aspect of the skeletons

of fishes from the gypsum formation of Paris, is very different from that of the fresh-water fishes of the bituminous marl-slate, independent of their zoological characters.

Our American rivers abound in individuals who have their like in the waters of Europe; and we have others exclusively our own. It is known that the fish of the Ohio and of other of our great rivers are peculiarly abundant both in number and species, yet few seem to resemble those of Europe; and although the migratory attribute of many of the piscatory tribes renders it difficult to discriminate their natural locality, enough is understood to justify the assertion that we suffer not by comparison on this head. It appears that Lacepede, not many years since, described about two thousand fishes; and at this present time that number may be quadrupled. Baron Cuvier remarks that the amount of known fishes may be safely estimated above six thousand. Many of the fishes of our inland lakes have no superior for their rare edible qualities, and exist in quantities of surpassing calculation. If the fecundity of the New York waters be in anywise a criterion for determining the relative proportion of this extensive class for the United States, we may justly set down the amount for America in large numbers.

In Herpetology we have sufficient to gratify the keenest desires of the most ravenous student in this department of nature. The extraordinary aspect and habits of a considerable portion of the reptiles in particular which are found in the southern and western sections of the United States, imperfect and superficial as our knowledge on the subject still is, invite to researches which promise to repay with adequate returns. I believe no naturalist has elsewhere found a more magnificent specimen of the Testudo Coriacea than that caught in the waters of our bay, and now exhibited in the American Museum of this city. Within a very few years, says Dr. Harlan, most important facts have been elicited, and many new and interesting species of reptiles have been added to a list formerly extensive. Several of the Ophidea are certainly very peculiar, and the *crotalus horridus*, the most formidable and invulnerable of poisonous serpents, was deemed by one of the fathers of our country a fit emblem to designate the national standard for the anticipated glories of the new republic, created by the war of the revolution. For my own part, I concur in the wish of the patriotic Franklin, that the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of the American confederacy, and I think his reasons abundantly cogent. The eagle, says he, does not get his living honestly; he is a bird of bad moral character; he is cowardly—the little king-bird, not larger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of his district; therefore he is not a fit representative of that yeomanry who have thus far driven all the king-birds out of the country. So far the opinion of Dr. Franklin. As to the crotalus, or rattlesnake, he is a genuine *aboriginal*; he is the beau-ideal of etiquette and a type of honesty; he is never the first to molest, and he always gives due warning of his intentions by his rattles; and whenever his person or his rights are invaded, his aim is unerring and triumphant. Our Indians, who best know him, give him this chivalric character. I would wish it to be distinctly understood that the observations I have just made are to be confined to the bald eagle. The indefatigable Andabon has lately given us a

distinct notice and description of the *Falco Washingtonianus.* This noble bird first drew his attention while voyaging far up the Mississippi in 1814. The Washington Eagle is bold and vigorous, but jealous of his prerogatives; superior to vulgar expedients, he disdains the piratical habits of the bald eagle, and honourably maintains himself without molesting the rights of others.

With regard to another kingdom in the natural world :—

The energy of the vegetable productions of the new world is displayed with a prodigality which commands our admiration. Nature, in this department, seems delighted in manifestations of her power, beauty, and grandeur, and to have unfolded a series of views well calculated to awaken desires the most urgent, and create associations the most noble, with our ideas of the beneficent author of all. To him who is solicitous of accurate attainment in his knowledge of this kingdom of nature, the present is as opportune as any former period. Though the operations of man, in his measures of settlement and civilization, have not been made without encroaches on the vegetable creation, yet the primeval forests of our country still rear their venerable forms, and impress us with delight and reverence, equally by their illimitable extent and continuity, their gigantic size and altitude, their variety, and the mystery of their antiquity. Two centuries have indeed passed away since the landing of our pilgrim fathers; but it constitutes a small portion only of the longevity of these first occupiers of the American soil, who still flourish with verdure and purity in their pristine state and grandeur.

The vegetable department of America proves a fertile field to the doctor, and one upon which he ardently delights to dwell and to expatiate. In his descant, he gives a glowing picture of the beauty and majesty of the forests, ornamented as they are with the graceful liriodendron, the splendid magnolia, and numerous other flowering trees, unknown in Europe and the East. These primeval, magnificent, and boundless forests are enriched with an unequalled variety of valuable timber,—oaks of gigantic size, cypresses of vast circumference, and pines of stately towering height.

Dr. Francis has necessarily said less of the mineralogy and geology of his country than of several of the other grand departments. At the time when this discourse was written, little, in fact, had been done for attaining a knowledge of these important branches. The State surveys were then only begun; but these have since been prosecuted to a sufficient extent to furnish a great amount of important facts, and to disclose that America possesses exhaustless deposits of the useful metals and fossils beneath the mere top of the soil. It is a new and a limitless country; but the obvious and the superficial must first engage a widely scattered population, especially when a great portion of the settlers are foreigners and recent importations.

ART. IV.—*The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, Translated by* SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Bart. *With a brief Sketch of Schiller's Life.* 2 vols. Blackwood.

AMONG the many foreign writers whose works have awakened the widely-spread curiosity of the literary world, it were difficult to name one more worthy of that interest, or that will more amply repay it, than Schiller. Original, without the affectation of originality; philosophical, without transcendentalism; he appears the realization of his own unclouded ideal. He has been called one of the intellectual leaders in a land where intellect is power, where the gifted pen holds the rod beneath which the many pass; and yet he was never led astray, nor induced by ambition to forsake the *true* for the *politic*. The love of praise was not his ruling passion. He wrote from the strong necessity of giving utterance to thoughts too mighty to be silent, rather than from the wild wish, the restless yearning for celebrity, which so often affords an author inspiration. To him fame was the gift of a grateful world; not a reward he had sacrificed happiness to gain. In his youth, he knew little of the disappointment that awaits ardent aspirations; for him, calm, resolute, and self-confident, there were no dark years of remembrance appointed. Combining with singular harmony the different excellences of an historian, a philosopher, and a poet, his genius seems to have been universal.

It has been remarked with discriminating accuracy, that divided as the German empire is, and as is also the empire of German literature, there is no national style, and no lasting model of literary perfection. The German writes from the impulse of his own spirit more than any other, and singularly without the cramping fear of public disapproval. Criticism he views as a kind and impartial friend, yet judicious in encouragement. Hence the author gives free expression to his thoughts, however extravagant they may be; and utters theories and opinions often unwise, but very often original in their very fearlessness. And hence, perhaps, much of the wildness and extravagance of German romance. At the same time genius is frequently as fully exemplified in the selection of a subject as in the development of a plot.

In the choice of themes for literary treatment, Schiller was singularly happy. Peculiarly susceptible of the beautiful, he sought it in the daily walks of life; he discovered it beneath the humblest disguises. Without the startling eccentricity of Goethe, or his bold fondness for rambling after vague sublimities, the other possessed that gentler and less adventurous spirit which inclines to be satisfied with removing the veil from the grand truths already in some measure indicated and visible, and to cherish an earnest belief in the faith he disclosed, just as if the sources of poetry and of improvement, hidden to the multitude, had been revealed at his bid-

ding. His philosophy was practical, carrying the influence of intellect and reflection to hallow the heart and teach it wisdom.

His earlier writings partake most largely of the extravagant, which distinguishes his countrymen. The tragedy of The Robbers—the first flight of one destined to soar so high—bears decided traces of an unguided attempt and an uncultured imagination. And yet this drama, the unassisted effort of a schoolboy, contains touches of beauty rarely equalled in poetry, and remarkable for their truthfulness. As the lad grew older, and as the eager outbreak of his mind became steadied by calmer judgment and with more sensible views, the improbable gradually yielded to the life-like, and Schiller acquired the commanding loveliness of repose without losing the enthusiasm of invention; and all this while his knowledge of the human heart seemed to be intuitive, and his habit of questioning his own spirit severe and closely directed. Hence it was that his skill of pourtraying the inmost secrets is one of his greatest and most valuable displays; hence we find him, as in Don Carlos—one among his youthful compositions, and as some hold to be the best he ever executed—going into the soul of historical characters as well as events, which had only been dimly outlined before, and presenting them with all the lineaments of actual life and the force of near and clear occurrence.

Another among the many pleasing traits of his writings, as of his own breathing self, is the entire freedom from the vanity of egotism. Even when he felt most proudly the excitement of public applause, and when his name was hallowed as a household word, he evinced not a pulse of self-approval; he appeared to forget himself in the great cause for which he laboured; so that his course was ever upward and onward, without ostentation, and all to the advancement of happiness and truth. His career was therefore beautiful in its utter freedom from selfishness, and continued conscientious labours in the cause of right. It has indeed been admirably said, that conscience was his muse. One sees the perfect conviction of the author; and half unwittingly coincides with opinions advanced with such settled yet unpretending firmness, especially when supported by the simple though lofty eloquence so naturally generated.

The history of his heart and doings would be the record of one long, stainless, yea, and happy childhood; for although, as he became older, sorrow and suffering closed around him, his mind rose triumphant, and some of his finest compositions were traced when pain and sickness might have been expected to subdue or sadden his aspirations. The fair visions of his early days went with him through life. He worshipped the ideal in his boyhood, and in his older years it blessed him. In fact, the illusions of his youth Schiller never forsook, and their loveliness was around and within him when all else had faded. This was one of his maxims, as conveyed to

another:—"Tell him, when he shall be a man, to reverence the dreams of his younger days."

He retained through life that devotion to whatever seemed to him admirable, and that ready fervent sympathy with those around him, which lengthened communion with the world, so often stern or hollow, is but too likely to destroy. His unaffected interest in the welfare of others, while it adorned himself, gave him the means of depicting the emotions with which he sympathised; and thus he became true to nature in being true to himself. Accordingly, the solitude which an existence consecrated to literary toil renders necessary, never caused in Schiller that distaste for society, which years passed in loneliness frequently produce on minds too susceptible, and too dependent upon morbid excitement to be philosophical. But on him retirement left no such trace; for although to him it was no sorrow to live alone in dreams, all life was eloquent, and sweet, and rewarding. Silence and solitude to him were blessings, for he came forth better and wiser. He found that seclusion during a space never chilled his sympathy for humanity; for with all his adoration of loveliness, it was to the moral loveliness of active life that he knelt the lowest; all the while looking on the world through an enchanted medium; so that every thing was good in his sight. Could it be that a spirit blest in its own loftiness and loveliness, and giving manifest gladness wherever it shone, ever felt prone to imagine, much less to realize, the shades of earthly darkness and the dominion of evil? He did not even experience, much less cherish, jealousy of his greatest of contemporaries, —he had no tormenting spirit of rivalry of the illustrious Goethe, but interchanged with him all the offices and tokens of the most cordial friendship and the most entire confidence, only striving with the other after the highest improvement, and how he might best aid or most auspiciously suggest for mutual benefit, that is, the benefit of their common art,—pure art being the same thing with him as beauty and truth. His philosophy, in fact, was far too lofty and direct, far too ideal, to be marred or disturbed by any ordinary influences, or to be drawn down by gross and mean allurements. It was as Bulwer has characterised it, a kind of mental as well as moral Christianity,—a philosophy that was to penetrate the mind as well as the soul—to "extend to the arts of man as well as his creeds; to make all nature a temple—all artists priests: Christianity in spirit and effect it was—for its main purpose was that of the Gospel creed, viz., to draw men out of this life into a purer and higher air of being—to wean from virtue the hopes of reward below—to make enjoyment consist in something beyond the senses. What holy meditation was to the saints of old, the ideal of Æsthetic art was to the creed of Schiller." Sir Edward argues that Schiller's philosophy being in strict accordance with his poetry, was designed not so much to convince as to ennoble; addressing the spirit of man rather than his un-

derstanding. Hence his philosophical essays have been complained of by mere metaphysicians. But hence also, "though in the wide compass of Schiller's works there are passages which would wound the sincere and unquestioning believer; though in his life there were times when he was overshadowed by the doubts that beset inquiry; though in the orthodox and narrower sense of the word Christian, it would be presumptuous to define his sect, or decide on his belief; yet the whole scope and tendency of his works, taken one with the other, are, like his mind, eminently Christian."

There is sublimity in the picture of a career like that of Schiller, where genius is guided and inspired by all that is winning and attractive in the relations of friendship and mere worldly activity; where the imaginative mingles with the real to hallow and to exalt it. He sought in his toil the honour of literature, not the advancement of self; nor did he ever degenerate into mere literary vanity. Hence his writings, as might have been foretold from these facts, are of a character to endure,—they have in and about them the essentially immortal virtue. He wrote for the future, for the world; and the praises of the world were his and are their reward. We recall him as a friend, who has instructed us with the prophet-voice of poetry, and whose directions have given the philosophy of contentment. His name is sacred in our hearts; his precepts are within our memories; and his example lives in our love.

Schiller's gifts were numerous and various; his achievements as well as efforts, both exalted and refined; he was almost as universal as he was uniformly earnest in the pursuit of noble and enduring things. His contributions—often triumphs—in any one department, were sufficient to constitute a lasting monument for him. Take, for example, his great refinement and judgment in the walks of criticism. Or, again, endeavour to measure his merits as a historian,—his mighty qualities and conceptions in that direction—his life-giving power and his eloquent comprehensiveness, and you will soon feel persuaded that there have been no names and no events so boundless and commanding as to baffle his clear discrimination and masterly treatment. His labours, to be sure, were hasty and limited in this field; still, to quote Bulwer, while his works of the kind are amongst the most charming, impartial, and justly popular, of which his nation boasts, "he has shown in the introductory Lecture, delivered by himself at Jena, how grand his estimate of history was. His notions on history are worth whole libraries of history itself." But to have done with our own generalities in the way of appreciation, and of disjointed and stray expressions of admiration, let us for a few moments attend to some of the conceptions which Sir Edward has formed of the hero in whose history he taketh such delight; not merely in order to discover what were Schiller's gifts and merits, but to test how one man of poetic temperament estimates and delineates another

who is acknowledged to stand amongst the foremost of the poetic phalanx,—nay, how an idealist appreciates a brother idealist.

It is necessary for English readers, who would form an estimate of Schiller's claims on posterity, to remember that he preceded the great poets who have made the nineteenth century an era in British literature inferior only to the Elizabethan. How largely, though indirectly, he has influenced the spirit of our recent poetry, must be apparent to those familiar with his writings; not, perhaps, that all in whom that influence may be traced were acquainted even with the language in which he wrote. The influence of genius circulates insensibly, through a thousand channels impossible to trace; and, as in Elizabeth's day, the Italian mind coloured deeply the very atmosphere in which Shakspeare breathed inspiration, so in the earlier years of the present century, the spirit of Schiller operated almost equally on those versed in, and in those ignorant of, the German language. It affected each peculiar mind according to its own peculiar idiosyncracy—was reflective with Coleridge, chivalrous with Scott, animated and passionate with Byron, and transfused its lyric fire into the kindling melodies of Campbell.

In the subjoined translations a thousand thoughts and turns of thought, will remind the reader of our later masters of song, and may want the charm of novelty merely because they have furnished novelty to others. But what distinguishes Schiller from those we have named, is the purpose, the philosophical aim and thoughtful conception, with which most of his later pieces were composed. In all "Childe Harold" there is not the *purpose* of "The Walk;" in all "Marmion" there is no glimpse of the deep and ethical meaning which exalts "The Diver." And this brings us to the material distinction of Schiller:—his singular ardour for truth, his solemn conviction of the duties of a poet—that deep-rooted idea on which we have been more than once before called upon to insist, that the minstrel should be the preacher, that song is the sister of religion in its largest sense, that the stage is the pulpit to all sects, all nations, all time. No author ever had more earnestness than Schiller,—his earnestness was the real secret of his greatness; this combination of philosophy and poetry, this harmony between genius and conscience, sprang out of the almost perfect, almost unrivalled equality of proportions which gave symmetry to his various faculties. With him imagination and the intellect were so nicely balanced, that one knows not which was the greater; owing, happily, to the extensive range of his studies, it may be said that as the intellect was enriched, the imagination was strengthened. Unlike Goethe's poet in "Wilhelm Meister," he did not sing as the bird sings, from the mere impulse of song, but he rather selected poetry as the most perfect form for the expression of noble fancies and high thoughts. "His conscience was his Muse." It was thus said of him with truth,—"that his poetical excellence was of later growth than his intellectual:" and as the style of Lord Bacon ascended to its sonorous beauty, in proportion as his mind became more stored, and his meaning more profound, so the faculty of expression ripened with Schiller in exact ratio to the cultivation of his intellect. His earliest compositions were written with difficulty and labour, and he was slow in acquiring thorough mastery over the gigantic elements of his language. Perhaps this very difficulty (for nothing is so

fatal to the mental constitution as that verbal dysentery which we call facility,) served both to increase his passion for his art, and to direct it to objects worthy the time and the care he was in his younger manhood compelled to bestow upon his compositions. From this finely-poised adjustment between the reasoning and the imaginative faculties, came the large range of his, not confined to poetry alone, but extending over the whole field of letters. We can little appreciate Schiller, if we regard him only as the author of "Wallenstein," and the "Lay of the Bell:" wherever the genius of his age was astir, we see the flight of his wing and the print of his footstep. While, in verse, he has made experiments in almost every combination, except the epic, (and in that he at one time conceived and sketched a noble outline,) embracing the drama, the ode, the elegy, the narrative, the didactic, the epigrammatic, and in each achieved a triumph,—in prose he has left monuments only less imperishable in the various and rarely reconcileable lands of romance, of criticism, of high-wrought philosophical speculation, and impartial historical research.

Having characterized the merits and defects of the Romance of the "Ghost-Seer;" gauged his qualities as a historian, and as a philosophical essayist; declaring that "no German writer—no writer, not simply theological—has done more to increase, to widen, and to sanctify the reverent disposition that inclines to faith,"—Sir Edward returns to his hero's poetry and its kindred, associated, faculties as realized in his different productions, and indeed in his essential nature and actual career.

As Schiller's poetry was the flower of his mind, so in his poetry are to be found, in their most blooming produce, all the faculties that led him to philosophy, criticism, and history. In his poetry are reflected all his manifold studies. Philosophy, criticism, and history pour their treasures into his verse. One of a mind so candid, and a life so studious, could not fail to be impressed by many and progressive influences. Schiller's career was one of education, and its grades are strongly marked. Always essentially humane, with a heart that beat warmly for mankind, his first works betray the intemperate zeal and fervour of the Revolution which then in its first outbreak misled not more the inexperience of youth than the sagacity of wisdom; a zeal and fervour increased in Schiller by the formal oppression of academical tyranny; a nature unusually fiery and impatient; and a taste terribly perverted by the sentiment of Rousseau and the bombast of Klopstock. Friendship, love, indignation, poverty, and solitude, all served afterwards to enrich his mind with the recollection of strong passions and keen sufferings; and, thrown much upon himself, it is his own life and his own thoughts that he constantly reproduces on the stage. The perusal of Shakspeare has less visible and direct influence on his genius than he himself seems to suppose;—the study of history has far more. From the period in which he steadily investigated the past, his characters grow more actual; his *humanity* more rational and serene. He outgrows Rousseau; the revolutionary spirit fades gradually from his mind; he views the vast chronicle of man not with the fervour of a boy, but the calm of a statesman. At this time he begins to deserve the epithet Goethe has emphatically bestowed on him—he becomes

practical. But with the study of history comes the crisis of doubt, the period of his scepticism and his anguish. From this influence he emerged into the purer air, which he never afterwards abandoned, of the Ideal Philosophy. Here he found a solution of his doubts—a religion for his mind. Almost at the same time that his intellect is calmed and deepened by philosophy, his taste acquires harmonious symmetry and repose from the study of the ancient master-pieces. From that period, his style attains its final beauty of simplicity combined with stateliness, and vigour best shown by ease. A happy marriage, a fame assured, an income competent to his wants, serve permanently to settle into earnest and serious dignity a life hitherto restless—an ambition hitherto vague and undefined. Thenceforth he surrenders himself wholly to the highest and purest objects human art can attain. His frame is attacked, his health gone for ever; but the body has here no influence on the mind. Schiller lives in his art; he attains to the ideal existence he has depicted; he becomes the Pure Form, the Archetype, the *Gestalt*, that he has described in his poem of the "Ideal and the Actual;" living divorced from the body—in the heavenly field a spirit amongst the gods.

This specimen will satisfy the reader who is at all acquainted with Schiller's works and the direction of his genius, that Sir Edward has many qualifications for appreciating the poet's excellences. He has manifestly great love for his subject, has tasked himself to do it ample justice and honour, and has lavished the rich graces of his own style to set off to the best advantage the peculiarities and the beauties of the "Poems and Ballads." His Sketch of Schiller's Life is particularly welcome, and indeed is necessary for the sake of the mere English reader who cannot easily elsewhere meet with any memoir that is nearly adequate to the theme, or that has been conceived and drawn out by a competent authority. With regard to the translations there will be greater diversity of opinion. Some judges pronounce them to be generally very happy versions, turning into one language in as far as it is possible to be faithful to the outpourings of a remarkably original mind, not only the substance, but with a great deal of nice truthfulness, the very tone and manner of the poet's creations. We find that others again, who are more or less familiar not merely with the German tongue, but with Schiller's most characteristic productions, charge Bulwer with sacrificing much of what is most individual and idiosyncratic in the original, either through carelessness, an unwarrantable extension of freedom in the way of translation, or a vain desire more frequently to show off himself, than to chide away the temptation to be brilliant beyond his author. The truth, we think, lies so far towards the middle-way between these two extremes, that the versions are unequal if compared with themselves; severity and self-renunciation being obvious in numerous instances; although on other occasions the tendency to paraphrase greatly mars what exactitude demanded, and mere rhetorical flourish stands instead of the stern and strong simplicity of

Schiller. But be it borne in mind, that it is no easy achievement to translate poems such as his, seeing that each of them was written not only in entire earnestness, and in furtherance as it were of a complete plan and round of creation,—not one of the pieces being properly separable from all the rest,—but that each in reality embodies a portion of the poet's most interesting personal history,—the exhibition not alone of mutual development, of progress, and of honest effort, but of the man as he lived from day to day and was ever most strenuous to become. Every thing was done with unbounded truth, sincerity, and conviction; nothing as a mere pastime or display; but all as became a teacher for immortality and one filled with the vastness of his responsibility. And what a life of beauty and of stern performance was his. It was one of toil and of blamelessness, —of the loveliest species of self-denial and of mightiest triumph. All this is constantly illustrated and uniformly urged upon your admiration by whatever engages him, and nowhere perhaps so strikingly as in what would be called his minor works,—in his lyrics and ballads. Sir Edward's conception of his hero's life,—powerful, clear, happy, and luminous as it is,—must argue well for his competency for the work of translation. Bulwer has felt how indispensable was the requisite, and has generally pursued his duty with the cherished sentiment. It only remains, after stating that he has incidentally given glimpses of Schiller's great contemporaries, and in the spirit of a generous and genial appreciation,—to present specimens of the versions. And first take a few stanzas from the opening of "The Artists," from which it will be seen that the poet's favourite doctrines and constant purpose, as indicated in a previous part of our paper, was inspiring to a degree of sublimity.

In diligent toil thy master is the bee;
In craft mechanical the worm that creeps
Through earth its dexterous way, may tutor thee;
In knowledge (couldst thou fathom all its deeps),
All to the seraph are already known:
But thine, O Man, is Art—thine wholly and alone!

But through the Morning-Gate of Beauty goes
Thy pathway to the Land of Knowledge! By
The twilight Charm,—Truth's gradual daylight grows
Familiar to the Mind's unconscious eye;
And what was first—with a sweet tremulous thrill—
Wakened within thee by melodious strings,
Grows to a Power that swells and soars until
Up to the all-pervading God it springs.

What first the reason of the Antique Time
Dimly discovered (many a century flown)
Lay in the symbol types of the Sublime
And Beautiful—intuitively known:

True, from the seeker as a lore concealed,
But as an *instinct* all to childish sense revealed.
Virtue's fair shape to Virtue love could draw,
From Vice a gentler impulse warned away,
Ere yet a Solon sowed the formal Law,
Whose fruits warmed slowly to the gradual ray;—
Ere the Idea of Space, the Infinite,
Before Philosophy, the Seeker, stole—
Who ever gazed upon the Starry Light,
Nor guess'd the large truth in the silent soul.

She the Urania, with her wreath of rays,
The glory of Orion round her brow;
On whom pure spirits only dare to gaze,
As Heaven's bright Habitants before her bow;
And round her splendour the stars wink and fade;
So awful, reigning on her sunlit throne—
When she diswreathes her of her fiery crown,
Gliding to Earth (Earth's gentle Venus) down,
Smiles on us but as Beauty:—with the zone
Of the sweet Graces girded, the meek youth
Of Infancy she wears, that she may be
By Infants comprehended, and what we
Here, but as Beauty gazed on and obey'd,—
Will, one day, meet us in her name of Truth!

The following lyric seems to us to be a still higher and more powerful strain: it has for its subject "The Might of Song."

A rain-flood from the Mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirl'd away!
Awed—yet in awe all wildly gladd'ning,
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters madd'ning,
Nor wits the source from whence they go,—
So, from their high, mysterious Founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the Waves of Song!

But with the threads of life, for ever,
By those dread Powers that weave the woof,—
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof!
Lo! to the bard, a wand of wonder
The Herald of the Gods has given:
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As, when in hours the least unclouded
Portentous, strides upon the scene—
Some Fate, before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of Men—
Before that Stranger from *Another*,
Behold how *This* world's great ones bow,
Mean joys their idle clamour smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow—
And from Truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurl'd
Fly all the craven Falsehoods of the World!

So Song—like Fate itself—is given,
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To raise the Human to the Holy,
To wake the Spirit from the Clay!
One with the Gods the Bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly—
Hush'd are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharming by;
And while the Soother's magic measures flow,
Smooth'd every wrinkle on the brows of Woe!

Even as a child, that, after pining
For the sweet absent mother—hears
Her voice—and, round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all his soul in tears;—
So, by harsh Custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged,
The swift song wafts the wanderer back—
Snatch'd from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the Great Mother to her glowing breast!

It is not a little remarkable, and promises well that a poet who has written for the future and all time,—that one so spiritualized, and so lofty in idea and purpose, has found two English translators of contemporary effort. "*The Minor Poems of Schiller, &c. &c.*, translated for the most part into the same Metres with the Original," by J. H. Merivale, esq., is another acceptable contribution of recent appearance. To the thinking of some of our friends, this is the more successful effort of the two; and in order that the reader may find himself in a position to judge between the pair, or rather that he may be induced to pursue the comparison to the full extent, we cite a specimen of each, and of one and the same piece,—"The Sharing of the Earth." This is Bulwer's:—

"Take the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given,
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire;
The Harvest the Husbandman seizes,
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking—
The Abbot is choosing his wine—
Cries the Monarch the thoroughfares blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the Poet—He came from afar—
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God—"Canst thou murmur at ME?
Where wert *thou*, when the Earth was dividing?"
"I was," said the Poet, "BY THEE!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captur'd—
Mine ear by thy music of bliss,
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptur'd—
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God—"Earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!—
What say you to quarters in Heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

Now for Mr. Merivale:

"Take ye the World!"—so Jove from Heaven's high station
Proclaim'd to man—"'Tis yours, to hold in fee,
Now, and for each successive generation.
Part it amongst you, brotherly!"

Now all who can their several portions sunder,
And young and old press on with eager haste;
The Labourer seizes on the field's rich plunder;
The Youth sports o'er the forest waste;

The Merchant grasps whate'er his barns may cover ;
The Abbot helps him to the choicest wine ;
The King sets bars the roads and bridges over,
And says—"the tithe of all be mine!"

When this partition had been made and ended,
The Poet came from regions far away :
But nought was left, where'er his sight extended,
That did not own a master's sway.

"Alas! and am I only thus forsaken—
Of all, thy truest, most devoted son?"
—Thus did his cries the echoes round awaken—
And down he fell before Jove's throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou fain wouldst wander,"
Replied the God, "complain not then of me.
Where wast thou at the world's partition yonder?"
"I was"—the poet said—"with Thee.

"By Thy bright countenance mine eye was captur'd ;
Mine ear drank in thy heaven's harmony.
If, by the splendours of thy throne enraptur'd,
I lost the Earth, pray pardon me!

"What's to be done?—All's now to others given ;
Earth's fruits—the chase—the mart—no longer mine,
But—wilt thou dwell with me in yon bright Heaven—
Whene'er thou wilt, its glories shall be thine."

There is much of Schiller's power and original pathos in this ; though wanting his melody and harmonious expression.

One specimen more of Merivale's ; it is a lone poem, and one of great sweetness as well as compass and intensity.

Is not the clos'd wicket shaking?—
Does not the latch gently move!—
No—'tis only Zephyr, waking,
Sighs amidst this aspen grove.

Thou green and leafy bower, be new array'd,
To hold that graceful form that beams so bright!
Ye branches twine, and form a roof of shade,
To hide her in the silent gloom of Night!
Here Zephyrs, be your sportive gambols played,
Fanning her cheek with fluttering pinions light,
When, bearing their sweet burthen, softly move
Her tender feet, to seek the abode of Love!

Hush! through the thicket swift gliding,
Were there not footsteps that stirr'd?
No—'tis from her secret hiding
Startled flies the timid bird.

Day, quench thy torch!—and thou in silence rise,
Calm, spiritual Night, propitious to our vows!
Spread out thy purple mantle round our eyes,
And weave thy mystic canopy of boughs!
Far from the listener's ear Love's rapture flies;
She dreads the babbling scouts of Day to rouse.
Hesper alone her secret witness be,
And throw his soft light o'er her silently!

Seems it like voices that lightly
Whispering, the distance awake?—
No—'tis but the swan that, brightly
Circling, cleaves the silver lake.

Mine ear dissolves in Harmony divine;
The fountain falls with sweetly murmuring sound;
The flowers their heads to Zephyr's kiss incline,
And all Creation seems in rapture drown'd.
The swelling peach—the clusters of the vine—
Gleam luscious thro' the leaves that shade them round;
Soft breezes, bath'd in aromatic flood,
Drink from my fever'd limbs the mantling blood.

Hear I not footsteps, light treading,
Rustling the leaves as they pass?
No—'tis only Autumn, shedding
Mellow fruitage on the grass.

And now hath clos'd the flaming eye of Day
In tranquil death, and pale his colours grow,
And boldly open to the twilight grey
The chalic'd flowers that hate his scorching glow.
The silent Moon emits a lovelier ray,
And melts in shapeless mist the world below;
Her girdle flings aside each Sister Grace,
And Beauty stands unveiled before my face.

Is't not a white form advancing,
Glistening in silken array?
No—the column-rows, pale glancing,
On the yew's dark alleys play.

Oh longing heart!—no longer entertain
Thyself with phantoms ne'er to be possess'd!
Thou fain wouldst compass them, but seek'st in vain—
No shadowy joys can cool this burning breast.

Oh bring the Lov'd one hither!—let me strain
Her living form;—her hand by mine be press'd!
Let me but touch her shadow'd mantle's seam—
And into substance pass the airy dream!

How, soft as from Heaven above
Descends the glad moment of bliss,
So steals the unseen through the grove,
And wakes her Belov'd with a kiss.

ART. V.—*Relics of Ancient English Poetry.* By THOS. PERCY, D.D. New Edition.

WE have not placed Dr. Percy's Reliques at the head of this article with a view to criticism. The reputation of the book has been too long established to need commendation or to fear censure. But other purposes than a review of the work may be suggested by the appearance of a new edition; such, for example, as the illustrations which the publication must always furnish of the manners and genius of the Norman and Saxon races.

Literature is the type and transcript of the national mind. Its progress, true as the shadow to the substance, denotes the advance of thought; and its shifting phases are those of a people's improvement or decline. Thus, literature becomes the interpreter between distant ages and climes—the restoration of the past for our instruction, and the reproduction of things faded away. In this manner it is that the succession of a nation's songs is more instructive than that of her battles, and the lives of authors oft of greater value than the chronicle of kings; nor could better proofs of this superiority be adduced, than as it is shown by the early literature of England, and in tracing the two schools of Saxon and of romantic poetry to the people from whom they are respectively derived.

The Norman kings of England were the most powerful in Europe. Sixty thousand knights, *in capite*, each with his retainers, more or less, stood ready for the defence of the throne or for foreign adventure. An income of four hundred thousand pounds of sterling silver, gave them command of whatever could worthily embellish so proud a court; trains of menials; troops of armed attendants; horses trained for battle or for the chase; deep-voiced hounds and hooded falcons; parks and forests as large as counties, for their pastime. Lords and ladies thronged their halls of ceremony, and drank wassail at their banquets; persons cunning in shows and pageants were attracted from distant countries by the high request of their several crafts. They spoke the language of their native land. From that country came also doctors learned in divinity and law, dividing with dialectic subtlety the doctrines of their schools, confounding the common

sense of the people by the conceits of learning. Their refined arguments of casuistry perplexed the poor Saxon to the jeopardy of his faith; while a like logic, enforced by the "last argument of kings," effectually despoiled him of his cattle and possessions. And there were poets, or *trouveres*, who aided to while away their inactive hours by reciting tales of romantic adventure, whose subjects were the Trojan war, the conquests of Alexander, the achievements of Charlemagne and his paladins, and the fabulous traditions of Arthur and the twelve knights of his round table. The legends of the saints and the martyrs of the Romish church, and even treatises of theology and science, were likewise favoured themes of the Norman minstrel; so that what at first was pure invention, even as a record of supernatural events and beings, becomes available in our hands as the real history of man.

The adventures of the heroes of romance were set forth, with interminable variations of the main incidents of their respective fables, and with an extravagance of embellishment which has perhaps no example. They were made to conquer serpents larger than pines, and overthrow, in duel, giants as huge as the towers of the feudal castles. The heroes of early Greece were absurdly leagued in holy enterprize with the saints of the church's calendar: and Aristotle wages a contest of divinity with St. George. Sir Guy of Warwick is nearly drowned in the blood of Colebrand, whom he has slain in miraculous combat. Richard of the lion-heart feasts on the roasted head of a slaughtered Saracen. St. Brandon visits Paradise in the body, crossing seas of amber, guiding his magic ship through floating palaces of crystal, and mooring it three weeks at a time upon the half-submerged body of a sea monster, which he mistakes for an island. They sing, moreover, of mysterious gems, and talismans which could repel all harm, and girdles with power to test the heart's truth, and turn beauty into ugliness, or reverse the metamorphosis. Other themes were enchanted forests, where trees and plants informed with life, and birds and beasts which were such in form only, perplexed the hero with their secret influences and potent syllables.

But not the gorgeous imagery alone of these inventions could satisfy, it is said, the astute perceptions and factitious tastes of the polite ranks of that period. Their subtle and refining intellects sought to imbibe and express a secondary meaning, beneath those showy types; and the incidents of the romance must cunningly shadow forth a doctrine. The knight who armed himself for adventure put not on armour of brass or steel alone, but the panoply of God was signified by those emblems:

> "On his crest a dove, white,
> Signification of the holy spryte;
> . . . . . .
> Upon a cross the dove stood,
> Of gold, wrought rich and good;

God himself, Mary and John,
As he was nailed the cross upon,
In sign of him for whom he fought;
The spere-hed forgot he not:
Upon his spere he wold it have,
God's high name thereon engrave."

Translation, Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The knight's adventure was the journey of life; the combat, the good fight of faith; the talisman, that holiness of heart which could baffle the machinations of the great dragon, the devil, and dispel the illusions of temptation which the enchantress Sin had raised up around his path. Such was early romantic fiction; like feudal hall, hung round with blazoned shields, where stripes of black, and white, and scarlet; eagles, lions, griffin's claws, glared in grotesque and gorgeous confusion upon the eye, but full of significance to those who could read their heraldry. The Romish church, with her emblematic cycle of holy seasons and symbolic ritual; the cathedral, with its spires mounting to the heavens, its pictured windows, clustered columns, vaulted ceilings, and all its prodigality of antique shapes and colours, or, as Coleridge says, "the frozen music" of the Gothic church, were the offspring and images of the same genius.

But romantic poetry, we venture to affirm, was not truly English. With the language of the Conqueror, his feudal laws, the subtlety and pretension of his exotic learning, the august ceremonial and brilliant diversions of his court, it was merely superinduced upon the English soil, the temper and the genius of the Saxon striving against it. Though conquered, *he* was a Saxon still, and refused to be tutored in burdensome, outlandish, and fantastic observances. To him the whole was but a gaudy and expensive pageant, as unsatisfying to his truth-seeking heart, as bubbles to the thirsty lips, and a mockery as cruel of the chimes of the church tower, which rung the oppressive curfew; and, while all was passing before him like a festive procession, he was accumulating in secret a strength which in its maturity would some day spoil it. He was gathering and knitting together that principle of energy and species of power which should carry him towards that political freedom, whose first earnest was the restoration of the laws of the Confessor by Henry I., and followed by the concession of the great charter of John, and which too was decreed to become the glory of the human family. He was, last yet not least, elaborating the germs of a literature which should spread its fruitful branches when the almond forest, which then rocked over it, should have spent its fragrance, and the great flowers faded which had been nursed by its gloom.

The Saxons sprang from the loins of as fierce and sombrous a race as ever peopled a wilderness. Their home was the Cimbric Cher-

sonesus, and the neighbouring regions of the north. For a god they adored Thor, whose temple was the dark pine woods, where the northern ocean joined its restless moan with the songs of an unholy worship. Their priesthood promised them they should, with Odin, their first king, drink strong waters in heaven from the sculls of slaughtered foes. Their naked arms, their uncouth costume, more especially the attire of the women, which did not veil but displayed the female form, shocked their invaders, accustomed to the graceful folds of their own flowing robes. They numbered their years by winters, and the revolutions of the earth upon its axis they called nights.

But five centuries' possession of the English soil had wonderfully meliorated their manners and character. They had in that time become inured to habits of peace and industry,—given birth to a system of jurisprudence out of which has grown our common law—established the christian worship upon a worthy basis,—and raised up a literature of some pretension. The Normans affected to despise their cowardice and stupidity; and undoubtedly they were more remarkable for obstinate adherence to their purposes, than for quick and ready action in achieving them. But the impetuous wit of the sneerer was often found an unequal match for the strong head-work of the old prototype of John Bull. Hogs, sheep, and horned cattle, were the live products of their estates. Commerce had not stimulated their avarice, nor disturbed their primitive habits, by disproportionate accumulations of wealth. Kings and nobles they had, but scarcely distinguished from the common people by gentility of manners or affectation of state. The cognomen of "Unready," which was bestowed upon one of their kings, might, without injustice, have been applied to a whole people unused to stratagem and averse to hurry. Their language, chopped up into words of one syllable or two, would doubtless be called scanty and feeble. But it served their simple and primitive thoughts,—while it has been found to admit the easiest and most fluent combinations, constituting by far the best, if not the largest ingredient of our own speech.

Conformably to these characteristics of the Saxon race, are the specimens of their poetry since the Conquest, which have come down to us. The Saxon muse delighted in corn fields, groves, pastures, and barn-yards. She loved to saunter upon sunny slopes, and under eaves dropping the dissolving snow,—to listen to the birds of spring,—to watch the opening buds, the ripening fruit, and the brown leaves of autumn:

> "Summer is i cummin in,
> Lhude sing cucu;
> Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
> And springeth the wde nu.

Awe bleteth after lombe,
Lowth after calve cu,
Buck sterteth, bullock verteth,
Murie sing cucu."

Anon., A.D., 1100.

The Saxon muse was not she of Arcady, who sung the changeless serenity of Italian skies,—the ceaseless holiday of shepherds, and groves vocal with the amorous flute,—who built her temple of white marble, shaded with verdure, by the margin of the quiet lake; but a sincere, hearty, working-day muse, who frequented the abodes of busy husbandmen, and erected her altar on the domestic hearth. Informed of their vicissitudes and cares, she recorded them in pensive and moralizing strains, comparing the life of man to the revolving seasons, and his hope to the wasting fragrance of the rose:

" Now skruketh rose and lylie flour,
That whiten her that suete savor,
In somer that suete tyde.
Ne is no quene so stark ne stour,
Ne no luedy so bryht in bour,
That did ne shal by glyde."

Anon., A.D., 1200.

She, however, spent no unavailing tears in her thoughtful moralities, but closed even her plaintive melodies by severe didactic application, asking for good deeds, like messengers beforehand, ere death should rob them of their efficacy:

" Send god (good) before him man
While he may, to heven;
For better is on almesse before,
Than ben after seven."

Anon., A.D., 1066.

But unbending seriousness would ill have suited the condition or justified the appellation of " Merry England." There were fanciful and funny traditions of elves and fairies, whose temperament and practices harmonized well with the fancies which gave them birth. There was Oberon, the beautiful king and Apollo of the race, and Mab, their adventurous and gleesome queen, who, with her little pigmy revellers, coursed the fields by the glow-worm's light, visiting kitchens and chambers to see how the day's work had been done, pinching the lazy *sluts*, as they snored in their beds, and leaving sixpence in the shoe of the tidy housewife; then skipping away to wassail on dew drops, and dance upon the lawn. There was Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, good at all trades, and better for all pranks of mischief. For a pot of cream which was set for him, he would thresh out the harvest in a single night. His delight was to glide

·bout unseen or in disguise, at night, decoying into bogs, and thickets, and strange footpaths, some fellow who ought to have been earlier at home. But he can best tell his own story:

—"Sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples shee,
And *tailor*, cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe;
And yexen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Again:—

"When lads and lasses merry be
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine.
* * * * *
Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool,
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.

I grind at mill,
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow,
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho.

When men do traps and engines set,
In loopholes where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get,
Their ducks, and geese, and lambs, and sheep,
I spy the gin
And enter in,
And seem the vermin taken so;
And when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho."

The banishment of these merry creatures from the land of their proper habitation and dominion, was by Chaucer attributed to the introduction of Christianity and the monks, whose prayers and benedictions pervaded and prevailed; so that

Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens, and bowers,
Cities and burghs, castles high and towers,
Thropes and barnes, shepe pens and daries,
This makes that there ben no faries."

But in spite of such high authority, we must maintain that the hand of Puck had been seen since so remote an era, even two hundred years later than when the father of English poetry flourished; and that much nearer our own time "airy tongues that syllable men's names" have been listened to. Why, it has plainly been made out by argument and illustration long ago, that monasteries and abbeys, for many ages the chief resort of learning, leisure, and hospitality, contained within their wide endowments, their groves and labyrinths, the most tempting scope and inducements for the retreat of mysterious beings and for the indulgence of merriment and fun. In fact, it was not till the dissolution of these corporations, and the introduction of Puritanism which soon followed, that the imps forsook the country, austerity being quite ungenial to their nature and habits. Still, the English people have at all times taken great freedom in the way of laughing at others, especially if claiming to be their betters. Kings and nobles, but especially priests, were very often the objects of their merry satire; at the same time that the traits and motions of this laughter indicated its comic descent, giving it a place among the peculiarities of the country's literature; for it consisted in a blunt and innocent manner of naming things, which a studious politeness would have left without a name, or clothed them in polished phrase.

Perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of English literature, just as it is the most favourite feature of the English people, is that quality which is denoted by the term *humour;* a word which has hardly a synonyme in any other language, communicating an idea, it has also been said, unknown to every other race. Rare Ben has indicated and defined it in his own felicitous manner:—

"Why, humour, as 'tis *ens*, we thus define it,
To be a quality of air or water,
And in itself holds these two properties—
Moisture and flexure; as, for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run;
Likewise the air, forced through a horn or trumpet,
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew. And thence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'r hath flexure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in any human body
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, or blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,

"Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may by metaphor apply itself
Unto the general disposition,
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour."

Humour, after all, is hardly definable, so that its meaning, import, nature and features must be sought for in instances and illustrations, such as Hamlet, Falstaff, and Captain Bobadil; or the creations of Goldsmith, Boz, and many others abundantly supply. It is distinguished from wit, undoubtedly, which is a thing or quality that is fully appreciable without reference to its author; whereas humour can only be properly realized by a reference to its source.

Such are some of the properties which commend to our notice the early literary productions of the English; and such also are we to regard as the expression of national character. Nay, as tidings of our forefathers and the tokens of our lineage, we are tenderly invoked to cherish and revere these compositions. Nor in the generosity of a liberal scholarship will they be disparaged or despised. In truth, it is needful to know something of the course of events through which the English language has gained its riches and its meliorations, in order to set a just value upon the literary labours of those who gave particular attention to its culture in former times, or were the purpose only to be the better enabled to judge of the modern pretensions set up to further improvement.

It is not to be expected that inquiries of this kind will ever engage the attention of any very considerable number of persons. Over the minds of the reading public, the attractions of novelty hold a much greater influence, than any thing that is to be discovered in the dusk of antiquity. All old books contain a greater or less amount of obsolete words and old-fashioned modes of expression, which require too frequent recurrence to the glossary for the patience of the popular mind; so that he is easily induced to rest satisfied with the general report of others, or with an ignorance, which being common, does not expose him to ridicule. Nay, it is the real antiquary—the black-letter book-worm, that is most laughed at, as being a person of odd and fruitless habits. Nevertheless, true learning and an enlightened philosophy will ever be curious to explore the records—the literary monuments of time, as well as the regions of space; and wherever her institutions flourish, she will not merely amass treasures, but spread them before her votaries.

The English language gradually, as must be expected by the young inquirer, as it is traced back, becomes at length identified with the Anglo-Saxon; that is, with the dialect spoken by the

Saxons after their settlement in England. They seized the country, destroyed and enslaved the ancient inhabitants, or drove the remnant of them into the mountains of Wales. At any rate the Saxons cannot have mingled much or long with the prior possessors of the soil; for of Welsh or Ancient British words, in our language, there are but one hundred and eleven, according to Burke, or only ninety-five, to follow Dr. Johnson.

The Saxons entered Britain in the year 449; but what was the form of their language at that period, cannot now be ascertained. Most probably it was a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic, which is considered the parent of most of the northern tongues of Europe. Yet it is neither liberal nor strictly just to argue with high disfavour of the intellectual or the moral condition of any remote age or country, merely from our own ignorance of it. No doubt, there was much in the fierceness and unlettered state of this people from Germany to induce an unfavourable estimate; backed too by the tumultuous and sanguinary government which obtained down to the heptarchy. But after all, if justice were done to the few names seen in the twilight of an age during which the clergy could not read—to Gildas the Wise, the memorialist of his country's sufferings and the nation's depravity, who appears in the night of the sixth century,—to the venerable Bede, the greatest theologian, the best scholar, and the historian of the seventh,—to Alain, the abbot of Canterbury, the light of the eighth,—to Alfred the Great, the glory of the ninth, great as a prince, and not less as a scholar;—if justice was meted out to these, and to the people among whom they flourished, something might be apprehended which, if not to the softening of the forbidding lineaments of the period, might operate so as to guide to a clearer appreciation of its distinctive features.

In tracing the history of our language, Dr. Johnson, who does little more than give examples, cites as his first specimen of ancient English, a portion of King Alfred's paraphrase in imitation of Boethius. Yet this language of Alfred's is not English; but rather, as the Doctor himself considered it, an example of the Anglo-Saxon in its highest state of purity. This dialect was first changed by admixture with words chiefly derived from the Danish and the Norman; and, still being comparatively rude, scanty, and meagre, in time received large accessions from the Latin, the French, the Greek, the Dutch,—till, by gradual changes and borrowings, there was at length built up a tongue bearing a sufficient resemblance to the one at present in use amongst us, to deserve to be called English at this day. This formation, however, cannot well be dated earlier than the thirteenth century, when a free and voluntary amalgamation of its chief constituent materials took place; a period somewhat prior to that of the revival of learning. Even the English of the thirteenth century is scarcely intelligible to the modern reader. Dr.

Johnson calls it a kind of intermediate diction, neither Saxon nor English; and says, that Sir John Gower, who wrote in the latter part of the fourteenth century, was the first of our authors who can properly be said to have written English. Contemporary with Gower was Chaucer, a still more famous and influential poet.

The literary history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abounds with peculiar interest; for not only was the progress of our language great and obvious, but the other improvement was nearly simultaneous; just as the revival of learning throughout Europe was not remote from the reformation of religion. It was towards the close of the first named of these centuries that Wickliffe furnished the first entire translation of the Bible into English; which event took place very considerably before the introduction of printing into this country, and therefore the work could not be very extensively circulated. The style is elegant for the age in which the translator lived; but the standard is very different in these latter days of ours.

The changes which the English language has undergone within the last three hundred years, may easily be traced by any one who can read. But the young inquirer ought to know that the editors and printers have taken considerable liberty in modernizing the mode of spelling adopted by Shakspeare and other old authors who are still popular. English books began to be printed in the latter part of the fifteenth century; at which time the press, of course, commenced to throw open with a free hand the floodgates of knowledge, whence have long been poured forth streams in a copious, increasing, and too often turgid tide, upon all the civilized nations of the earth. By the exertions of genius adorned with learning, our native tongue has been made the polished vehicle of the most interesting truths, and of the most splendid discoveries. It has also become a language copious, strong, refined, and capable of no mean degree of harmony. Indeed, some who claim to be competent judges have pronounced it the most vigorous, wealthy, elegant, and the most susceptible of imagery, of all the languages in the world.

Before bringing to a close our observations and historical sketch, let it be distinctly urged that, as compared with the Norman or romantic school, the Saxon must be regarded to be the primitive rock of English literature; for although a while submerged, it had strong foundations and eventually presented those unmistakable upheavings which have formed the best elements of our peculiar soil. It may be thought that in one field—in the department of those fictions so well known by the name of Novel,—we have mainly been indebted to the old romance of chivalry as a type and as a model. But after all, the great and most acceptable features of this modern branch are less those of absurd extravagance than of common sense, —of strange adventure and incredible incident, than of the intelligible and substantial things for the fireside,—of the scenes of wild enchantment than of the sincere pathos of the Saxon school.

For the history of early English as well as Scottish poetry or literature, the student will find many of the most important views and facts in the dissertations of Percy, Ellis, Ritson, Campbell, Jamieson, and Scott; while from other scarcely less accessible sources, he will gather abundance of curious and striking matter. The more recondite investigator will also discover certain affinities between the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon saga and songs, both in form and spirit, that will prove deeply interesting; guiding him very probably to an assurance of the existence of some germs of poetry among the Saxons at a period prior even to their establishment in England, and affording groundwork for argument relative to the after literary cultivation of these people.

ART. VI.—*On Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery.* By JOHN JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A., Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Göttingen, &c. &c. &c. London: Churchill.

IT is perhaps no very easy matter to define to the satisfaction of every one what superstition is—consequently, much that Mr. Pettigrew has considered or termed superstitious may be deemed otherwise by his readers. Nothing can be more certain. Before the general application of the laws of chemical action in the practice of medicine, to which we are indebted, in this country, to Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to Charles the First, it was common to treat the exhibition of burned sponge in the cure of goitre as a superstition; but Coindet in his researches respecting the ultimate principles of sea-water, discovered Iodine—and Iodine, by a chain of reasoning, was thought to be applicable in goitre. It was tried, and successfully. Then burned sponge was analysed, and its active principle was found to be Iodine. Hence it was proved that sponge was a chemical remedy in the disease; but that giving it in combination with other principles in the zoophyte, was clumsy and inelegant. Sponge, therefore, lost its character, which its principle, Iodine, acquired; and it is possible to believe, that succeeding chemists may discover that Iodine is not a simple body, and that it is to some new principle this remedy owes its curative properties; and then Iodine will very probably be scouted as a remnant of the superstitious practices of long-gone days. A former age insisted upon the efficacy of scarlet curtains and red broad-cloth in small-pox—a succeeding age thinks it has proved the practice superstitious,—or they refer it to *fancy*. Now that said *fancy* is an element in the constitution of man, possibly more powerful in its effects upon the cure or aggravation of disease, than all the drugs in all the chemists' laboratories in all the towns of the world. For it is universal and not partial, pandemic and not

solitary. It is a quality, or attribute of mind, derived immediately from, and probably in direct communication with, the GREAT CAUSE OF ALL. And however endeavoured to be got rid of by chemical, or humoral, or neural pathology, and pathological esoterism, cannot be denied even by the most stolid Solidist, or the most reasonable Fluidist. Is it not to the development or active manifestation of this principle that a noble family—that of Portland—owes its present state, station, and influence? Are we not told, that William of Orange (afterwards King of England) being "sick of small-pox and like to die," the court physician was consulted—no doubt a wise, a wary, and a shrewd old courtier, who sensible of the danger attendant upon the disease, conscious of the uncertainty of his art, and well versed in the "superstitions" (if Mr. Pettigrew will insist upon the word) of his countrymen, or the people with whom he was in daily, almost hourly contact, shook his head gravely, and declared that there was little hope of recovery from the ordinary remedies of his art; but if that a young man of the Prince's age who had *not* had the disease, could be prevailed on to get into bed with and take the infection from him, "he had no doubt—that—that is—he believed it possible—he would not take upon himself positively to affirm it—but others in whom he had great confidence had so affirmed it—that—that a recovery might take place—but—but" (and no doubt here he shook his head most unhypothetically) "there could not be the least harm in a trial of the remedy—at least to the prince." Well, though all applauded the prescription, no one seemed willing to institute his son as active remedy—the chancellor, Heaven help him! had just ordered his son to France, and he was already on his journey; the physician had *no* son—people said he had died of—his father's physic—the sons of gold-stick and black-stick had had it—and the prime-minister and other ministers who had sons who had not had the small-pox, had no doubt thousands would be anxious to take the disorder from the prince, nay, if that was all—die for him—but they did not offer one of their own sons. Others who had sons declared they were too young or too old, not worthy of the prince or his disorder, or were sick of something else, or were out of the way, or had the meazles, the king's evil, sore-eyes, consumption, bad constitutions, or in short had got—no inclination to put the tender mercies of the small-pox to the test, even through the medium of one of God's anointed. In the midst of all this loyal protestation the prince, supposing the efficacy of the prescription unquestioned, for lack of the principal ingredient bid fair to die, even in his mother's court, in the midst of the most loving and the most devoted of subjects, when William Bentinck, a lad not very remarkable for any previous or subsequent act that entitled him to be distinguished in the cockney phrase of "setting the Thames on fire"—except, we believe,

giving conceits to horses at the Hague,—and who was a sort of "good-for-nothing mischief-making, curly-headed" playmate of the prince, very properly reflected, that if he got into the bed and got the small-pox, and the prince lived and he lived—why—his fortune was made—there could be no doubt of it—and—if he died—why he should not require a fortune, and his mamma would have one less to provide for. So offering himself, he was gladly accepted, and forthwith put to bed, took the small-pox, escaped with the prince the fangs of the disease and the drugs of the court physician, got up at the same time, stuck to his co-mate in variola, and was rewarded with an English earldom, and an English estate,—the earldom in time creeping up to a dukedom!

Now we would ask Mr. Pettigrew whether he or any other physician or surgeon attached to any court in Europe, would venture, similarly situated as was the Court Physician of the Princess of Orange, to differ from the opinion of the court, and call that superstition, which was but *fancy?* Do our readers think we could persuade the Duke of Portland to believe that he owes all his greatness to a superstitious act of a remote ancestor? We think not. Thus it is that the element of *mind* has been too often neglected, and its influence on the cure and prevention of disease not sufficiently studied, seldom appreciated, and rarely understood by those very men whose profession it is not only to allay the agony of the corporeal frame, but to alleviate the terrible and far more fatal deviations from healthful action, of the vast and almost illimitable functions of that centre or receptacle of nervous energy "the golden bowl." In nine cases out of ten, a routine practitioner, like a railroad conveyance, neither deviates to the right nor to the left. As he commenced in practice so he continues in practice, and like his prototype the engine, starts from the same station from which he has started a thousand times, only to find himself at the same terminus where he has stopped a thousand times; and his fare deposited, he prepares to hurry back in the same barren continuity of professional malpraxis, till the cold grave, whose craving jaws he had so frequently filled even to repletion, receives him also, to be mingled with the vast herd he had hurried on before him.

The symptoms are not mentioned in Hippocrates—Galen knows nothing of them—and Celsus is silent. Where else then but in fancy, can the disorder be? Such is the reasoning of too many of those fashionable medical practitioners who dispense their dicta and prescripta, with a facility, and a rapacity, that rival the celerity and dexterity of the guillotine, and appropriate their fees with the covetousness and suicidal mania of that miser who having received the sum he had asked for his house, went and hanged himself, because he had not asked double the amount. Yes, *it is fancy!* It is the abnormal action of some important and percipient organ of the brain,

which over excited disturbs the equanimity of the rational forces, or exhausted leaves the channel of its particular function dry of its parts, its principles, and its properties. The duty of the professional adviser, is then to restore that healthy tone which has been lost, by every means in his power, by entreaty, persuasion, promise, nay even threats, at the same time that he exhibits both internal and external remedies; while the patient himself is directed so to regulate his diet, air, exercise and amusement, that he acquires or renews that vigour which has been wasted, diverted, or destroyed, by fear, anger, grief, love, or pecuniary difficulties—the last being the most fruitful causes of all aberrations of the intellectual powers.

But if this be not generally done as we have assumed, it has not however always been forgotten. Dr. Aberecombie, at a meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science in 1834, emphatically and impressively called the attention of medical men to its importance, and enforced the necessity of a thorough acquaintance with the irregular action and abnormal phenomena of psychological philosophy, urging the study and investigation of cerebral physics as of paramount consideration when viewed as a branch of transcendental physiology. But the very earnestness with which he made the appeal, and the very stress he laid upon the subject, prove that a proper or even partial attention to this branch of medicine is far from being recognized, much less commonly observed among his professional brethren. Plato, sensible of the fact, remarks:—"The office of the physician extends equally to the purification of mind and body; to neglect the one is to expose the other to evident peril. It is not only the body that by its sound constitution strengthens the soul, but the well regulated soul by its authoritative power maintains the body in perfect health." How suasive and true is this! how convincing! how important! yet how few while they even admit its importance, practice the principle: even our author says—"Too little attention is paid by physicians in general to the influence of the mind or the operations of the passions in the production and in the removal of disease," and yet he places "touching for the evil" under the head of superstitions connected with the practice of medicine. Now, whatever may be urged to the contrary, whether by philosophers or satirists, the fact is clear and undeniable that numbers were *cured*—not by simply submitting themselves to be touched by the king, but because they had *faith* in the touch—and is it kind, is it just or humane, wise or benevolent, to cut off from the poor cripple, the poverty-stricken paralytic, or the distempered leper—whose onward passage to the tomb is marked with sorrow and with suffering—all hope of health and every expectation of recovery? Are we not sufficiently his superiors in health of body, strength of limb, and ripeness of understanding, it may be also in wealth, that we should covet the little that is left him of enjoyment

on this side the grave, contemplation of the distant, but not always illusive hope of cure? Humanity and our better feelings forbid, and Benevolence and Religion enjoin that we should not destroy hope in the sick man—the only good Pandora saved the human soul, from out its wreck of gifts. It is only from the abuse of such faith that anything can be argued against its encouragement, and what virtue characteristic of man, if argued against from its abuse, could stand the test of judgment? But we shall allow Mr. Pettigrew to speak for himself. "It is unnecessary now to prove the folly of the statements made in relation to this power (of touching for the evil); they are self-evident to us at this period. If the efficacy of the touch were dependent upon *hereditary* right of succession, that condition was soon destroyed, for the succession was repeatedly interrupted, yet the power is reported to have remained." Now, neither we—nor any educated men of the present day, contend that the power of cure resided in the royal fingers. But we say that it lay in the *faith* which the patient *had* in the *efficacy* of the Sovereign's touch, and that if cures were performed,—and these are not questioned even by Mr. Pettigrew,—it was not the business of any man, especially of the philanthropist, to seek to destroy by reason, the only acknowledged means of cure which the impotence of medicine, or the ignorance of its professors, had left the wretched sufferer. Nothing has been gained by this sort of learning but a reckless pseudo-knowledge, which having fixed bounds to the mental world, scoffs at all who venture to say, or even to express a belief, that there may be beyond these bounds other agencies of which we can take no cognizance by the material organs, which are visible only in their effects and manifest their presence only in their results. Both Carte and Collier relate the story of a Catholic who went to Queen Elizabeth, a protestant, to be touched. The story, Mr. Pettigrew says, is taken from Dr. Tooker's work, *Charisma seu Donum Sanitatis*," &c. Collier says—

> This person, who was very firm in his communion, happened to be thrown into prison, probably on the score of his recusancy. Being thrown into prison, I say, he grew terribly afflicted with the King's Evil; and having applied himself to physicians, and gone through a long fatigue of pain and expense, without the least success, at last he was touched by the queen and perfectly cured. And being asked how the matter stood with him? his answer was, he was now satisfied by experimental proof that the Pope's excommunication of her majesty signified nothing, since she still continued blessed with so miraculous a quality.

Here is a case then based on the very best authority, which if it had been even the only one ever performed from among all the numerous patients that presented themselves, would amply repay an expenditure of faith—an inappreciable commodity in the eyes of the

worldly Sciolist—by the dejected, the wretched, the dying and diseased creatures who collected together from all parts of the kingdom, and assembled at the palace of Whitehall in multitudes to be cleansed of their sicknesses.

It has been admitted that mental emotions produce very lasting effects upon the animal economy—for men's hair has turned grey in one night, and sudden joy has caused instant death,—yet whenever cures have been related to have taken place under the influence of some strong passion of curative hope, medical practitioners to a man have either boldly denied the cure, or attributed it to imagination. Well then let it be imagination, it is nevertheless a cure, and we protest were we cured to-morrow of some incurable disease (to use a conventional term) by an agent not cognizable by the senses, we should not tarry to debate the question as to the manner in which it was effected. The cure would suffice, and we would leave the learned to explain why it should not have happened. When the physicians of Louis XIV. found themselves unable to cure the Dauphin of an intermittent, which had afflicted him for a long time, they declared it incurable. Louis, however, thought otherwise; and having heard that Doctor Tabor, physician to Charles the Second, had "got the knack" of putting this disease to flight, sent for him. Tabor, who had been apprenticed to an apothecary at Cambridge, and had acquired a knowledge of the virtues of the Cinchona Bark from Ray, set out to the court of Louis not unprepared, and having administered his infallible nostrum, cured the Dauphin, and received two thousand Louis d'ors from Louis, and the honour of knighthood from Charles. This was too much for the unsuccessful physicians. The Dauphin was cured—yes—there was no doubt of that—and that he should not have been cured, was equally certain; but how to get over these startling facts? There was the rub. "Ask him to define an intermittent fever," said one, "and that will puzzle him." The hint was taken, the college assembled, and the question put. "Gentlemen," said Tabor, "an intermittent fever is what I can cure, and you cannot." This was conclusive; the president looked the fellows in the face and they looked back in his, and each saw in the features of the other visibly written, "it is true." They said nothing but quietly dispersed, and Tabor brought his Louis d'ors to London, where he enjoyed himself and his jokes at the expense of the French physicians. And here it may not be altogether unprofitable to examine into and mark the self-complacency of science. There is not one single remedy in the pharmacopœia of any nation which does not owe its introduction into practice to empiricism; yet where is there the physician who is just enough to acknowledge it? After common experience, or common sense, or perhaps instinct, has for a series of ages, determined that some certain sort of manure, say lime for clay, or sand for mold, was best fitted, up starts

a learned chymist, and informs the honest countryman, that the calcium in the lime, or the silica in the flint, is the cause of the fertility of the land, and the poor clod-hopper is all of a sudden discovered to have known nothing about agriculture, or at least chemical affinities, cohesions, repulsions, and attractions. Honest man! He is directed to purchase "a Bucolic" work, which having perused, he lays down, aghast at his own knowledge; and like the worthy gentleman of Molière, who had spoken prose all his life time without knowing it, finds himself an agricultural chemist without having read Liebeg!

Inoculation was practised both in the East Indies and Africa, (from the natives of which latter region the Turks seemed to have acquired their knowledge of its prophylactic properties) from the remotest periods; yet comparatively speaking, it was but yesterday that Lady Wortley Montague was hardy enough to introduce it among us. While, to the country people in the vicinity where Dr. Jenner practised, the virtues of the cow pox where well known and acknowledged; yet it was called a discovery by Jenner's friends, and he was rewarded by parliament (but justly however) with ten thousand pounds.

It is really amusing to follow these freaks of science, which mustering self-evident facts, and enrolling the practice of ages in its ranks, proceeds to erect a stupendous structure of theory at the expense of experience, and then complacently terms it a monument of genius!

But we have well nigh forgotten our author, who may be tempted to apply to our critique that venerable *mot* of Mr. Joseph Millar *anent* the representation of "the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire." Not entirely applicable however is the chronicle of Mr. Joseph Millar on this occasion, for the disquisition naturally springs out of "the subject matter"—of "Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery." A work which may be designated—a fly leaf from the adversaria or enchiridion of a veritable Jonathan Oldbuck; the great fault of which, if we except the chapter on "The Influence of the Mind upon the Body," is the want of purpose or object. For if written for the learned it is scarcely a hornbook—if composed for the unlearned, it is a sealed book. It partakes of that strange anomaly in book-making which has no designation with which we are acquainted, and for lack of a better name, and after the practice of the discoverer conferring his patronymic on the method or manner of discovering or producing the thing discovered, as Macadam called the detrition of granite, *macadamization*, and Daguerre the process of photograph painting, *daguerreotype*, we shall venture to denominate after the inventor D'Israeli, *D'Israelism*. Thus in the chapter on "charms," our author extracts the *carmen* or charm

handed down to us by Cato the censor for the reduction of a dislocated limb, (p. 53) but without appending the obvious remark that the carmen was sung (apparently) *after* the dislocation had been reduced, and it seems to us with a view to allay the pain by soothing the mind, or at least distracting the attention of the patient. This is the common practice among the African negroes of the West Indies, who generally sing during the period occupied in an operation, a low monotonous kind of dirge or charm, and this is continued by their friends after the operation. This we have witnessed ourself.

The influence of charms upon the cure of disease is certainly great in proportion to the ignorance, or more correctly speaking to the faith, of the party on whom the charm is made to act, and it is an undoubted fact, that the possession of what was supposed by the possessor to be a defence against danger of any and every kind, has led to very extraordinary and very singular acts of dauntless bravery and unquestionable valour. On board a merchant vessel in a harbour in South America, a seaman wearing a child's caul round his neck, and fully impressed with its miraculous powers, boldly leaped overboard after a messmate who had fallen into the water, though a dozen sharks at least were swimming about the vessel, and strange to say, not one of these monsters attempted to attack either him or the messmate, who was by his intrepidity saved from a watery grave—of course entirely through the wonderful properties which resided in the dried caul or amnion of a luckless infant! Charms are very common among Africans and Indians: Clapperton mentions that Barca Gana, one of the chief men about the court of the Sheik of Bornou, possessed a charm which he supposed rendered him invulnerable; and Lieutenant Greenwood, in his War of Affghanistan, recently published, relates the case of a fakir in India, who was believed by the natives to be possessed of a charm which rendered him invulnerable. Be this as it may, the feeling does not appear to have been equally shared by the fakir, for Mr. Greenwood mistaking him for a monkey, fired at him, happily without effect. On firing a second time, however, still believing him to be one of cercopithecan race, his fakirship very judiciously, but very much to the horror of the sportsman, leaped up and ran away, and on Mr. Greenwood chiding his native attendants for allowing him to shoot at a fellow creature, they one and all declared they did not wish to spoil his sport, as they knew he could not hurt him. This coolness of the native servants reminds us of an anecdote related, we think, of Marshal Saxe—but no matter of whom, seeing it is applicable here. A commissary in the army, famous for his peculation, became at last so notorious that his conduct was represented to the marshal, who rated him soundly, and threatened at the same time if any more complaints were preferred against him that he would hang him. "Ah! Marshal," said the

commissary, "you could not have the heart to hang a man worth 20,000 crowns?"—and I don't know how it was, says the Marshal, (for it is he who tells the story) but he really was never hanged! Here the charm lay in the 20,000 crowns.

Among other charms copiously, but not very judiciously selected for animadversion by our author, from the almost inexhaustible mine of ancient medical ignorance and popular credulity, are rings for cramps. They were of various kinds; but the principal seem to have been composed of iron taken from the hinges of coffins. It was usual to hallow these rings on a Good Friday by the king in person, and the ceremonial "originated from a ring which had been brought to King Edward by some persons from Jerusalem, and one which he himself had long before given privately to a poor petitioner, who asked alms of him for the love he bore to St. John the Evangelist. This ring was preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, and whoever was touched by this relic was said to be cured of the cramp, or of the falling sickness." (p. 87.)

From the *Liber Niger Domus Regis, Edw. IV.*, in proof of the estimation, or general use of these rings, Mr. Pettigrew extracts the following memorandum. "Item to the kinge's offerings to the crosse on Good Friday, out from the countyng-house for medycinable rings of gold and sylver, delyvered to the jewell house, xxv. *s.*"

On the subject of hag-stones, which were pebbles with holes in them, employed in the cure of nightmare, Mr. Pettigrew informs us that they "were often attached to the key of the stable door to prevent the witches from riding the horses;" (p. 88) but he does not seem to be aware that the custom is still observed, even at the present day, in the practice of making the handle of the stable-door key of a plain ring of iron. This is actually the case with the key of our own stable-door and that of many of our neighbours. But there would be no end to this paper were we to enlarge upon the subject of charms, one of which, as we have frequently seen practised to ensure fine weather, we shall venture notwithstanding to relate. A quantity of wood-ashes,—those of which it was usual to make lye-water for lavatory purposes in the olden days when laundresses were washerwomen—was placed in a heap in the middle of the yard, a two-pronged fork was then stuck in the heap, and the party (always a woman) performing the charm, threw a handful into the air, uttering certain words which we forget, and walked, or rather ran, in a circle round the fork, scattering at the same time additional ashes on all sides. This, as a matter of course, infallibly secured fine weather. Another charm for a different purpose which we knew practised by a fine young woman, the daughter of a yeoman, was not quite so harmless. She was told that if she boiled a pullet's egg for many successive hours until the white was hard as horn, re-

jected the yolk, and filled the cavity with salt and eat it, the last thing on going to bed, she would most certainly see the man in her dreams to whom she would be married. She followed the advice to the letter, and it is needless to say passed a night of the most intense suffering from the indigestible nature of the albumen and the stimulating property of the salt. She rose in the morning parched with thirst, fevered, wearied, dejected, and melancholy. A gentle emetic and some emollient broth however relieved her, and she never afterwards, as she informed us, attempted to see the man she was to marry, in her sleep, through the medium of hard-boiled eggs and table salt.

In the dawn of science, and when attempts were first made to reduce empirical practice to system, many were the divisions, subdivisions, and endless subsidiary manners, modes, and methods of administering medicine, and performing surgical operations. Now it was proper to give the medicine at the full of the moon—then at the wane—now to bleed in the right, and then to let blood in the left arm. And however modern science may smile at these apparently absurd and ridiculous minutiæ, much that was done was dictated by experience, especially when the position of the moon was directed to be noticed previous to the exhibition of any drastic remedy—or the state of the weather as well as the moon's age when simples were about to be collected. We are of opinion that the efficacy of many simples is entirely destroyed by ignorance in collecting and preparing them at improper seasons of the year, and this want of knowledge is alluded to we think in Duncan's Edinburgh Pharmacopœia.

Much of this sort of curious, and in some respects valuable information, somewhat obscured by pedantry, will be found in that very rare work, Lovell's* *Enchiridion Botanicum*, Oxford 1665—to which Mr. Pettigrew has not alluded. In the preface, headed "ISAGOGE PHYTOLOGICA; or, an INTRODUCTION TO HERBARISME, there is much that might be studied with advantage even by those who have grown grey in the profession. We are tempted to extract the initial paragraphs:—

Courteous Reader.—Avoiding the prolixity and tediousness of a Proemical Discourse, (Brevity being here intended,) thou must first consider the *Quid sit* of *Phytologie;* which is the art of knowing and finding out the Temperature, Virtues, and Uses of Plants, as serving to the Curation or Sustenation of the Body; as also of the Danger; and the Remedies thereof.

The parts hereof are two: 1. The *Therapeutick* or curatory; 2. *Threptick* or alimentary. In both which, *Vegetables* may be *considered* according to their *substance* and *consistence*, or else according to their *accidents* (properties).

He then proceeds to tell us, that they are thin or gross, lax or

* PAMBOTANOLOGIA. Sive, Enchiridion Botanicum, or a Compleat Herball, &c. Second Ed. By Robert Lovell, *Philotheologiatronomus*. Oxford, 1665.

constrict, clammy or brittle, heavy or light, according to their substance and consistence; that tenuity of parts will be found in those "which are *aerious* in essence and substance;" that they readily communicate their virtues to any fluid—are of easy distribution in the body and act quickly, but their action is transient, and that not being very compact, are easily divided (decomposed) by natural heat, as is common in things very acid and for the most part friable. Crassitude (weight) of parts, he proceeds to say, is found in those things that are terrene (the oxides), which being more gross do not quickly communicate their virtues to liquids, and consequently act more directly upon the stomach than the liver, &c.

From this it will be seen that altering a few obsolete words as chemically used, in the text of a forgotten author, whose learning seems to have been as great as his industry is unquestionable, we are brought back nearly to the technical language of modern physicians, strengthening the aphorism that there is little new under the sun.

In another work by the same author,* dedicated to Charles the Second, amidst a profundity of learning we meet with the most absurd recipes for the cure of disease, though it would appear that he does not recommend them on his own authority, but on the authority of others. For quoting from Schroderus, he tells us "the nailes (of a man) cause vomiting, the powder or infusion being taken. Bound to the navel they help (cure) dropsies. There are divers other *ridiculous uses thereof.*" (p. 294.) Somewhat at the risk of being accused of an attempt to supersede Mr. Pettigrew, we shall extract a few of the more striking prescriptions—and first of the "*Decoction of an Old Cock,*" as an alterative—you are directed to take an old, decrepid, *red* cock, four or five years of age, and having in the catching of him whipped him half to death, you are to pluck him alive, then cut his throat, draw him, stuff him, sew him up again, boil him in a tin or other vessel until the flesh wastes away and leaves the bones bare, when you will have a clear soup, &c. &c. Six to eight ounces of this was a dose,† (p. 498,) to be taken daily

* The title of the work is (dismissing the Greek type) Panzoorutologia, Sive Panzoologicomineralogia; or a compleat History of Animals and Minerals, &c. &c. &c. By Robert Lovell, St. C. C., Oxon. 12mo. Oxford, 1661.

† R. Gallum veterem rufum, decrepitum, vel 4. aut 5, annorum, cursu, verberibus fatigatum, deplumetur vivus, juguletur, et exenteretur, hujus venter repleatur sudorif. *unc.* 2. Alterant. (fere ut in apozem.) fruct. sem. dictis, consuatur, coquatur deinde in olla vernisata, vel stannata, cum aquæ. q. s. perfecte, donec carnes contabescant, et separentur ab ossibus, ubi autem jusculum despumatum fuerit, adde radic. &c. sub finem vero decocti, folia flores, &c. coquantur, usque supersint jusculi *lib.* 3. exprimentur fortiter, colentur, servetur decoctum in ampulla vitrea, in loco frigido, omni pinguedine detracta; cape de eo jusculo *unc.* 6. *unc.* 8. vel *lib. sem.* mane, addendo si volueris (maxime in affectibus thoracis.) sacch. vel syrup. indon. *unc.* 1. continuando per 15 dies, vel spatium mensis unius. p. 497-8.

for the space of fifteen days or a month. Sugar or syrup might be added, especially in diseases of the chest. As a nutritive ptisan few could object to the prescription, though why it should be an "old" cock is not quite so evident. But the reason, we suppose, why a "red" one was directed, was because the *game* breed are of that colour, and something of the pluck and spirit of the bird might be supposed to be communicated to the soup, and thence to the patient. We have ourself seen a fowl parboiled, pounded in a wooden mortar, bones and all, then placed in a thin cloth and simmered for a given time. The liquid was then forced through a hair sieve, and a tea-cup full given twice or thrice a day to the patient. Of course the ptisan or soup was seasoned with culinary herbs and salt, and a little cayenne pepper. The following for *alopecia*, or baldness, may not be altogether valueless.—"Cantharides.—Applied with tarre they help (cure) the alopecia, the skinn being prepared with nitre, and they not being suffered to ulcerate deepe, applying the heads of mice (at the same time) with their galls, and dung, with hellebore and pepper," (p. 286.) This may be a more efficacious remedy for baldness than our advertizing Kalydor friend Rowland's Maccassar, for aught we know; but it is scarcely so elegant an appurtenance to a gentleman's travelling case. At p. 288, we are told that "the least kind (of spiders) called *Lycos*, applied with *linnen* to the temples or forehead helps (cures) tertian fevers. *So Æg.* (Æginæta.) Some use it with leather against quartains. Boiled in oil of roses and put into the eares, it helps (cures) quartans." "The ashes of earth-worms with oil, preserve haire from hoariness, being in a meane. They help (cure) the jaundise," (p. 292.) "They help (cure) all wounds, especially of the nerves,—mixed with goose-grease they help (cure) obtuse hearing," (idem.)

Ox gall, which is extremely efficacious as all know from experience, in those diseases which indicate its exhibition, has been recently revived in the practice of physic, but its revivers have not given that credit to the older writers for its employment to which they are justly entitled. Rhasis, Avicenna, Pliny, and Hippocrates, recommend it strongly in disorder or irregular action of the bowels, and Galen especially says, that if mixed with the juice of carline thistle*, and the greater† celandine, and applied to ulcers of the legs, or lupus, it is very efficacious; and Dr. Clay of Manchester has recently proved the statement of Galen in numerous cases of cancer, to which we can add our testimony. But notwithstanding its acknowledged use, Lovell would have it to be more. "The gall

* *Carduus Carlinæfolius.*

† *Chelidonium majus.* Withering says the juice of celandine cures ringworm and tetters, and diluted with milk, removes spots on the cornea. It is of an orange colour, and very acrimonious.

anointed on the pallate serveth as an apophlegmatisme, drawing flegme (phlegm) from the head. Some use a linnen girdle about their middles, dipped into the gall, using it three days against the jaundise, removing it every day" (p. 36). This prescription is from Pliny and Avicenna. "Mixed with honey, it draweth forth iron or splinters. . . Rhasis affirmeth, that taken by the nostrils, it helps the falling sickness. . . The gall of a cow, with the stale of a goat, helpeth (cures) the loss of hearing, being dropped into the same. It helps (cures) the ringing of the ears," &c. (Idem).

Some of these recommendations are doubtless absurd, but they should not be too hastily condemned, for they slipped into the practice of medicine in certain diseases, in which their use could not by analogy, or chemistry, or reason, be defended, because they had been found useful in others. This is the case with mercury at the present day. That mineral combined with opium, is the sheet-anchor of three-fourths of the hospital and private surgeons of London, and it need scarcely be remarked, with the most frightful consequences. Leaving, however, the discussion of the merits of mercury to a more fitting place, let us proceed with a few more nostrums. "The flesh (of a calf) eaten with birthwort, roasted, by women about the time of conception, causeth males" (p. 24). Even the ass—the poor insulted, harshly-treated, scantily fed, and sorely worked ass, possesses, according to our author, virtues which should have entitled him to a niche in the heathen, if not Tooke's pantheon. "*Unc sem* (half an ounce) of the dryed brain of an ass, being drunk daily in water and honey, helps (cures) the epilepsie in thirty days.* *Plin.* The ephemera (one day fever) feaver is cured by three drops taken from an asses ear, being caused to bleed, in two heminas † of water. . . . The *heart* of a black male ass, being eaten with bread, helpeth (cures) the falling sicknesse; so (also) the liver being taken fasting." . . . The alcohol ‡ of an asses spleen, with bears grease and oile, mixed to the consistence of honey, and applied, causeth hair on the eyebrows. . . The ashes of the genitall, thicken the hair, and help (cure) hoariness, applied after shaving, with lead and oil. *Osthan.* The right stone of an asse causeth venery, being drunk in wine, or worne: so the foam taken in a *red* cloth, or inclosed with silver; so the ashes of the genitall. *Plin.* The stones being kept with salt, powdered, and put upon drink, asses milk, or water, help (cure) the falling sicknesse." (p. 3.) The heart of an ass, to the quantity of a dram, "with melicrat, strenghteneth the heart, and increaseth its acrimony and

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* Lithgow, who travelled through a great part of Europe, in the reign of Elizabeth, says, that there is a stone in the head of the wild ass of Cenigo, which is an infallible cure in many disorders, including epilepsy!

† A *hemina* was half a sextary, or three-quarters of a pint.

‡ We are at a loss here.

audacity. It helps (cures) pusillanimity and the beating of the heart: it whetteth the understanding, and helps the falling sicknesse. . . An ass eaten by the lyon cureth his diseases." (pp. 1-2.)

It will be seen from these few extracts from Lovell, that a book like "*Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery*," could be manufactured for the book-sellers' market any given day in any given week. For it is not the collection and printing any number of isolated facts that constitute or prove the presence of genius, or evince the man of talent. This is a task so easy that any linen-draper's apprentice in his extra hours, or any cotton factory girl in her leisure time, *that is to be*, would perform, with the aid of a few old medical writers, as Borde, Archer*, Gaddesden, Gilbert, Mayerne, and others, not forgetting the older pharmacopœias of Europe, and our friend the learned Robert Lovell. For it consists in nothing more than, to use the comparison of Sterne, pouring physic from one bottle into another; or, in other words, it is only modernizing the obsolete language, and refining the nomenclature of a past medical era, and presenting the result under the lactatory patronage of a medical bookseller. We do not say that Mr. Pettigrew's work is not a pleasant gossiping, trifling sort of performance; but what we say is, that from him we were entitled to a better book, and have no right to be called to pay for that, which, as the first attempt of a young physician or surgeon struggling for bread in this great metropolis, would have been entitled to unqualified praise as giving promise of future greatness in the profession; but which as coming from the hands of the surgeon to the queen-mother (if we may be allowed that phrase) and the author of "the Medical Portrait Gallery" and "History of Egyptian Mummies" is decidedly undeserving of qualified, much less of that wholesale panegyric, which has committed the "*Medical Gazette*" *(proh Pudor!)* to declare that it is "equally adapted to amuse and instruct the historian, the antiquary, and the medical reader." Against this we solemnly enter our caveat, for several reasons: In the first place, that antiquary or historian must be very poorly read indeed who will find any novelty in the present work; and (with the exception of the chapter on the Effects of the Mind upon the Body) so far as the medical reader is concerned, of what consequence can it be to him to read, of what it is of no manner of use to him or his patients to know? And lastly, the book looks very like a speculation on the credit of former works. D'Israeli, of whom Mr. Pettigrew is especially fond, tells us that at Bishop Bax-

* Archer, however, was a very superior man, and must not be confounded with the *mere* physician, who in his day, as well as the present, was the slave of accident, and the tool of fortune. See what Beloe says about him. Gilbert was also a man of great parts. In his work, "De Magnete," &c., e pointed out the variation of the magnet and the uses to which it was to e applied in navigation.

ter's death, his Remains were published under the title of "The Last Words of Bishop Baxter." The book sold so well, that the publisher brought out a second volume entitled "More Last Words of Bishop Baxter," and Mr. Pettigrew's Superstitions of Medicine and Surgery stand much in the light, compared with his former works, as "More Last Words" did with the previous volume of Bishop Baxter's Remains.

We do not know if a reviewer can be too severe upon those old established practitioners, who having accomplished that most difficult feat, a general introduction into practice through the medium of a royal gouvernante, or a well-timed hot-pressed volume on some fashionable disease, forgetful of the difficulties they encountered, and the obstacles that opposed their progress, cruelly seize afterwards even upon the most obvious and the most trifling subjects, to preserve in many cases the unfair advantage they have gained, and having fused them into an octavo, issue it into the world on the shoulders of a fore-gone credit with the public. This is too bad. Because they have generally so well laid their plans, and so gagged the medical press, who depend much on them for their circulation, that these trifling works—the fruit of indolence and fortune—readily get into the hands of the public, and the expectant physician is again thrown as far back in the prospect of success as when he first attempted to procure his bread by the practice of the difficult and arduous art of medicine. If the end of Mr. Pettigrew was merely to amuse his readers, why not have translated his Latin quotations and taken the MS. to Colburn? If he intended to instruct his medical brethren, we can assure him he has not succeeded; for there are very few of the *reading* members of his profession who could not write a volume fully better qualified for the purpose than the one before us. Had he even attempted to show, however ineffectually, that the various superstitions, charms, and mostly unmeaning ceremonies practised by physicians and surgeons in former ages on their patients, were to be referred to an irregular and ill-directed manifestation, or developement of the consciousness in the mind, of the existence of a superior principle, which upholding nature and nature's laws, required in return to be placated or ministered to in the form of some homage—in the manner rather than the value of the offering—in the heart rather than the body—and that it was the will or fiat of this principle to compass its ends, or secure a manifestation or admission of its rights by this means or that means, wholly irrespective of the feelings or the opinions of men, and to vindicate its power by phenomena apparently wholly opposite to the end—as the snows of winter are made to fertilize and prepare the soil for the grain in spring:—or had he propounded the most slender hypothesis as to the cause of this universal occurrence in all ages and times and countries, of certain outward rites, practices, or observances, and which

rites, practices, or observances differ in a most marked manner from others in different quarters of the globe, or even in sections of the same country—one nation or people calling *that* religion which another—equally enlightened in a worldly point of view, as France and England for example, terms superstition—and yet that the sentiment developing and giving birth to these varied rites and ceremonies is one and the same, being the outward and visible, the sensible and tangible homage of reverence and respect, gratitude and love, to that Unknown Principle, so far as the senses are involved, but which presents itself to the mind directly and indirectly, positively and relatively, in every act, thought, deed, plant, flower, beast, bird, fish, and animal in nature—in a word—the sentiment of *religious awe*—there might have been some excuse for the publication of such a work. But this, the debris of a common-place book, only increases the labours of the student, without adding one new idea to the stock of knowledge of the physician, the philosopher, or the man of letters.

Writing or publishing merely because a man likes writing or publishing, is no excuse for a trifling or a useless book. It is far different when the author can show that he is compelled to use a means to an end, as for example, to draw public attention to his merits as a physician or a surgeon through the medium of a volume, even if that volume be of a grade below mediocrity. The multiplication of mere copies of copies, as in this case, of the ideas and contents of books, is to be deprecated and avoided among authors, as a similar practice among painters is scouted by all great artists. This feeling was acted up to by one of our greatest painters during his residence at Rome, for he uniformly refused to execute profitable commissions of copies of paintings of the olden masters, excusing himself by saying "he had an objection to multiply pictures." Happy for literature and literary men, had this sentiment always been adhered to. We should not then have had the pain of daily witnessing the distresses and privations of many learned men, whose labours, by the magic hand of some cheap bookseller's accommodating slave of his "grey goose quill," have been appropriated and distributed to the four quarters of the globe, and at a price that places the priceless gems of mind in the hands of the humblest and the poorest. But no doubt this is very fine for political economy, and for that species of cheap philanthropy, which seeks to improve the condition of the million at the expense of any but itself. Nay even the philosopher rejoices that but for this wholesale species of plagiary, thousands would have remained in utter ignorance of many of the noblest and most profound truths of philosophy; but he stoically overlooks, or forgets that these advantages are not extended to the original writer. While others thrive by his labours, and the million acquire knowledge from his books, no one asks if he has bread for

himself and family, or in short if he lives at all. This sentiment is not generally acted upon, or Otway would not have expired, choked by a roll, on Tower Hill; or Jethro Tull, who achieved for agriculture what Macadam did for roads, have wasted away even unto death, for lack of a paltry sum, in the Queen's Bench. The produce of a man's brains should be as stringently secured to him and his heirs as the produce of any other capital. The patrimony of genius is his works, and he who robs him of their proceeds, commits as much a crime as the highwayman who stops a traveller on the road and takes his purse.

The true end of writing is instruction, and this may be conveyed either in the form of a fashionable novel or a philosophical treatise. But either in the one or the other, the writer must "stick to his order." In a work of fiction he must not blend an abstract proposition with a proposition to marry—nor introduce a syllogism when he should his hero. His work should be in keeping with his subject, and the sentiments of his *dramatis personæ* should correspond with their character, lest he should be led to commit the same mistake in writing as Sir Isaac Newton is said to have done in courtship —stop his pipe with his mistress's finger. Now we think this is just what Mr. Pettigrew has done. He has attempted to treat certain subjects popularly which are essentially scientific, and interesting not to the million, but to that very small knot of elderly gentlemen who congregate sometimes on Thursday evenings in the Antiquaries' Rooms at Somerset House. Superstitions of the Practice of Medicine and Surgery is, therefore, from neglect of these rules, a novel to antiquaries, and antiquarian to a novelist. But this is not saying, that those who like that description of reading, which requires no thought and little reflection, this book may not while away a weary hour or two. But with these people, as reviewer, we have nothing in common. Their only object is novelty, and so the book have a new title they look no further. They read again and again the same ideas, couched nearly in the same language, and issued from the same press by the same publisher. They buy books, not because they wish to be instructed, or desire to expand their minds, or increase their ideas; but simply, because Mr. So-and-So has read the book, and Mrs. So-and-So says it should be read—and it is fashionable. We address ourself, we hope, to a worthier class of readers, speaking in an intellectual sense—to those, who not only read for entertainment, but instruction—who desire knowledge and fear not the labour of acquiring it—who feel that life has higher and nobler objects for their pursuit than vanity and the empty praise of fashion, —and who confident that the life which they at present enjoy, is but the noviciate to a state more durable and worthy to which they will be called at no distant date, to render an account of their stewardship here, are desirous of expending and employing the small span of

years allotted them for that purpose, usefully and profitably, so that on the great day of settlement, they may not be found wanting in that which is expected of them. Else what is gained in sitting down to express an opinion *pro* or *con* on this or that author—if the efforts of the reviewer be not directed to the improvement of the taste and the formation of the judgment of his readers? This has been our sole and only object in speaking out and expressing our opinion on "Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery." Mr. Pettigrew's abilities as a practitioner are too generally admitted, and his learning as a scholar too conspicuous to be affected either directly or indirectly by anything which we may say touching the merits of the work before us, consequently we have given utterance to our sentiments much more pointedly than we should have done, had he not stood so high in public estimation.

Our task then is finished, and all that is left us to do is to put our opinion in such a shape that the conclusion to be drawn from our criticism may be that we intend should be inferred:—namely, that the work is to be viewed, not in connexion with Mr. Pettigrew as the antiquary and scholar, but Mr. Pettigrew as the writer and author of Medical Superstitions, which recommends itself by no profound demonstration of a high and transcendental philosophy seeking to construct a theory or found a system upon the *disjecta membra*, the controverted, derided, despised, forgotten, or exploded doctrines of the by-gone days of medical weakness; but is a collection of *anniles fabulæ* of drugs and doctors and their dogmas—the very *gesta Romanorum* of credulous, and sometimes dishonest practitioners, whose selfish dexterity in concealing the *real* drugs which were exhibited to the patient, while they made him believe he was taking mole's eyes or Bezoar stones, enhanced the value of their remedies and preserved their accredited skill from exposure. As a *fasciculus* of the prunings of the vine of physic, or as a heap of little sparkling, but for the most part useless particles, which flew off the anvil of an ignorant and consequently credulous age—an era when the mind was untutored, and the intellect, like the precious gem, presented a rude and scabrous appearance requiring removal by the hand of the jeweller civilization ere its real value could be correctly estimated or admitted,—it is possible to believe that a man having nothing else to do, and seeking patiently and wearisomely, may discover amidst its foliage a race of fruit, or amidst the rubbish of the ashes a spark of small price. Those, therefore, who are content with little for their labour, and the mere pleasure of search for their pains, may be gratified with the little that is to be learned from the book, and the manner in which that little is conveyed to them. Finally, *non omnia possumus omnes—Heroum filii noxæ*, and though "Medical Superstitions" cannot be said, like the ancilia, to have fallen from

heaven, it may be made to occupy the place of a more perfect and profound work for the million—*in Amphitrionis vertit sese imaginem*—who content themselves generally, and perhaps wisely, with the shadow for the substance, the representation for the reality, the actor for the hero.

ART. VII.—*Scenes and Tales of Country Life, with recollections of Natural History.* By EDWARD JESSE, Esq., Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1844.

THE very pleasing volumes, published by Mr. Jesse some years since, under the title of "Gleanings," had induced us to anticipate with considerable pleasure, the perusal of the work now before us. It is therefore with proportionate regret that we feel bound in this instance, to confess ourselves disappointed.

In order to explain to our readers the nature of the difficulties, which would of necessity attend the attempt to give even the most superficial abstract of its contents, we must, previously to stating the reasons for our dissatisfaction, endeavour to give them some idea of its general plan.

The work in question may be said, without exaggeration, to be formed on absolutely no regular system whatever.

We can fancy the author in one of his lounges in Windsor Great Park, or strolls by banks of the river, with his pocket-book already half filled with disjointed fragments collected in his library, noting down whatever out-of-door objects successively attracted his attention, and offering the "Olla Podrida" thus compounded to the public, without the slightest attempt to arrange or classify the materials.

The title of the 1sat chapter, "Miscellaneous Observations," would have been equally appropriate applied to the whole book.

We have for instance in one part, seven substantial reasons for believing in the identity of the present representative of Herne's Oak, with that mentioned by Shakspeare.

In the next page is a long dissertation on the strength of maternal affection; and then follows an elaborate vindication of the character of Isaak Walton; succeeded by sloths, barn-door fowls, whales, and the use of vermin, with other matters, of which more hereafter.

We have dwelt thus long on the somewhat desultory style of Mr. Jesse's work, principally with a view of accounting to our readers, for the impracticability of, in this instance, performing the usual duty of critics, in giving a consecutive sketch of its contents. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to the consideration of his style and sentiments, from samples of his work, selected, we trust, with impartiality, and we are certain with no feeling of ill-will towards the author.

We should observe, that a great part of the production does not even pretend to be founded on personal observation; being composed of instances of canine affection, &c. related to the author (or more strictly speaking editor) by the real observers.

We shall, therefore, direct our observations more particularly to those pages which are the *bonâ fide* property of Mr. Jesse, and to the manner in which he has connected the somewhat incongruous materials with which the kindness of his friends have furnished him. In the first place, almost every page of the work before us, is interlarded with poetical quotations, most of them indeed from distinguished authors, but which (we hope we are not uncharitable) unavoidably give the impression, that when unable to carry out his own meaning in a sentence, our author is obliged to have recourse to the assistance of Pope, Dryden, &c. One or two instances will illustrate our meaning:—

When we examine the habits of

"The pretty choristers of flight,
That chant their music notes on every bush," &c.

In the above extract, we should have moved as an amendment, the omission of the two lines of poetry, and the substitution of the simple word "birds" in their place. Such an alteration would rescue the passage from the charge of affectation and save the eyes of the reader, the verse being printed in remarkably small type.

Again, in speaking of Walton:

His walks also over Tottenham Hill to the Banks of his favourite sea, where he tried

"The all of treachery he ever learnt—"

A quotation which destroys utterly the simplicity, and with it the effect of the passage.

Such a propensity to quotations is the almost invariable accompaniment of a florid and high-flown style, nor do we find any exception to the general rule in the present instance.

There is in fact, throughout his observations, a species of half sentimental, would-be poetical strain, which is extremely tiresome. A single specimen of this failing, will, we think, be sufficient for most of our readers. What can be the object of the following gratuitous burst of enthusiasm.

The sun shines upon us by day, and the moon, that "refulgent lamp of night," is seen in the magnificent ceiling of the heavens, glittering on the ocean and gleaming on the forest.

The above passage is, it will be seen, only in part original, being composed of two quotations, the interval between which is filled up by the author. We cannot, however, congratulate him on the felicity of expression; the idea of a ceiling in speaking of the heavens is de-

cidedly inferior to Addison's "spacious firmanent," a metaphor which, to a dealer in imitations, might have proved valuable. We cannot undertake to account for the insertion of so common-place a truism, as the fact of the sun shining on us by day.

One word more on the style of composition and we have done.

Mr. Jesse would do well to be somewhat more sparing in the use of adjectives, which he prefixes to almost every substantive, animal, vegetable, or mineral, and to every name of an individual which occurs in his pages.

We have, for instance, the amiable Mr. So-and-So. The intelligent Mr. ——, or my late excellent friend. One instance of the author's propensity to deal in adjectives, with regard to inanimate bodies, will be sufficient. He is going to see a jackdaw's nest in the belfry at Eton: on his way he passes through the *beautiful* chapel,—an adjective in this case superfluous, and therefore better avoided. We trust that our readers will not consider us captious in selecting so apparently trivial a specimen of his failing. We have selected it almost at random, and only mention it as an instance of what may be found in almost every line. Perhaps Mr. Jesse may consider the use of such expletives as a premium due to his friends for the information with which they have furnished him; but no such plea will serve in the case of things not human.

We now pass from the peculiarities of style, to some of the theory and statement set forth by our naturalist.

The first which claims our attention, is one to which we have before referred—the identity of Herne, the Hunter's Oak.

On referring to Shakspeare's play, The Merry Wives of Windsor, our readers will see, that after a description of the spirit supposed to haunt the place, the following passage occurs:—

> You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
> The superstitious, idle-headed eld,
> Received, and did deliver to our age,
> This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.

Now, considering that the period of the play in question was the reign of Henry the Fourth, (A.D. 1408,) and that the manner in which Mrs. Ford speaks of the "superstitious, idle-headed eld," having *received* the story, evidently refers to a period considerably earlier: it would appear that the tree in question was first supposed to exist at somewhere about the time of the Norman Conquest.

The proof therefore of the identity of that at present standing, with the one mentioned by our great poet, would be a point equally interesting to the naturalist and antiquarist; and far be it from us to attempt to dispel so pleasing an illusion. What we object to, is not the indulgence of a fancy, which must, to say the least of it, be con-

sidered wild and improbable, but the manner in which Mr. Jesse attempts to establish it as a fact.

His seven long and elaborate arguments on the subject, his controversy with the "Gentleman's Magazine," &c., might be reduced to a single sentence as proving, or attempting to prove, that in the time of William the Third, a period at which they knew as much about the matter as we do at present, the same tree went by the same name, and that it was not as has been stated destroyed by order of George the Third.

To his conclusion we are disposed to show more indulgence. We will give it in his own words:

> Even if I could be proved to be wrong, I do not see what object would be gained by endeavouring to destroy the interest which would otherwise be attached to the last relic of our immortal bard.

In this we perfectly concur with the author, and are disposed to give Mr. Jesse full credit for the feeling which induced him to appeal to the good nature of his opponents; but would suggest that putting the sceptical on their metal, by controverting their opinions, and attempting to disprove their conclusions, is not the best way to prepare them for the charitable forbearance which he demands immediately afterwards.

His sketch of the Life, Death, and Works of Isaak Walton, is another passage open to serious objections. But the "head and front" of his "offending" is, in our opinion, the introduction of a "glee for three voices with the music inserted in the type.

The idea was evidently suggested by the example of the "Complete Angler" itself; but in that case the verses were good and original, in the present they are bad and imitations. And further we would submit to the author, that eccentricities which perhaps add to the interest of a very distinguished, though somewhat quaint writer of the time of Charles the 2nd, assume a very different complexion when feebly imitated by a certainly not *very* distinguished author of the present day. We know of no one passage throughout the work (which is saying a good deal) by which it is so completely laid open to the charge of affectation as by the one in question.

The often-mooted question of Walton's humanity occupies a considerable portion of the work; but the subject has been too often discussed, and is not of sufficient general interest to call for any renewed controversy.

One sentence, however, relating to his grave, is too good to be lost, we give it verbatim.

> We went some distance out of our way, in pure love and admiration to Walton's memory, to pay a visit to his grave, and were grieved to see that

the slab which covers the remains of our good father was constantly trodden upon by unhallowed feet. They were not those of anglers.

We have heard of the art of distinguishing characters by handwriting; but that of telling whether or not a man is an angler by his footsteps on a stone slab, is one which we presume has been lately discovered by our author;—he would do well to take out a patent. We must not forget at the same time to give him credit for the zeal which it appears in the sequel was displayed in the cause of the "Good Father's" memory. A bribe was given to the verger "to do his best to prevent such profanation for the future," though by what means that functionary was to discriminate between "*hallowed*" feet and the reverse we are not informed.

There are two sentimental tales in the volume before us, the one entitled the "Vicarage" and the other "Phœbe Elliot."

These stories are, we think, somewhat raised above the average standard of the work, but neither possess matter of sufficient interest to call for any particular notice.

We shall content ourselves, therefore, with observing that they display (as is indeed the case with the most of Mr. Jesse's writings) kind and gentlemanly feeling; but what connection they have with the remainder of the work, is more than we can take upon ourselves to determine. We must not forget that in one of them the hero sings what Mr. Jesse is pleased to designate "The Angler's Glee," on which we have before had occasion to animadvert.

By far the best passages in the book are, as we before observed, those relating simply to natural history.

There are many interesting anecdotes of domestic and other animals, the greater part of which, however, do not properly belong to the author.

Taking a general view of the whole, we are disposed to attribute the faults both of Mr. Jesse's style and theories, to his having mistaken, and in some measure, overrated his own peculiar abilities.

That he is possessed of talents no one acquainted with the "Gleanings" will deny. And the success which that work met with was probably the cause of his too great ambition and consequent failure in the present instance.

The work was apparently intended as an imitation of White's "Selborne," and, as is the case with almost all imitations, has failed. In some parts, also, he appears to have taken the "Complete Angler" as his model, and in those cases the failure has been still greater. As a naturalist, he is in this instance bad, as an angler intolerable.

White's letters derive their charm from the originality, simplicity, and accuracy of observation, which is apparent throughout. In all of which qualities Mr. Jesse's work is singularly deficient.

Walton pleases us with his goodness of heart and love for the beauties of nature; and amuses us with his quaint old maxims and proverbs, his comfortable alehouses and fishing adventures.

For the former of these characteristics we give Mr. Jesse full credit; but the attempt to invest his work with the peculiar interest of the "Complete Angler" is wretched.

Let Mr. Jesse, in his next appearance before the public, avoid all approach to sentiment,—let him confine himself to simple facts,—let him appear in the character, either of an original author, or a candid editor; and above all, let him get rid of that delusion which has made him fancy himself a poet, and we doubt not that his volumes may prove interesting and instructive. As it is, we must apologize to Mr. Jesse for any remarks which may appear too strong; and can only conclude by expressing a hope that at some future period we may renew the acquaintance, and have an opportunity of bestowing on his efforts that praise which our conscience will not in the present case permit.

ART. VIII.—*Letters from America.* By J. R. GODLEY. 2 vols. Murray.

THE alternative for the treatment of these volumes in our pages is this,—we must either adopt an extremely simple and easy method, or one that is laborious and tedious; we must either act the part of mere reporters, selecting a striking and characteristic passage here and there, or enter the arena of discussion, endeavour to set ourselves right with the author, and the author right with the public, and reduce the whole to what we conceive to be the just and accurate level as ascertained from pregnant evidence and dictated by sound sense. Now, we shall assuredly cleave to the former and the more pleasant of these ways, eschewing argument and analysis also, and letting Mr. Godley be heard to the utmost extent accorded us, after a sentence or two of introductory and general observation.

Mr. Godley then is neither a feeble nor a common-place writer; he neither travels in any hackneyed track, nor fears to speak out, however much his opinions and his testimonies may fly in the face of other travellers and preceding theorists. Readers might be induced to charge him with an affectation of independency, were they at the first opening of the work to fall in with such passages as those where he professes to steer clear of such prejudices as mar the reports and sketches of Hall, Hamilton, Trollope, Marryat, Dickens, and other anti-Americans. But a little further acquaintance with his pages will serve to convince the reader that he is throughout in earnest, studies impartiality with a thorough conscientiousness, at the same time that he brings no mean power of intellect and amount of illustration to the support of his views. Indeed, he has pitched the principles of his morality as a traveller and an author upon a high scale, and with lofty aims; so that his natural vigour and spirit receive a sustaining impulse which is very agreeable and instructive; being

worthy of the study and imitation of all tourists, however short may be their journey, rapid its course, or unpretending its purpose. On the other hand we are far from ready to admit that Mr. Godley is an unprejudiced or a thoroughly correct authority. He cherishes crotchets, is on various points a perfect sectarian, (he is undisguisedly a *tractarian*,) and is frequently at variance with himself. But, seeing that his views have pith and character in them, that he anxiously guards himself against prepossessions, and has striven to avoid being led astray by first appearances, he is surely deserving of a patient hearing; although we leave it to those who have time and inclination to contest the questionable positions which he may have taken, and to correct his reasoning when it may be inconsistent with his own premises or previous authoritativeness.

Mr. Godley is an Irish gentleman, and not only expresses himself with a good deal of the fervour and fluency of the nation, but, what is not so usual, there is original force, if not novelty of idea in some of his distinctions and portraitures; and in all cases proofs of reflection and vigorous conception. We shall begin with an example of that clear and spirited apprehension of features, of tendencies, of types, and of antagonistic principles, which strikes the reader in many parts of the book.

The ancient monarch, the feudal aristocracy, and the Catholic church, are engaged in a continual struggle with the torrent of democracy, which certainly (whether for evil or for good) is more in accordance with the "spirit of the age," and which turns the old popular institutions of the rural Saxons to the purposes of anti-corn-law leagues and trades unions. One or other of these influences has always been predominant, and yet has always been checked and modified by the operation of the others. And the mixed nature of our institutions has produced a corresponding effect upon national character. Even now the ancient loyalty and respect for the church, and, still more, the aristocratic or class feeling, mingle with and soften the levelling and democratic spirit, whose turn of ascendancy seems to have arrived. It is impossible, perhaps, either for institutions or for national character, of a mixed kind like ours, to remain stationary, and difficult to say at what point the just medium is attained; but that difficulty does not render it less the duty of the statesman to observe whither the spirit of the age is tending, and to administer, if need be, correctives to the danger and evil of its too rapid progress. I cannot too often repeat that American institutions, society, and character, are but what ours would be, if it were not for the check of old associations—a more powerful barrier than positive enactments—and what it is not wholly impossible that ours may at some future time become. It is therefore most important to study them, with a view of preserving those feelings and habits in our population, which must form the only true preservative against an undue preponderance of their peculiar spirit. Without going as far as Lord Bacon, who says, "In the infancy of a state, arms flourish; in its prime, arts; in *its decline*, manufactures," one may be allowed to look with some apprehension upon a

state of society where the comfortable seems likely to take the place of the beautiful, and where material civilisation (to use the French expression) threatens to overpower altogether the higher and more refined branches of moral and intellectual cultivation.

Mr. Godley takes no small or unfriendly interest in "the Catholic movement now in progress amongst ourselves," and as might be supposed, is no *unfriend* to old institutions. Quite the contrary. For instance, he was sorely annoyed on board the steamer by an Englishman who was continually crying down and deprecating his native country, and declaring with great complacency that the sun of England's prosperity was set for ever. It was of course in strict congruity with such an evil-speaking prophet's opinion, to counsel every man who could wind-up his affairs in England, and scrape together a little capital, to bundle himself off to a more promising land. We perfectly agree with Mr. Godley, that of such grumblers and ill-omened talkers our country is well rid; but it is not every reader that would look for the following powerful and high-pitched views to be appended to the notice of the contemptible emigrant who so offensively spouted in the cabin of the steam-boat. The passage is worthy of reperusals by all who talk about emigration, who contemplate the character of colonists; and also of every one who philosophizes regarding the beauty and importance of old associations. After noticing the harm that is done by such croakers and vulgar foretellers as he has been speaking of, Mr. Godley proceeds to deliver himself in this fashion:—

It seems to me that the man cannot be justified, who, without absolute necessity, changes his country and his allegiance. Not only does he employ his industry and capital, whatever they may be, in promoting the advancement of a foreign, perhaps hostile, nation, but he is actually liable, in case of a war, to contribute to the attacks aimed at the very existence of his father-land, and even to fight in the opposite ranks to his countrymen, friends, and relations. And yet how lightly people think of all this, when considering the subject of emigration. Surely the emigrant should refuse to take upon himself the rights and duties of citizenship in a foreign country; he should consider himself merely as a stranger and a sojourner there, and be ready to renounce his position, whenever it becomes incompatible with his prior obligations: his children, who will grow up free from the ties, duties, and associations which affect their parents, may lawfully become citizens of his adopted country; but I cannot think that he is justified, under any circumstances, in doing so himself. The true moral theory (if I may use the expression) of emigration is perhaps this—when a man, after mature consideration, and *due diligence*, can find for himself in his own country no work to perform, no place to fill, he is justified in seeking them, if possible, in another; nay, he is bound to do so, for no man has a right to be a drone in the hive—no man has a right, merely because he may happen to have a ready-made competence of worldly goods, to live a useless, aimless

life. We have all parts to play, and each in his calling is bound to consider himself (in the words of Jeremy Taylor) "a minister of Divine Providence, a steward of creation, a servant of the great family of God;" and if a man be conscientiously convinced that "at nature's board there is no place for him" at home, he should consider whether he has a better chance in a less crowded society, and should act accordingly. Under such circumstances *we*, fortunately, need have no scruples or difficulties to contend with. If we are at a loss for a field for our labour, we have only to remove from one part of the empire to another: in every quarter of the world we shall find British subjects and British institutions, and may still consider ourselves at home. Still, how much there is of natural and amiable feeling, of old associations, of early habits, of attachment to the place of our birth, and the scenes among which our happiest years have been passed, which sensitive minds must overcome before they can reconcile themselves to so complete a change as is involved in the removal even from the mother country to a colony. The motives must be very cogent which should induce a man to do violence to such feelings; and I always felt my heart warm towards those of my own countrymen—and they were many—who expressed themselves as looking back, in the midst of the comparative plenty and prosperity which they enjoyed in America, with regret and affection upon Ireland, and as expecting never to be so happy again as before they left it. Nothing has contributed more powerfully to lower the standard of colonial character, and diminish the estimation in which colonial society is held in comparison with that of old countries, than the sordid motives which alone have influenced the great majority of settlers. How small a number has a philosophical desire of extended usefulness, or even a manly consciousness of unemployed energy and impatience of inaction, driven to swell the tide of emigration! Generally speaking, the only object of colonists has been gain; and the necessary consequence was to impart a low, materialistic tone to the community which they formed. I am far from wishing to inculpate the desire and effort to provide adequately for physical wants, but unless they be kept in subordination to higher aims, they are most pernicious in their effects upon character; and, in considering the vices and failings which strike us as most prominent in comparatively new countries, we should recollect the hereditary influence transmitted by the class of men who have formed the majority of the first settlers, and which their descendants find it for generations difficult to resist, particularly as the nature of their situation generally tends to perpetuate the money-getting habits which they inherit, and which cannot but blunt in most instances the finer feelings of the mind and heart.

Our author may cherish romantic rather than utilitarian sentiments; he may be imaginative rather than practical; he may soar in ether rather than actually tread the unbending and stern earth. But surely mankind are in need of having their views directed upwards, even for the realization of the greatest happiness here below. At any rate, no thinking person can be insensible to the pleasure which such moral sentiments as those now quoted are calculated to yield; or altogether unmoved by the force with which Mr. Godley has urged his lofty doctrine.

Our author's mode of describing and characterizing the great antagonistic interests of a state,—their relative power, their tendency, and their actual operation,—will be to the mind of our rural aristocracy and our primogeniture-loving readers. The first of these great interests and powers is that of *permanence*, which is naturally associated and identified with the landed proprietary; the other is that of *pro*-gression, being inseparable from personal interest, or in other words, the interest of the mercantile, the manufacturing, and the professional classes. Pro-*gression*, or the go-a-head principle, being the prevailing and predominant power in America, even when you contemplate the proprietors and cultivators of the soil; seeing that by these the land is not regarded so much as an inheritance, and as a reality that is to descend to a long line of the same family, as an investment and an article of merchandise. Now, it will not be presumed from what has been already said and cited, that an old-country lover, is deeply enamoured of the transatlantic principle and sentiment. But he is also the reverse of being an unadmiring witness of their proficiency and superiority in their particular line, and as swayed by one of the grand antagonisms. In fact, according to our philosophic expounder, the Americans beat us hollow whenever they have an opening for material and utilitarian progression.

Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men; their settlers pay more for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets. Wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them: and, after a little intercourse with them, I was not surprised that it should be so; for the more I travelled through the country, the more was I struck with the remarkable average intelligence which prevails. I never met a stupid American; I never met one man from whose conversation much information might not be gained, or who did not appear familiar with life and business, and qualified to make his way in them. There is one singular proof of the general energy and capacity for business which early habits of self-dependence have produced—almost every American understands politics, takes a lively interest in them, though many abstain under discouragement or disgust from taking a practical part; and is familiar not only with the affairs of his own township or county, but with those of the State and of the Union; almost every man reads about a dozen newspapers every day, and will talk to you for hours (*tant bien que mal*), if you will listen to him, about the tariff, and the bank, and the Ashburton treaty. Now, anywhere else, the result of all this would be the neglect of private business—not so here; an American seems to have time not only for his own affairs, but for those of the commonwealth, and to find it easy to reconcile the apparently inconsistent pursuits of a bustling politician and a steady man of business. Such a union is rarely to be met with in England—never on the Continent.

Our readers will by this time perhaps be of the mind that our author is seldom inclined to strike a middle course; and that in his

enthusiasm, or when he has a theory to buttress, he scruples not to lend illustrations to his purpose. But be this as it may, the result is at least vivacity of manner and vitality in the matter.

In accordance with the plain and easy way which we promised to take in gleaning from these pages, we shall give a few separate paragraphs, choosing such as may serve to convey a fair idea of the character of the book, in a doctrinal as well as in a literary sense; and partly that our readers may have their notions corrected, mended, and ameliorated, with regard to certain national features. The following is our author's sketch and criticism of the philosophy and the practices which obtain in New York:—

New York is the Paris of America, as well as its Liverpool, and the two characters are very curiously blended; the same men who are hard-working and money-making clerks all the morning in Wall Street, are fashionable and over-dressed loungers in the evening in Broadway; and the rate at which they get is fully equalled by the rate at which they spend. It seems, at first sight, odd, but it is undoubtedly true, that the Americans are the most lavish people in the world. I have observed this both on the continent of Europe and in this country: there is no kind of personal enjoyment which they seem to me to deny themselves from considerations of economy; dress, eating and drinking, public amusements, are indulged in here by every merchant's clerk who can at all afford them, to an extent equalled by few peers' sons in England. This is evidently the result of the commercial spirit, which produces the same effect upon a nation which gambling does upon an individual; the rapidity with which fortunes are made, and the uncertainty of their permanence, produce a recklessness about saving, and a desire to make the most of good luck, while it remains. Ups and downs are too common to excite sympathy or apprehension; and *Carpe diem, quam minimum credule postero*, is pre-eminently the motto of New York philosophy. I have just been walking round some of the billiard-rooms and supper taverns, and am quite astonished at their number and style. The absence of clubs contributes very much to the flourishing state of these establishments, as of the hotels; and I suppose the converse is one of the reasons why in London they are so far inferior to those of both the Continent and America. * * The "University education" in the States is usually completed at the age of eighteen, so that a youth begins to read for his profession at a period when we are still laying the foundation in studies of a general nature, and are usually still at school. The great boast of the Americans is the forwardness of their children, and it certainly appears to be fully justified. I have hardly seen a genuine, infantine child; they are little men and women, dressed like their fathers and mothers, and hardly less sharp and ready in mind and manner; and so it goes on through life; the boys are men, and the men (and women) prematurely old. They undoubtedly go ahead, and get over the ground in living, as in doing every thing else, faster than other people.

Mr. Godley delivers a lecture for the instruction and correction of foreigners in their visits to the United States. Similar lessons

must be worthy of attention by strangers in any country; but from the information which is said to be universal in America, the interest which we take in public questions, and the prevalence of genteel dress, the following cautions and explanations will have particular uses in that country. The traveller encounters a person, who to all appearances is a gentleman, and—

Enters into conversation with him; finds him, perhaps, impertinent, prejudiced, conceited, and ignorant of the common refinements and courtesies of civilized life; and, after having argued and disputed almost to the verge of a quarrel, goes off and describes his fellow-traveller in his journal—probably with a good deal of exaggeration—as a fair specimen of the best American society; whereas the man was most likely a shopkeeper's apprentice, in no respect different, in point of refinement, from a youth of the same class out of St. Paul's Church Yard. I speak from experience, having often been tempted to do so myself. The best people in America are not accessible without good letters of introduction; when you meet them, as you do, in places of public entertainment, they are silent and reserved. I have often been disappointed by the coldness with which my advances towards acquaintance have been made, where such advances appeared natural and allowable; but, upon consideration, I have remembered that a different mode of proceeding would, from the very promiscuous nature of the company one meets with, lead to innumerable annoyances. On the other hand, I recollect but one instance, in my own experience (which probably might have been satisfactorily accounted for), where an introduction met with the slightest inattention or neglect; on the contrary, in no country have I ever met with such a real, cordial desire to make a stranger feel at home, by avoiding anything like irritating or unpleasant subjects of conversation, and by admitting him at once into the family circle. In travelling, however, I must confess that a foreigner must expect to meet with much that is unpleasant and grating to his feelings; and I am the more sorry, when he is thereby deterred from extending his acquaintance with the better portion of American society.

Our author does not look, churchman and a stickler for ecclesiastic state as he is, with a malign or strongly condemnatory eye, upon the religious and fanatical extravagances which are so commonly associated with the idea of the voluntary and unfettered principle in matters of sacred faith. And yet he witnessed some strange proceedings.

From New York I proceeded to Newark, a town on the road to Philadelphia, for the purpose of seeing a camp-meeting of "Millerites," or Second-Advent Christians," who contend that the world is to come to an end on the 14th of April, 1843, supporting their theory by a particular interpretation of Scripture prophecies. There were a good many tents pitched on a piece of waste ground near the town, some boarding-tents, others lodging-tents, and a very large one for preaching in. There were also booths where tracts advocating the Millerite doctrines were sold; and a great number of people "loafing" about, some believers, some visitors, and

" some that came to mock, and some to pray." The nucleus of the meeting consisted in a body of preachers, with their families and servants, to whom the tents belong, and who perambulate the whole country in a Bedouin fashion, pitching their tents for a week or ten days together at any place which they think suitable, and then issuing placards and advertisments, and carrying on a succession of religious services—preaching, praying, singing, and recounting religious experiences daily during their sojourn. The patriarch and prophet of the caravan is Mr. Miller himself, from whom the sect takes its name; he was a Baptist minister in Vermont, and about eight or ten years ago began to disseminate his theory of prophetic interpretation, teaching that the visible earth is to be burned next year, and its place to be taken by the New Jerusalem, where the saints are to reign with our Saviour, in the literal sense, for one thousand years; with many details which I forget. The pith of it, however, and the point by which the terrors of the multitude are excited, is, that all this is to take place next year; and his stock argument is, that if he were an impostor he would not fix a time so close at hand, and thereby allow so short a duration to his fraud. For my part, I do not think him an impostor, but a fanatic: some of the preachers, however, I strongly suspect; their manner and appearance are bad, and they have the handling of a great deal of money, for contributions are raised at every meeting, and those who give in their adhesion subscribe largely to the common fund. I was fortunate enough to hear Miller himself preach, which he did for about two hours in the large tent, to three or four hundred people: he is tolerably fluent and plausible, but totally deficient in clearness and method; and I found it quite impossible to follow him in his argument from prophecy. After he had concluded, a young man got up and spoke with great vehemence for some time, detailing the process of his conversion to Millerism, which took place *only six hours before*. He had never read Miller's book, but said that it was the Bible that converted him. " We are not *Millerites*," he reiterated, " but Scriptureites; the Bible, and the Bible only, is our creed." This man was a Methodist preacher. Several others spoke; some very violently against their opponents, others (following Miller's example) in a milder spirit, as though they did not consider disagreement from their own tenets as damnatory. There was a good deal of praying and singing; and during all the services people from different parts of the congregation were calling out in a loud tone, at intervals, " Amen !" " Glory be to God !" with other similar ejaculations. Some of the women, and even a few men, wept very much, but on the whole there was but little excitement or agitation; indeed, the only wonder was, how there could be any upon a question of what may be called strict criticism in interpreting particular prophecies; but they managed to turn the subject to denunciations and declamations of the most incoherent kind, assuming their case (that this is to be the last year of the world) as proved, and proceeding to exhort men to flee in time from the wrath to come; and whenever they spoke thus the audience appeared to sympathise with them. Indeed, if people were really persuaded that the world was to be burned up, and the judgment to come in six months, there would be little need of exhortations to amendment of life; but the fact is, that few believe (in the true sense of the word) anything about the matter. On the whole, I am of opinion, both from what I have

observed myself and what I have heard and read, that the amount of enthusiastic feeling generated by revivals and camp-meetings in America, and the extent of its operation, have been considerably exaggerated; that the influence which they exercise upon the national mind and character is very small, but that such as they do exercise is decidedly beneficial.

We should have been glad to have found Mr. Godley taking a more spiritual view, that is to say, one in better harmony with the generally high-toned morality of his book, of American slavery, than is to be discovered in the passage which we next quote. But still it suggests corrections to entirely unreasoning abolitionists.

The more the abolitionists exert themselves to disseminate their principles, the farther the "Southrons" commit themselves in a contrary direction. Mr. Calhoun, who may be called the head and representative of the slave-holders, and who will be one of the "first favourites" for the next presidency, has gone the length of saying lately that he considered slavery as a "glorious institution, the corner-stone of a free and democratic government, and that he hoped and prayed that it might endure for ever." Now this sentiment (countenanced as it apparently is by some unguarded expressions made use of by Burke in his speech upon American conciliation, which are, of course, everlastingly quoted by slave-holders) would not have been ventured upon twenty years ago; and there was even a disposition about that time to relax the severity of the laws with respect to slaves: but now they are strictly enforced, particularly those relating to instruction; so that probably in a few years there will be hardly a slave able to read or write. This is obviously caused by the persevering dissemination of abolitionist pamphlets, some of which contain extremely dangerous doctrines; nor do I wonder at the precautions which they produce. The "Southrons" are now so strong and so violent, even in the senate, that they were *within one* of negativing the appointment of Mr. Everett to the English Embassy, avowedly on the ground of his having expressed himself strongly at some public meeting on the subject of slavery. If they had carried their point, it would have been an affirmation of the principle that abolitionist sentiments constitute *per se* a disqualification for office; so that you may imagine how small is their chance of prevailing in the councils of the Union. Mr. Preston of Carolina said the other day in Congress, "If we catch an abolitionist in South Carolina we'll hang him." And nobody got up to rebuke or answer him. The abolitionists cannot even get their anti-slavery petitions read: a standing order of the house declares that they are to be laid at once upon the table. It is considered a question with which the Federal legislature have nothing to do, and of which even to approach the consideration is an infringement on "state rights." I must repeat that, considering the ground which has been taken, and the means which have been employed by the abolitionists, I neither wonder at nor blame the jealousy and soreness felt by the South upon this subject: it is with them a question, not simply of property, but of life and death. If the doctrines and advice of the northern abolitionists be good and true, slaves have a right to rebel, to take their masters' property, and even cut their throats, if necessary, for the purpose of attaining to freedom: they are wrongfully detained, have a right to freedom, and need only ascer-

tain the practicability and expediency of insurrection in order to justify it. I say, that, where such doctrines are preached, the slave-holders have a right to take care that they shall not reach the ears of those whom they may influence (unless a still greater evil be likely to follow from the measures which such a course necessitates), and at any rate to ensure the impracticability of successful insurrection. In the meanwhile immense numbers of slaves escape, the abolitionists keeping regular stations along the whole line from Virginia to Canada, for the purpose of sheltering and forwarding them.

American duelling, as it is contrasted with the English mode:

Some noted duellists have been pointed out to me here. There is one gentleman who wears a green shade over his eye, in consequence of a contusion which he received the other day from the rebound of a bullet, in practising for an affair of this kind. I had a good deal of conversation with some American gentlemen upon the subject, and heard some stories which astonished me not a little. The American system of duelling is quite different from ours, and far more consistent and rational; they never think of apologies on the ground, or firing in the air, or separating after a harmless interchange of shots, which, in England, throw an air of bombastic absurdity over most proceedings of the kind. In America they "mean business," not child's play, when they fight duels, and never separate till one is killed or wounded. * * I think I am right in stating that a bloodless duel is almost unknown. Now there is some sense in this, whatever one may say of its Christianity: a man is injured by another, he wishes to be revenged upon him, and takes the only method of effecting this which society will allow. In England we superadd absurdity. Our duellist, generally speaking, goes out upon the speculation that there is hardly, without avoiding guilt, any chance of a serious result: he commits what is confessedly and notoriously a breach of every law, divine and human; not at the instigation of overpowering passion, which though, of course, it cannot *excuse* the crime any more than it could that of assassination, at least reasonably *accounts for* its commission; but at the command of perverted public opinion, which he has not manliness or courage to defy, or for the gratification of a miserable vanity, which aims at obtaining, at a very cheap rate, the reputation of a hero at Limmer's or the Saloon.

Not a few of our author's descriptions are graphic and luminous; and some of his scenes in the way of incident or adventure merit quotation. But our limits forbid. Besides, we have been chiefly solicitous to exhibit some of his moral and philosophic views,—to have him tested and examined when man, society, and national manners are the themes. Accordingly we close with certain important observations relative to the Negro and the Red races.

The Indian and the Negro races, both fated as it seems to yield the supremacy to the *whites*, present in every other particular a curious contrast to each other. The red man appears to have received from Nature every quality which contributes to greatness except—I have no other word for it

—*tameability;* he has shown in many remarkable instances intellectual capacity, talents for government, eloquence, energy, and self-command. Tecumseh, who fell at the battle of the Thames, was a second Arminius; and among the annals of the Indian warfare are to be found the names of chiefs, who under more favourable circumstances, might have attained the summit of military and political fame: but they had to do with subjects and followers who were all but strangers to the elementary principles of society, to mutual co-operation, subordination, industry, and division of labour; so that the extraordinary insulated efforts of individuals sunk before the organized and persevering hostility of their enemies. Still there is something noble and striking, something that commands respect and admiration, in the Indian character, irreconcilable though it be with advanced civilization and the operation of Christian influences. The Negro, on the contrary, has precisely what the Indian wants; he is a *domestic animal*, and it requires a sacrifice of what appears natural feeling to religion and philosophy to persuade one's self that, as he is an immortal being, equal in the sight of God to those whose yoke he seems fated to bear on earth, so he should be considered equal in the sight of man. The Indian avoids his conqueror; the Negro bows at his feet. The Indian loves the independence and privations of his solitude better than all the flesh pots of Egypt; the Negro, if left to himself, is helpless and miserable; he must have society and sensual pleasures; if he be allowed to eat and drink well, to dance, to sing, and to make love, he seems to have no further or higher aspirations, and to care nothing for the degradation of his race. With the single exception of Toussaint, I know no instance of a negro distinguishing himself in politics, or arms, or letters; and though I make every allowance for the difficulties and obstacles to his doing so which his situation imposes upon him, I cannot allow that these account for the fact that, notwithstanding the excellent education which many negroes receive, and the stimulus afforded by constant intercourse with whites, not one of them has yet, either here or in the West Indies, with the above-named exception, taken the lead among his countrymen, or made a name for himself. And this natural superiority of the Indian is, perhaps unconsciously, recognised, and illustrated in a singular manner, by the white man, in the different feelings which he exhibits upon the subject of amalgamation with the two races. Some of the best families in the United States are *proud* to trace their origin to Indian chiefs (*e. g.* the Randolphs of Virginia boast that they come of the lineage of Powhattan;) and I have myself met with half-breeds, who were considered (and most justly) in every respect equal in estimation with full-blooded whites. It is needless to observe, that with respect to the negroes the precise converse is the case. *Cæteris paribus*, we seem naturally to receive the red man as our equal. Can it be altogether the effect of educational prejudice that we find it impossible to do so with the black? I feel a difficulty in coming to such a conclusion.

ART. IX.—*Chatsworth; or the Romance of Week. Edited by the Author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c.* 3 vols. Colburn. London.

ANOTHER novel from the Coryphæus of the silk and kid glove school of readers! hight Henry Colburn, whose literary wares like our Manchester cottons, travel to all parts of the world, find their way to the flowery shores of the vast Atlantic, penetrate the dark forests of Canada, and even ensconce themselves comfortably on the hanging shelves of sentimental ensigns drooping with ennui in dull quarters in the storied land of the once almost fabulous Cathay. Wherever our ensign floats—and where does it not?—in the Orient land of pearls—in the beautiful islands of the West,—beneath the far-spreading trees of the Polynesian Archipelago, and amidst the erotic groves of the gentle Tahiti,—at the roots of the enormous Andes, at the base of the Giant Himmaleh,—beside the classic waves of the time-storied Indus and honoured Sutledge,—on the borders of the measureless Pampas,—in the deserts of Africa,—the depths of Asiatic jungle,—on the crest of the Dolphin Head, and on the plains that gather round the cloud-capt cliff of the glimmering Blue Mountains of Jamaica peering proudly over the jewelled Caribbean rolling onward to the Gulf of Mexico—there are they! Some thirteen years ago, after a tedious voyage interspersed however with storm and shipwreck, one of the first objects that attracted our attention, in an humble domicile near English Harbour in Antigua, where we had taken refuge from the palpable rays of a tropical sun flinging his beams with a consecutive rapidity and constancy that threatened the barren shore of that interesting locality with instant combustion—was a copy of "Tremaine"—somewhat soiled to be sure—and very unlike the hot-pressed, gilt and lettered chronicle of refinement we had last seen on a littered table in a drawing-room in the aristocratic locality of Grosvenor Square. Yes, there he was—the man of refinement—"out of luck" to be sure, so far as the external garniture was involved; but still the same engrossing, spiritual, imposing beau-ideal, the same comprehensive spirit, the same untiring moralist, scholar, gentleman and Christian. And what could have brought—who could have placed—who dared imprison the sentimental "Tremaine," under the low shingled roof of a rough weather-beaten, careless, jolly old pilot? Ah! thereby hangs a tale.

It was in that small house on the top of the little hill, that looked (we write in the past tense, for the earthquake lately played sad havock with the most beautiful harbour of the West Indies) down upon the dock-yard, just where two enormous Turk's-head Cacti swelled out and thrust their scarlet ensigns forth, pointing to thespot —a few yards off—where the madman Camelford shot the generous Peterson. We took up the boook—and what a crowd of simple recollections did this simple act not conjure up! But let that pass—

one of the daughters of the pilot, a perfect Haidee, with dark, liquid, rolling eyes, that seemed drunk with their own beauty, and a form and figure that are *never* seen in Europe or European climes, seeing the emotion with which the book was opened, asked modestly, "Have you read Tremaine, sir?" We replied affirmatively. "I thought you had, sir, you looked so sorry when you took it up. *So was I, when I took it up the first time after I had read it.* I was so sorry I could not read it *new* again." The remark was novel, and from a quadroon girl in Antigua who had scarcely passed her father's threshold! This is fame. This is evidence, and witness, and testimony, and *proof* of genius. Here were no reviewers to guide this simple maiden in her criticisms of authors. Her only mentor in that "rocky isle" was nature; and nature told her that "Tremaine," more than any other novel of its class or kind, refined the feelings and exalted the character of humanity. After turning over a few leaves, alas! how shocked would have been the veritable "Tremaine" had he been an incarnation in place of an eidolon only, had he but seen the dog's ears, the thumb marks, the grease spots, on that much used, but not abused book, of the third volume; and recovering ourself from the reverie into which we had been thrown by falling in with the work in such a place, we raised our eyes, which met those of this insular maiden, and enquired, "May I ask who gave you this work?" A slight tremor passed over her frame, followed by a heightened but subdued colour, as she replied with that ready frankness, which is the evidence of innocence, "Mr. ———, the Lieutenant of the ——. Such a nice gentleman! Oh! I wish he was here! I am to marry him, do you know, sir, as soon as he comes back. Father says its all nonsense, and he'll *never* come back, but I know better; and when I am married I will laugh at father for not believing him."

So then, here was a love affair in embryo, and that shy, conscientious, prudent, punctilious Tremaine was playing the platonic "go-between," and the Lieutenant was making advances, or *had* advanced under cover of "the Man of Refinement." "Very well, Mr. Tremaine," said we to ourself, "if I don't tell your"— but further thought was arrested—the loud, long, and sudden boom of the signal gun, which said noisily, if not syllabically, "all hands on board to dinner"—cut short the soliloquy, and bidding a hasty adieu, we ran down to the boat, and in a few minutes were in the midst of the mess of her Majesty's vessel the ———, up to the ears in roast fowl, ham, pepper-pot, crabs, yams, cocos, and baked plantains—the worst way, by-the-by, of cooking that estimable vegetable, which botanists have happily named *Musa Paradisiaca*,* from its beauty, and Gerarde the

* This is taking a liberty with botanical etymology. Plumier called it *musa* in memory of *Antonius Musa* the brother of Euphorbus, and freedman of the Emperor Augustus. So Linnæus admits.

quaint old rhizotomist calls "Adam's apple," from a notion that it was "the forbidden fruit" of Eden,—while others again, declare it to be the grapes brought out of the land of promise by the spies of Moses. But no matter—the viands were discussed *con amore*, and the Madeira, only to be appreciated beneath a torrid sun, cooled to the point just above zero, went jauntily round. But we did not forget the pilot's daughter and her deep dark eye; and while the ever active "skipper" mounted a nag that was sent for him by a hospitable planter in the neighbourhood, and the officers took to brandy and water and havannahs, in company with the surgeon, we once more wandered about the shores of the little Antigua, now picking up a strange volute or conchifer, thrown up by the ever fawning, but sometimes angry waves; or culling some flower of tropic growth, an armed cactus, or a bell-shaped creeper, and thus wiling the hour away under the lee of a jutting hill, but slowly advancing, some how or another, we found ourself again at the little shingled house on the side of the mimic mountain. It was then that we learned that the Lieutenant was on the South American station—that he had proposed and was accepted,—and that on his next visit to the island, Minny, *our* Haidee, was to be his wife. We wished them all happiness, and our friend the surgeon as well as ourself, did not forget ere we left the island, for the love of Tremaine, and not a little for the eyes of Minny, to leave something towards her *trousseau*.

Seven years after—*quantum mutatus!*—again was Antigua revisited. But the shells seemed not so beautiful, and the wild flowers had lost their charm, or rather, their novelty. They were the same as they had ever been—*we*, not *they*, had changed. But the cacti with their tumid globes were there—the old water tanks in the victualling yard, looked as rusty and as worthless as ever—the still water slumbered in the dock, and the wary fish in almost countless numbers, darted beneath the clear limpid surface of the almost land-locked harbour, as if they had no joy but motion, and no resting place even in the placid caves that on all sides beneath the billows of the Antilles, open to receive them. Nature was, as she had ever been, and the blue sky above still poured its torrid beams upon the arid plains and hills and rocks, and seemed to glory in its heat, while the languid sea-breeze fainting on its errand, lay like the halcyon, upon the rippleless bosom of the wide sea of burnished waters, that on all sides cradled the solitary island. A shudder as we passed the spot where poor Peterson was shot, and a sigh for the lonely, the terrible death-like stillness of the Dock-yard, which when last there was all life, and joy, and action, and military and naval pomp, but now tenantless and decaying, not a single sentry, a single boat, or even a lazy vulture flapping his huge wings over the gravelled yard being to be seen, for government had dismantled the fortifications and removed the stores—and we hastened to the house of the old

pilot. And Minny was there! But how changed! Her locks were still dark and her eyes sparkling, but her figure had moulded itself into the more imposing form of matron, and the infantile air of maiden playfulness had gone, and a motherly reserve sat on her broad deep brow. Well—romance had fled before the advent of necessity and time. She had married and was happy! And two blooming—pshaw! two chubby-cheeked children, fit representatives in civic feasts of Indian Bacchi, gave evidence that the marriage was not only happy, but fruitful. Curiosity was soon allayed—the lieutenant had *never* returned—and reader you may guess the next—for the Indian Bacchi—*were black!*

Yes, our Haidee had wedded, and one, some two shades darker than herself; in fact a Sambo, only *one* remove from what Poole calls "a being not human." We were introduced to his dingyship; and though a negro or next to one, had Corporal Trim fallen in with him, he would not have asked "doubtingly," if a negro had a soul. He was an excellent mariner, as we found, had made several voyages in one of her Majesty's seventy-fours, and had seen something of the world. For his station in life he was well-educated, and actually at our request, produced the identical copy of Tremaine, we had seen many years before!

Such are the incidents and events which men meet with who leave their father's fire-side; and which become worthy of note, only because they are connected with some pre-conceived notions, or cherished feelings, which had their origin in fatherland, beside that very parlour fire, whose crackling flames are now extinct, and cold, or if they burn, blaze not for them. And now of "Chatsworth; or, The Romance of a Week."

"Pretty! pretty spot!" cries the tourist, "where all England's pride, and pomp, and wealth, and genius sometimes meet, and as their varied and various tastes, minds, thoughts, feelings, wishes, wants—for even the lordly visitors of Chatsworth, like their less distinguished fellow-creatures, *have* their wants—what collision of intellect! What corruscation of genius! What radiation of mind! I burn to inhale that etherealized atmosphere that hovers over the palatial hall. But ah! I fear, like Semele, I should be extinguished in its glory." Fear not, gentle tourist. "Chatsworth," (the romance,) though beautiful and surpassing lovely in its vein of tender sentiment, its truthfulness to nature and perfect command of passion, whether of love, or honour, or both, or its exquisite and exquisitely told tales of human hearts, and souls, and sympathies, though it will enslave and charm, soften the heart, and open the sources of the feelings of our common nature, will neither dazzle, nor blind, (except with tears,) nor kill, except with tender melancholy, the most love-sick maiden. It is all beauty, and purity, and truth to nature. No monsters in human shape, that have escaped from out the dis-

torted brains of demi-madmen, who following too long their maudlin dreams of daily life, believe that to be reality which is only fancy, and that to be human which is not even diabolical. Let the author speak, and we are all attention.

The London season of 18— was scarcely over, though the wintry summer had worn itself painfully away into mid-autumn. A few more coming parties, casting their dull shadows before, still furnished excuses for those to bestow their inanity a little longer upon the town, who would have hastened to bestow it elsewhere; a few more budding flirtations were still to be mutually flattered into a fitting growth for the heated and perfumed atmosphere of a country conservatory, to "force" them at once into the "bright consummate flower" of a declaration, or the bitter dead-fruit of a divorce; a few more conspiracies were yet to be completed, in vice of which a winter in Paris was to be "made glorious summer," by the entanglement of some booby heir in the double meshes of a manœuvring mother and a heartless beauty; a few more pigeons were to be plucked at Crockey's, to feather the travelling nests of the periodical migrators to the pastoral hills of the Rheingau; and, running their sweet course purely and brightly through all these—like a pure and bright stream through the foul streets of some pestilent city—a few more of those innocent and happy passions were to be warmed to that mutual interfusing of two young and pure hearts into one, which, even in the great world that we are glancing at—"nay," which *there*, more than any where else—forms the only perfect and enduring bliss of which the life of that world is capable.—(pp. 1 and 2.)

Such is the beautiful and clever proemium, or prologue to "Chatsworth," by which we are given to understand "that the period at which our Chatsworth records open, was about the third week in August." And thence the author in a lively and graphic style paints the passage and progress to the noble mansion, the name of which he has deemed fit to give this bantling, or rather bantlings of his train. We shall pass over the naive and clever little sketch of the old hotel at the famous "English Spa," in which the writer will find some pretty little pieces of fancy and conceit, as "a little patch of smooth-shaven turf, inclosed by a low, light, iron railing; dotted with diminutive flower beds, that look as if they had been cut out by a pastry-cook's pie-mould, furnished here and there with green garden chairs; and finished in the centre by a baby fountain, falling into what may be mistaken for a moderately sized punch-bowl, its edges glittering with moss-grown spar, a single water-lily floating on its surface, and its shallows gay with gold and silver fish," —and many other such light and pleasant, but effective passages. Of course this is not "Chatsworth," or its grounds and streams; but that well-known bustling house, "the old Bath hotel," at Matlock, Bath.

"Bubbles" and "the Ravine" make two chapters; and then we have a soft and suasive tone of descriptive writing, almost didactic,

had the author not thrown so much of fire into his sentences as to warm us with himself as he proceeds along the grassy glades of the valley of the Derwent, onward in his journey to Chatsworth. "The Hostelry" which, like the three-headed janitor, Cerberus, keeps the entrance to the regal halls of Chatsworth, next occupies his daguerreotype pen, which catching objects of every shape and form, delineates them again with such minute and careful touches that the very leaves and trees and flowers seem to spring up before us, and have not only a name, but a local habitation. Then "the Pattern Village" with clipt hedges; its white-washed walls and shining doors,—its quiet; its close yet dull air of aristocratic poverty, and the absence of the little dirty curly-headed village romps and village boys that poets call cherubs, and the Poor Law Commissioners think "nuisances," engage our attention; and by a progressive motion of the fancy carry us onwards still nearer to the coveted and wished-for introduction to the *dramatis personæ* which are to enliven and enchant, surprise and delight us in this "Romance of a Week," with all the tender nothings and tender everythings of that hot-bed of society—an aristocratic party in the country dependent upon itself for amusement, pastime, pleasure, and excitement. It is here that the human being if hotly pressed shows his *real* worth, and sinks or swims by his own merits. Let us then hasten forwards, and at once get a peep and a tête-a-tête at one and the same time at the distinguished guests assembled in the drawing-room.

We are in Chatsworth: within those magic walls that ardent travellers have crossed the restless billows of the white Atlantic but to see; that poets, orators, and statesmen, in whom the inextinguishable fire "Prometheus filched for us from heaven," burned and glowed and shone with all but heavenly brightness, have graced by their presence and hallowed by their writings—and where royalty itself lulled in the lap of a luxury, of which even the Egyptian queen reclining on her couch of silk, or sipping pearls of nameless value from cups of untold price, had never even dreamed, deigned to set its fairy foot, and as it glanced its regal eye and viewed the tasteful rooms that magic wealth had made to realize the glorious fanes and mosques of orient tales, pronounced it "good and beautiful." Yes, within those chambers of refinement, where even the fastidious creature of Ward's refining mind, Tremaine himself, would look in vain to find a flaw, and Momus half forgot his nature in the wonder which the sight alone calls up,—where Science, by wealth and talent nursed and fostered, turned his otherwise cramped and cabined views to glories worthy of the noble lord of all this rich domain, and formed that collection of exotic plants that stands unequalled and unique—while Taste directing the decorations and repressing the gaudy fancy of the mechanic mind that would have made the entire house, like Nero's hall, all gold and gilding, gave a true finish to the whole ar-

rangements, combining elegance with splendour and grace with beauty. Now for the library—"observe that range of lofty gilded windows, each composed of two plates only of glass, which seem to look upon us proudly athwart that stately lawn, with their great eyes glittering in the yellow light of the setting sun. That is the library of Chatsworth palace." (p. 51.) Here we first meet with *Mr. Tressyllian Toms*, who is indulging in a brown study with his face directed to the ground in token of some absorbing thought, rich curls, black as night, clustering over the face, "while the attitude and fixed repose," says the author, "give to the figure the look of a clothed Antinous." Toms "was at once a poet and a petit-maître; a philosopher and a fashion-monger; a true-wit and a trifling word-catcher; a compound of wisdom and folly—of brilliance and blundering—of sense and nonsense—of elegance and awkwardness—of natural refinement and natural vulgarity." (p. 54.) Even his physiognomy was a contradiction, for in profile he reminded you of a Roman hero, or a Greek rebel of the present day; but if you looked at him face to face, you were apt to mistake him for the keeper of a menagerie of wild beasts—"the man who puts his head into the lion's mouth!" But for all this *Tressyllian Toms* was really a man of genius, talent, energy, and sentiment. He had his contradictions only because he was superior to those about him and was not so licitous to conceal it.

"It may be suspected," says the author, "that in all great geniuses there is an infusion, more or less, of quackery. In *our* genius it was more than a *soupçon*. In a word, Tressyllian Toms was the most brilliant and accomplished of quacks—a sort of Coleridge, Cagliostro, and Admirable Crichton, rolled into one."—(p. 57.)

Our next introduction is to *Lady Bab Brilliant*, who "with a sparkling face and Circassian form," sits ensconced in a luxurious chair in one corner of the library, listening to the small-talk of a dandy with the same intensity as if his words were the poetry that looks from her own eyes. She is the most accomplished writer of her sex, her age, or station, and possibly of any nation. Her pen has acquired the power of a man's without losing the ease and grace of a woman's. She unites the wit and vivacity of Lady Wortley Montagu and the worldly wisdom of Madame du Deffand, while in her heart repose the social affections of Sevigné; she possesses also the penetrating spirit of De Staël, and the accomplishments of all these writers put together. Lady Bab Brilliant is not youthful—she has passed the "dolce primavera," so dear to dreaming poets, but had only just attained that "bella eta del'oro," until the advent of which woman lacks something in manner, tone, expression, *mise* or *tournure*. Her position in society is curious, she is an unsparing satirist, not only of the faults and follies of her friends, but even of herself. She is an epitome of all fashionable follies, and not a few

fashionable vices. She is a casuist too—for she argues that the vice lies in the dice, not in the dicers, and that if there were no vices there would be no vicious people!

Our third introduction is to "*the Lion*"—the real veritable Lion of Chatsworth, not reader, that animal of the order *ferœ* and class *feline*, into whose mouth our author thinks it was possible to believe *Mr. Tressyllian Toms* might be tempted to put his head—but a biped of the genus *homo*, order *bimanes*, which Jerrold, or some one else so happily embalmed in "The Heads of the People." This is *Reginald Beltravers*, the Crichton not only of his circle, but his day. He is the most accomplished writer of his age, practising all styles and forms of composition—now a novelist, or dramatist, then poet, historian, moral philosopher, essayist, critic, or political pamphleteer, as the humour seizes him. He is not however a vulgar Lion—a common-place man with a common-place name, like the little wits but great men—in their own estimation—of Bath, Winchester, Cheltenham, Brighton, or any other town that apes exclusiveness and pretends to taste. No, Reginald Beltravers is of good line and lineage. He was born "with a silver spoon in his mouth," and looks, and feels, and is the gentleman. Like Tressyllian Toms, he is a category of contradictions, though he neither eats his soup with a fork nor takes snuff. But his anomalies do not take the shape of an incongruous jumble—his is a consistent system of inconsistency, and though the most levelling of politicians, is the most aristocratic *noli me tangere* of men.

He was the most careful and profound of thinkers, and the most calm and cool of reasoners, yet the most inept of actors in the affairs of life. He loved human nature with the love of an ardent poet and an enlightened philosopher, yet hated or despised every man, woman, and child, of which it is made up. Proud as Lucifer, he nevertheless paid court to the meanest and most vulgar, for a smile or a sigh, a good word, or the suppression of a bad one. Of all the noble qualities of his mind, his eloquence was the most noble, yet he could not utter two extempore phrases, *viva voce*, without boggling or taking breath. To the burning enthusiasm of a youthful poet he gained the cold severity of a wearied anchorite. There was not a more thorough man of the world, in the most worldly, but not the vulgar, sense of the phrase; yet he was at the mercy of every impulse—eager as a child, passionate as a woman, fickle as fire, light as air, unstable as water.—(p. 67—68.)

Such was the Chatsworth Lion—the real Prometheus of the party, who however had inherited, not stolen the fire with which he animated the dull clay around him. We must suppose that on his lips hung the destiny of authors, dramatic or poetic, inventive or prosaic. At his nod the fell thunders of the critic growled—at his beck the oil of the reviewer was poured into the wounds of the "cut up" scribbler, who in an unlucky moment had given way to the wicked

temptation of the demon notoriety, and wrote himself an author and —an ass. 'Twas he could help a limping poet over a broken field; or pull a drowsy writer up by the ears, and fix him in the boudoir of some accredited "blue," who hatches her own chickens, and her friends' works, at one and the same time, knows the use of the globes, can mesmerize, and *has* calculated a nativity. Of course he was the all in all.

Turn we now to *Lady Penthea*—the dark, the lovely, the talented, the gifted, pained, wretched, forsaken one. She is the very beau ideal of Romance—the impersonation of all those little lovelinesses and languishments, those bowery blisses and blooming sweets of the young poet's spirit, when he reclines upon the soft banks of some murmuring stream and sees strange sights in the fleecy clouds above him. She is the child of passion and poetry—

Of thedesolate soul—the seared spirit—the blighted, the broken heart—yet moving on amidst the brilliant frivolities, the inane nothingness, the dazzling falsehoods of fashionable life, like her in the old drama, who, in her mortal agony, kept "whirling round and round in the mazes of the court dance, while successive messengers whispered tidings in her ear that turned her heart into stone."—(p. 72.)

The description of the *Lady Penthea* is beautiful throughout, and is one of the happiest hits where all are hits. We regret we cannot make room for the whole, and to give a part of this poetic sketch would mar its force and beauty. So soft, so sad, and withal so plaintive a story, heightened as is the interest by the fact that it is not one of fiction—but alas! of stern, hard, grinding truth, we have rarely met with. Hapless woman! doomed to a life of everlasting woe—where but in the cold grave can she *now* hope to look for peace? The real *Lady Penthea* all know. It would be profane, therefore, to name her. With the author we say—

> But this eternal blazon must not be,
> To ears of flesh and blood.

Turn we now to that gentlemanly personage who addresses himself to the *Lady Penthea* as she sits apart from the gathered gay ones—that is—*Sir Proteus Plume*—the man of negatives. He is not a genius for he dresses like a gentleman—he is not a gentleman because he has been seen walking with a genius arm-in-arm whose outer garb was "somewhat seedy." He is not a literary Lion, nor a fashionable reviewer, nor a fashionable poet—nor a politician—nor a wit. What is he then? Let the author speak:

Behind that brow of marble, and those features, motionless and (while motionless) expressionless as a mask, there lies an intellect fraught with all pure thoughts and noble aspirations, and fashioned into shapes of almost ideal perfection; and within that cold, rigid, statue-like form, there crouches a heart so gentle, that it melts at an infant's tears, yet so strong that it

would not quail at a nation's cry, if wrongfully raised against him; so capacious, that it compasses in its folds the entire human race, yet of such contractile power, that the few friends ("two or one") who are admitted within its inner shrine feel as if they alone occupied and filled the temple.—(p. 77—78.)

Last, and not least "the Boy Poet," with all the noble aspirations of a high sense of the world (physical) and the world's beauty—who "sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind," whose thoughts and words and deeds, and even looks are poetry. He sits apart, as just he should, in the deep recess of a window feeding upon his own heart!

Now have we the acting members of the social party. And why have they assembled? and what is their present object? To remodel society? Patronise Fourier or Owen? Or reprint Tom Paine with notes to prove that he was not a—Bishop? Or reconstruct the machinery of the Iliad? Subscribe for shares in the new copper balloon company that is to carry comfits and confectionary to Caubul, and toys and trinkets to the Man in the Moon? Or does some wonderful exotic, some cleverly devised meadow-crowfoot cheat which is to impose on the learned and like the original deceive even modern Hallers and Gesners, and bring forth another learned "*De Ranunculo Bellidifloro*," setting all the phytographers together by the ears, engage their attention? Or are they assembled to grow butter-cups in skim-milk? Or devise means to carry bamboos and guano manure to Chimborazo, or plant cocoa-nuts at the North Pole, or settle the Oregon question? Are they going to pay the national debt? Or to turn out the Tories? Or to extract soap from Brighton shingle, or plant peas on plate glass? Guess again, and when you have done so one hundred thousand times, and are tired of guessing, read on and you will know.

Reader! never be in a hurry about anything—that is a maxim of the present Lord Stanhope, who took nearly fifty years to make up his mind to drink—water. His Lordship for fifteen years now has drank nothing but water, water, water. Father Mathew, Priesstnitz, and Claridge, are all his scholars. He is the original Aquarius, albeit in a brown coat and auburne wig. He says, never be in haste about anything—take time. So say we to you.

Well then, out with it. What are these people? What are Toms, Belltravers, Lady Bab Brilliant, Lady Penthea, Sir Proteus Plume, and the "Boy Poet," and the other grave and wise men assembled together to do? Simply, reader, to endeavour to knock the three volume novel business on the head, and come back to common sense and modest duodecimo. What! and yet all their efforts have ended in a three-volume novel! Prodigious exertion! Wonderful people! Extraordinary author! You say your *dramatis personæ* are met to knock this vile system on the head, and by St.

George! in telling us this fact, you commit the very error you ostensibly set out with attempting to mend!

Not so fast, reader. This talented circle *do* what they set out attempting to do. They each deprecate and eschew a story dragged through three tedious volumes, so after the example of Marmontel, Boccaccio, and Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," they compose little love-tales, which are the most beautiful and the most effective things of the sort we ever read—not excepting even the "Decameron." Well, well, this is doing something, say you. We say it is doing everything.

Now, having decided that a trial should be made of the monograph kind, the first result is "The Three Vows" a beautiful and effective delineation of passion, of love, of honour, and truthfulness to nature.

"The Three Vows," as a sample of the author's graphic and fervid style is, to our fancy, the most pleasing tale in the collection—a resumé of this, then, will afford some idea of the other tales, all of which are delightful, and are distinguished by a high tone of morality, entrancing energy and enchanting purity. Even the very names of the characters are not such as we usually meet with in novels and romances.

On the northern coast of Armorica, now called Brittany, there dwelled, so writes the author, a noble lady called *Dorigen*. She was endowed with every noble gift; blest with affluence; pure, noble, beautiful. Many lovers sought her in marriage, but she preferred *Arviragus* in whom was concentrated all the honourable qualities of the noble, the gentle, and the good. He was poor; but poverty formed no obstacle to his union with the Lady Dorigen, and they were wed, and were happy, happy as their lives were pure. But alas! nothing is positive, nothing is certain in this world. The lord of all this happiness must make a voyage to England, and he sails away with tears in his eyes. In the meanwhile, the Lady Dorigen continues in her castle—her charities are as great as ever—her heart as pure—her mind free from fears or anxieties. But one thing however did trouble her. The coast on which her castle stood was very dangerous for large vessels approaching it, and there were some ugly rocks right before her window, on which many a noble argosy had been wrecked, and their gallant mariners entombed in the remorseless waters. She knew, she felt it was foolish, but yet she could not help it, nor prevent herself from exclaiming ever and anon as she looked from her favourite window towards the English coast, "Oh! those rocks! those everlasting rocks! would that they were away." In the meantime her friends and neighbours knowing how much she grieved during the absence of her Lord, sought by every means in their power to amuse her mind and distract her attention from the contemplation of those horrid rocks, by preparing little fêtes and festivities, "at which she had latterly seldom

refused to be present." Among the number of the rich and the noble, the young and the old who frequented these parties, was *Aurelius*, a friend of Arviragus, the Lady Dorigen's lord. He had returned to his native land from a lengthened tour in foreign parts very shortly after the departure of Arviragus for Britain, and until then had never seen the Lady Dorigen. He no sooner saw her than he loves in spite "of her absolute devotion to her lord." In a conversation with the lady, she draws from him an avowal of love; but she cannot at first understand him; it never entering into the councils of her pure mind that Aurelius could entertain a guilty passion for his friend's wife. When she does she reproaches and is about to leave him. But he is drawing his sword when she returns, and addressing him in a flood of tender yet firm language, seeks to work upon his feelings by appeals to his honour. But Aurelius's love has taken such deep possession of his mind, that he sees nothing, and will hear of nothing but love—"Say it then," he continued, "say that I may hope, though that hope spring from despair itself; say it, and I will live upon the bare sound! Bid me do something that never yet was done—I will not say something impossible—for the very imagination of the promised reward will make me feel that nothing is impossible with that reward in view." Dorigen perceiving how useless it would be to argue with him in the frame of mind he was then in, suddenly caught at the fanciful means of relieving him, believing thoroughly however in the impossibility of the task she was about to set him. "Well," said she, "I will give you something to do for me; and when you have done it, you shall yourself name the guerdon of your toil. You know those rocks that so deform the fair face of the waters in front of our castle, not a day passes but they trouble me . . . . find some expedient, Aurelius, to take those frightful rocks from out my sight, but for one hour, and let me look abroad on the beautiful sea, a smooth unbroken mirror; and I will"—she hesitated, then went on "AND I WILL LOVE YOU EVEN, AS I LOVE MY BELOVED LORD, ARVIRAGUS." "Swear it!" exclaimed Aurelius, instantly catching at her words—"Swear it"—and *she makes* THE VOW.

Now comes the very interest of this beautiful tale. Aurelius sets out to devise means to compass the removal of these rocks, travelling into unknown countries, wandering from shore to shore, but still doomed to disappointment. In the meanwhile Arviragus returns safe, and is more than warmly welcomed by his wife,—who has almost forgotten Aurelius. But still the lady Dorigen was not the same "joyous creature" she had been previous to her vow. She had however related to Arviragus the nature of her conversation with Aurelius, but not of her strange and singular vow. She now never looked upon those sad rocks that had been to her so much pain without shuddering, without feeling a strange presentiment of evil, for which she could not account.

In the meantime, a German student, who had heard of the unsuccessful attempt, the wearying travel, and miserable love of Aurelius, addresses him beneath the stately palace of the Prince of Bishops in the ancient city of St. Herbert in the Low Countries; and after a lengthened conversation, makes an appointment with him "towards the fall of the evening, beneath the grove of pines that skirts the city westward" The appointment is kept, and there the student delivers him a packet, sealed—within which he informs him there is another, which is not to be opened till a certain day "after the day named for the completion of the desired work"—namely the removal or submersion of the horrid rocks before the castle of the lady Dorigen. Aurelius presses the student to name a price for his aid in the matter. He endeavours to avoid this, but at last agrees to take "a thousand pounds' weight of pure gold for a secret which had hitherto been sought in vain throughout Europe." Aurelius departs after promising to give the one thousand pounds' weight of gold—and this makes the third vow,—the first, we forgot to say, being voluntarily made by Arviragus on his union with the lady Dorigen, that he would not bias her will in any way directly or indirectly. We have now the three characters, to use a Jonathanism, in "a regular fix." And what is worse, the rocks *are* removed, Aurelius claims the fulfilment of his vow—the lord Arviragus insists on its observance—the student wants his one thousand weight of gold, which Aurelius has not to pay, and —— but how the author has extracted one and all from their difficulties must be sought for in the records of "Chatsworth," to which most delightful and delighting volume we commend our readers.

We have no hesitation in saying that Chatsworth is "the" novel of the day—or more correctly speaking Romance. That it abounds with amiable and lofty sentiments, pure and unmingled pathos, and genuine and holy thoughts of poetry and honour and virtue, all will admit who read it, without our insisting upon the facts; but we cannot close our review without thanking the author for the pure and unmixed pleasure which he has afforded us, and for the beautiful lessons of purity and truth which abound in every page.

One thing on parting, though the amiable and estimable editor, Plummer Ward, has been named as the father of the work—as the author and writer—we take upon ourself to state once and for all, that that greatest of living novelists *is not the author*—but that it is every way worthy of him and his genius. Who the writer is we have somewhat more than suspicion to guide us, but at present shall observe "discreet silence" as to his patronymic, his age, his whereabouts, and who and what he is. The Romance of "Chatsworth" forms an era in itself—it is like "the Eagle of Doctors"—"the Prince of Romances and the Romance of Princes"—as such it must always remain.

Art. X.

1. *Charge delivered by the* Right Hon. Lord Abinger, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, at Bury St. Edmunds, April 1844.
2. *Speech by* Mr. R. Cobden, M.P., *On the Condition of Farm Labourers*, in the House of Commons, March 1844.
3. *Speech of* Mr. Game Day, of St. Ives, at Huntingdon. London: Ollivier. 1844.
4. *A Bill for the further Amendment of the Laws relating to the Poor of England.* March, 1844.

It must be a matter of deep and serious concern to every person interested in the social welfare of the population of England, and bound by the ties of reciprocal obligations, as well as the sympathies of nature and the charities of religion, with our labouring population, to enquire from what cause, or combination of causes, spring those midnight fires, that follow each other in such rapid succession in the rural districts—affrighting the husbandman from his bed, and, as it would seem, despite the vigilance of the officers of justice, in defiance, even, of the Courts of Assize,—destroying, with predetermined malevolence, "the kindly fruits of the earth"—torturing, by a cruel death, horses and oxen, and occasionally putting in jeopardy the lives of human beings? For many months past "incendiarism" has traversed several important agricultural districts, spreading terror in its progress. This moment fires may be said to be raging with undiminished fury; and in Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, they begin to be regarded as something like ordinary occurrences unchecked by the penal terrors of the winter and Lent jail deliveries. Not a week, in some localities, scarcely a night elapses without the arrival at some country town of a messenger, sent in haste, riding his foddering horse, as if for life or death, rousing the fire brigades, and asking the instant assistance of every willing hand;—the whole heaven being red in the direction to which he points, and houses, corn-stacks, sheds, and barns, burning in one general conflagration. Coleridge's vision of the demon of Fire seems realized:

> "Sisters! I from * * * * * * * came!
> Hedge and Corn field all on flame,
> I triumphed o'er the setting sun!
> And all the while the work was done,
> On as I strode with my huge strides,
> I flung back my head and I held my sides,
> It was so rare a piece of fun
> To see the sweltered cattle run
> With uncooth gallop through the night,
> Scared by the red and noisy light!"

That these fires have been the result of malice, there is, we lament to say, no room to doubt. The rapidity with which they have succeeded each other—the similarity of the circumstances attending each case—the impossibility, in most instances, of their originating accidentally—the finding in several places of matches and combustible preparations, and the discovery of such a train of facts as have led to the committal, trial, and conviction of many of the authors, all prove their felonious origin. It is now unquestionable also that these fires have been the work of the rural labourers of the respective counties—not of "tramps" or emissaries, strangers in those localities.

These circumstances may well make politicicans look thoughtful. They indicate the presence of feelings and passions in the hearts of the poor, which are dangerous to the peace of society, and which no man can regard with indifference. The chairman at a recent Quarter Sessions in Suffolk, expressed his opinion, that the whole metropolitan police force, concentrated in one division of the county, could not put down incendiarism, without the re-establishment of kindly feelings between farm servants and labourers, and the class of employers.

The proximate cause of the discontent, indicated by these incendiary fires, is unquestionably the difficulty of procuring work, and the lowness of wages in the agricultural districts; embittered by the dark hints and rancorous appeals of "Suffrage," and "Anti-Corn Law" writers, and itinerating lecturers, who systematically describe the land owners and the rich generally as the tyrants, oppressors, and spoliators of the poor; and aggravated, we must add, by the stern and stringent operation of the Poor Law, as far as regards distressed able-bodied labourers, unable to find work. These observations give rise to the following considerations:—

I.—To what circumstances are we to impute the alleged facts of lowness of wages and scarcity of employment in the agricultural districts?

II.—How far the Anti-Corn-Law-League, and the disseminators of democratic theories, are responsible for the instability of those interests on which the employment of agricultural labourers depends, as well as for the exacerbation of feeling among the unemployed labourers?

III.—Whether sound policy does not demand a revision of the Poor Law, with a view to the more ready administration of relief to deserving men unable to obtain work?

IV.—And how far the late alteration of the penal code, as far as regards the offence of arson, may be supposed to affect the present enquiry?

With regard to the first point, it may be suggested that if wages are low, and employment in the districts to which reference is made scarce, it is not to be ascribed to any diminution of the national

wealth—any general decay of the funds available for the maintenance of labour. Recent events establish the fact that never in the history of the British empire were the resources of the empire more extensive, and capital more abundant than at present. The income tax returns bear testimony to the extraordinary opulence of England as a nation; and it is stated by respectable authorities that the annual income of Great Britain and Ireland with their dependencies, is now not less than eight hundred millions sterling. The position of the revenue also exhibits a favourable state of things; and the prices of the public funds proclaim at once that money is abundant, and that the confidence of the world in the strength and stability of our commercial fabric is unlimited. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been enabled to reduce the interest on the 3½ per cents. almost without depressing the price of the stock; and on Monday the 8th of April, the city witnessed the 3 per cents. at par! National credit is justly considered as a test of the nation's resources and actual available property. It will be seen from the comparative statement of the value of funded property in the English, French, Belgian, Dutch, Brazilian, Portuguese, and Spanish public securities, the credit of this country was never higher than in 1844:—

	£.	s.
English Stock at 5 per cent. would be worth (estimating from the value of 3¼ per cent.)	145	0
(Or from 3 per cent. Consols,)	155	0
French 5 per cent. are worth	118	0
Belgian 5 per cent. are worth	103	0
Contracted for at	82	0
Dutch 5 per cent. are worth	100	10
Brazilian guaranteed	64	0
Contracted for at	80	0
Portuguese, on the average,	39	0
Spanish, on the average,	25	0
Contracted for at	43	0

Neither can the circumstances, that there are large numbers of the rural population unemployed or subsisting on low wages, be explained on the supposition, that the time has arrived when the further application of capital to the improvement of soil would cease to be profitable, or that the productive powers of British agriculture had reached their utmost limits. The contrary of this is true. From 1801 to 1841 the population of the empire increased from 16,300,000 to 26,800,000; and the production of food has increased pretty nearly in the same ratio. In districts, such as Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Staffordshire, the Wolds of Lincoln, the East Riding of Yorkshire, and above all, the estates of the Coke family in Norfolk, the application of capital, guided by science and prac-

tical skill, in the culture of land, has produced results that, some years ago, would have been considered incredible. It is the unanimous opinion of our most eminent scientific men and most experienced agriculturists, who have turned their attention to the subject, that by the adoption of thorough drainage, and of the approved method of tillage, the produce of the land might yet be doubled. It admits of no question that the capital, of which there is certainly no lack, might be applied profitably in agricultural improvements.

Now, what is the reason that, under such favourable circumstances as those glanced at, we find labourers in the rural parishes unoccupied? We beg to press this question on public attention. Why are they not employed in works that would be beneficial to capitalist, labourer, and consumer of food all at the same time? There is no doubt that these facts are to be attributed to the feeling created among the farmers, that some great revolution in the agricultural interests was at hand. The apprehension of some extraordinary changes forth-coming, effectually checked agricultural enterprise; for how was it possible for men to enter with heart and spirit into improvements that demanded an outlay of capital, when everything indicated or seemed to threaten *instability?* How could agriculturists safely enter into engagements, when an alteration in the laws regulating the corn trade, might cause a total and sudden depreciation in the value of land and its produce? The fierce ANTI-CORN LAW AGITATION that has so long disturbed the country, checked enterprise—a suspension of improvements slackened the demand for labour; the labour market being at at all times, it must be added, stocked with labourers sent thitherto by the augmented and augmenting population of the country. The passing of the new Tariff and Canada Flour Bill, in connection with the Income Tax, produced something like a panic among the farmers, who entertained exaggerated fears as to the results of those measures. In some counties, now marked by incendiarism, the employers began at once to restrict their operations, and curtail their establishments. The farmers were alarmed lest more extensive and more hazardous changes should succeed. The League encouraged these fears; predicting that the total repeal of the Corn Laws would shortly be accomplished. Thus, we see that political excitement has been one of the great causes why we find labour unemployed or badly remunerated in the agricultural districts.

Some persons question the fact that the agricultural labourers are paid low wages; and others point to the conviction for incendiarism of some boys, and of a servant in the employment of a master with whom he had lived from his youth, as a proof that those fires have no connexion with want of employment. Let us examine these points for a moment. When a feeling of discontent once takes possession of a *class,* the irritation is never confined to the

individual who has actually suffered the hardship that has excited the feeling. The sufferer himself may be of a patient and enduring spirit; yet the neighbour of the sufferer, of a morbid state of mind, and of debased and irregular impulses, regarding himself as one of the class hardly dealt with, and liable one day to be subjected to the inconveniences complained of, is very likely to indulge in evil passions, and, if stimulated by the inflammatory appeals of bad men, or by any private grudge, eventually set fire to a corn stack. The case of such a man is, of course, different from the case of him, who, driven to despair by want, in a fit of phrenzy becomes an incendiary. But no statesman ought on that account refuse to investigate the original cause of discontent—the grievance or the alleged wrong.

There are, we fear, considerable misconceptions prevalent on the question of wages. The following statement has been recently put forward:—

WAGES.*

Years.	Agricultural Labourers, per week.		Carpenters, Masons, &c. per week.	
	Money.	Pints of wheat.	Money.	Pints of wheat.
1801	11s. 5d.	63	18s. 0d.	99
1811	14 6	76	33 6	179
1821	10 0	89	33 0	293
1831	12 0	90	33 0	249
1841	11 0	85	33 0	255

This cannot be said to give an accurate idea of the wages of an agricultural labourer at the present time. A case was not long since made public, where a man named John Drury, in the Kirkford Hundred, Essex, was engaged as farm servant for the year, between 11th Oct. 1843, to 11th Oct. 1844, at 6*s.* a week. Drury paying to his master the sum of four guineas a year as the rent of the cottage and garden he occupied. A clergyman residing in Oxfordshire supplies us with several cases which have come under his own knowledge, where the wages of men with large families are 8*s.* and 9*s.* He mentions one family where the labourer's wages were laid out in the following manner:—

* Essay on the Existing Distress, by the Rev. Joseph Angus, M.A.

	s.	d.
1 ounce of Tea, . . .	0	3½
7 Loaves, 4 lb. each, . .	3	6
Flour, ...	0	8
1½ lb. Bacon, . . .	0	10½
1 lb. Candles, . . .	0	6½
Soap, ...	0	3½
1 bushel of Potatoes, . .	1	0
House Rent, . . .	0	10
Coals, ...	1	0
	9	0

Sir Augustus Henniker, Bart., chairman of the Ipswich division of the Suffolk sessions, in his recent charge to the grand jury, stated explicitly that the wages of labourers were low, and that numbers were unemployed. At Huntingdon a labourer was convicted of sending a letter to a farmer, in which he threatened to burn his barn, if he did not give work to those who wanted it. At an examination at Hitcham during the past month, a man who had been taken up on suspicion of having been the author of a fire, declared that the vengeance of the Almighty would fall on the farmers, if they did not find work for the unemployed labourers; and at present there are forty able-bodied men unable to procure work in one parish of a neighbouring county.

Now let us see in what position is the unfortunate peasant with a wife and family placed, when compelled to stand idle? Can he migrate to the manufacturing districts? Alas! there is abundance of unskilled labour in those districts already. Recently there was no excess of labour there, and sharp distress among the manufacturing population. The rural labourer has therefore but two resources to which he can fly. Either he must emigrate to some colony, or he must ask for parochial relief. Emigration! After all there is a fearful amount of meaning in that word. Is it nothing to tear one's self *for ever* from the land of one's fathers—to quit the magic circle of the three kingdoms, and sail some thousand leagues to a new country—it may be of genial climate, the land peopled by a British race, under the protection of British laws—but still *not* old England? Is it a small thing to leave the scenes of childhood *without* a *hope of ever* revisiting them,—to quit

> "The green fields of their youth among strangers to find
> That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain."

Many of the peasantry would gladly emigrate, if they had the means of emigration. But how are they to procure an outfit and passage; and what certainty is before them that on their arrival at the selected settlement, they can obtain work or the means of subsistence till they can find it? However, therefore, the rural popu-

lation may desire to better their condition by emigration, under existing circumstances, it is but to mock their misery to bid them emigrate.

The unemployed labourer has, as a matter of fact, but one resource—*to ask for parochial relief.*

We at once grant that if it were possible for the labourer to procure work, there would be no injustice in applying to him what is called the workhouse test, and refusing him relief unless he entered the walls of the union house and submitted himself to the prescribed discipline. But we submit, that when men of vigorous frames and willing hearts are idle, of necessity, and not of choice, the case is altered. We know that it is argued that the administration of out-door relief to able-bodied paupers would lead to abuses. It probably might; although under the present system we believe that cases of abuse could very seldom occur. But because out-door relief might possibly be abused, is that a reason why, in all cases, without any modification, it should be refused, no matter what the character, or the degree of suffering pressing on the unfortunate claimant? The bill for the further amendment of the Poor Laws, recently introduced into the House of Commons, will mitigate to some extent those statutes in which the poor are deeply and personally interested; but it is our conviction that before the feelings of bitterness and exasperation against the Poor Laws can be expected to subside among our labouring population, there must be a further relaxation in favour of the class in whose case we desire to interest the public.

We need take little pains to impress upon the reader the consideration that the labourer without work, and refused parochial relief, except on terms which he considers tyrannical, is in a state of mind ready to listen to every reckless advice. While he is brooding over his sufferings, the "complete suffrage" emissary tells him that he is a *slave*—that he is the victim of aristocratic injustice, that he suffers from the tyranny of the wealthy, and has been robbed of his birthright. And then comes the "League," with its newspapers, tracts, and lecturers, proclaiming continually that the poor are defrauded by their landlords, who keep them in bondage, and deprive them of their daily bread. The labourers are taught that the only way to procure redress is to make the upper classes "feel uncomfortable." Mr. Cobden himself, in the speech quoted at the head of this article, talks of the course taken by the labouring poor, "*of burning property to make known their sufferings.*" Is it to be wondered at then, that despair and evil counsel should engender revenge, and that vengeance should give birth to the diabolical malice that places the lucifer match in the corn stack? A county paper, which advocates cheap bread and all the points of "the Charter," in commenting on an incendiary fire in the neighbourhood in which it circulates, recently affirmed that "the landlords and parsons had rendered the

condition of the labourer a hell upon earth!" A passage from the *League* newspaper, equally calculated to foster feelings of hostility against landlords, farmers, and capitalists, was read by Mr. Game Day, in the course of his speech delivered the other day at Huntingdon:—

You, farmers, well know that there has recently been much anxiety on the subject of incendiary fires. No man of proper feeling can mention incendiarism without a shudder, and without unmitigated condemnation. In the *League*, of December 16th last, is the following:—

"Swing *versus* the Corn Laws.—This oppressed class (the agricultural labourers) has endured much from the perversity of unequal legislation; but there are limits *even to their patience*, and they are *justly indignant* at being told that the cutting down of their wages, the limitation of their food, and the exorbitant rent demanded for their cottages, are elements called into existence for their good, and perpetuated for their prosperity. Since the Corn Laws have been enacted, has the condition of the English peasantry improved? Are the labourers better clothed, better fed, better educated, and more contented? Every man in the country knows that the very *contrary is the case; and the incendiary fires recorded daily in every paper are evidences of misery so intense that it has been driven to that desperate remedy* which has *not been inaptly* described as "*the wild justice of revenge.*" We deprecate the deeds of the incendiary,—we feel horror at the destruction of property and the wanton waste of the means of subsistence, but we cannot hide from ourselves that Swing has had efficient *instruction* from high places.

They were taught
Bloody instructions, which, being taught
Return to plague the inventor. Thus *even-handed justice*
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

"If Swing destroys property, have not noble and honourable legislators destroyed that labour which is the primary element of all property, by imposing restrictions on the industry of the community? Labour is a commodity which perishes every hour that it remains unemployed, as certainly as the rick is consumed by the flame. If food is wantonly sacrificed when a stack is fired, it is *not less* obviously and wantonly destroyed, when cargoes of wheat are flung into the Thames. In fact, Swing does that directly which his masters effect by tortuous artifice. He has '*bettered the instruction!!!!*'"

The crime of incendiarism deprecated with a—"*but!*" described as "the wild *justice* of revenge!!"—pronounced as "even-handed justice!!!"—and its horrid perpetrators, in the doing of it, are said to have "bettered" their "instruction!!!!"

The late Lord Abinger, but an hour or two before the sudden attack that so unexpectedly closed his eminently distinguished legal career, expressed his views on the subject of incendiarism. His lordship was of opinion that the abolition of capital punishment in

cases of arson had operated injuriously; as no secondary punishment had yet been devised sufficient to inspire such terror in the breast of the criminal as would check the offence. When we read of such events as the fire at Little Conard, near Sudbury, on the night of the 15th April, in which 120 fat sheep, 11 calves, 50 head of swine, 200 coombs of wheat, and several stacks of corn and hay were totally consumed, we might almost be induced to doubt the sufficiency of that punishment which the law had not a week previously inflicted upon several incendiaries. Without entering into the general question of capital punishments here, we would venture to urge upon the government the importance of circulating among the peasantry correct and official information as to the terrible nature of the punishment of transportation, and exhibiting the rigorous nature of the discipline the convict is doomed to undergo in the penal colonies, with reference to which considerable delusion we fear prevails.

The spread of EDUCATION, based on religion, as all education, to be really useful to a nation, should be, will, it is to be hoped, guard the rising generation from being goaded on by the horrid suggestions of ignorance and evil passions to the commission of such crimes as those of incendiarism. But other means must be adopted, if possible, to re-establish harmonious feelings between landlord and labourer. Let the farmers employ those who are without work, in those improvements that never fail to make an adequate return to enterprise and industry. Let the labourers be made aware of the condition of the working population in other countries, to the level of which mischievous agitations would reduce England. Let a judicious and paternal system of emigration be established, to afford to those who are willing to emigrate the means of settlement in our colonies; and let such alterations be made in the enactments regulating relief to the poor as will admit of the exhibition of kindness and sympathy on the part of guardians of the poor toward those who are known to be of honest and industrious habits. We shall then hear no more of INCENDIARISM;—the folly of which is forcibly pointed out in the following extract from a judicious address to the labourers now in course of circulation in the country parishes, with which we shall close our present observations:—

Your livelihood depends upon the work to be done in the parish, and every bushel of corn that is burnt takes something from the wages to be paid for labour. There will be so much less threshing and dressing, so much less carrying out, so much less tending of stock for making the straw into muck, so much less carting and spreading of muck on the land. The fire office pays for the *farmer's loss*, but it does not pay for *your loss;* the money that would have been paid for labour on the corn and straw is taken off, and *thus you lose ten pounds by every hundred coombs of corn that are burnt.* But this is not all: if wages are low now, they will be still lower from these burnings; for it is scarcity of work that makes wages low, just

as scarcity of wheat makes bread high. Moreover, as the fire-office cannot give corn to the farmer, there will be so much less corn in the country, and bread will be so much the dearer. And the loss of corn will not end this year: the produce of the land will be lessened for years to come, in consequence of the loss of straw and the want of the stock which would have been kept to make muck of it. In three ways, therefore, you will be hurt. You will have less work, less wages for your work, and less bread for your money, in consequence of these fires.

ART. XI.—*Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations, to the Close of the American Revolution.* By WILIAM SMYTH, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. Pickering.

THE *Monthly Review* overlooked these volumes when they at first appeared. A second English edition, and a reprint of the work in America, may seem to render unnecessary for us now to take formal notice of it. Seeing, however, that it is a publication which cannot be too extensively studied or too warmly recommended, we shall, even at this late hour, give such brief account of its design, plan, method, and execution as may serve to add to its popularity, and to circulate the character of its merits amongst our readers, some of whom may still be unacquainted with the book.

The general ignorance of history has often been a subject of lament with those who have most closely observed the intellectual discipline and culture of modern society; and the call has many times been made,—the attempt has frequently been set about, to do something to remove the evil, by lectures, and by syllabus-books. These efforts, however, have hardly ever presented other than failures, or fragments: being both in scheme and detail inadequate, even in so far as the particular period and events contemplated were concerned. Nay, the very thought of such an undertaking has not seldom been met with objections of a practical character; many deeming it impossible to deal with a field so large and so rich, in the very limited time that could be allotted to it in an academical course, or within the space which which a book of moderate dimensions offers. Besides, say others, although history is well worth knowing, yet an acquaintance with it must always depend on the choice and perseverance of each individual. They distrust all plans for teaching it. Give the instructor as large a proportion of time as he may desire, and they would not expect his pupils to derive any great advantage from his labours.

Without stopping to answer in their order, or with any strict degree of formality, these objections,—not even for the present troubling ourselves with the argument that all teaching in colleges is

but a means and an endeavour to put the student in the way of independent pursuit of the different branches taught, never aiming to exhaust any, we beg leave to refer to the work before us as their practical refutation. Not that such an undertaking is quite new. Other nations are in this respect more distinguished than we. In Germany, especially, an acquaintance with historical as well as with classical literature, is, we believe, of a higher and fuller degree than obtains amongst ourselves; as the published lectures of many continental professors indicate, some of them have given proof of great talents and persevering industry, and sometimes of creative genius. Nay, the demonstration has gone thus far in sundry instances: it has been shown that the highest problems which the historian has to solve, may be rendered interesting to the general reader; and that direct instruction in this department can accomplish as much as in any other.

We doubt not that a considerable number of these continental works display greater talent as well as greater pretension than the works of Professor Smyth. But we venture to assert that some of them have so completely met the objections alluded to above, as the one now before us. It is indeed a very valuable work, having been long needed to guide the inquirer, and to smoothe those difficulties in the pursuit of that branch of knowledge which has grown out of the multiplicity of historical books. The Professor, we must repeat, has done a great deal to lessen the efforts of all who feel an interest in past events, and who seek to discover the origin, and to trace the gradual development and improvement of those forms of social polity which now exist in the civilized world. In his syllabus he has pointed out those works, and *portions of works*, the study of which is best adapted to furnish a general acquaintance with modern times; and, what is quite as necessary, by a correct and methodical arrangement of the works selected, has shown how this knowledge may be obtained at the least possible expense of time.

"Art is long, and life is short," and it was doubtless a regard to this principle that led our author to bring the number of works recommended to the general reader within the narrowest limits, confining the list to those which are absolutely necessary to give a correct idea of the progress of mankind from the fall of the Roman empire to the revolution which separated England from the western colonies. For the benefit, however, of individuals who, having greater curiosity, or more time to gratify it than others less favoured, wish to obtain a minuter acquaintance with past events and their consequences, he has in his notes shown in what manner the historical bill of fare may be so enlarged as to suit the craving of any appetite.

Thirty-six hours suffice the lecturer to discuss the most important problems, and characterize the most eminent writers, in historical literature, from the irruption of the Northern barbarians into the

Roman empire, to the close of the American Revolution. But of his method of carrying the student over and through his boundless field, we must speak a little more in detail.

One sees at the very first, that in his comparatively very narrow compass there cannot be included all which it is desirable for the general reader to know of modern history. And should the book be taken up with that expectation, nothing but disappointment can ensue. In fact, it is not so much a history of events, as a history of histories, or a series of critical notices of those works, which best illustrate different epochs,—disposed in such a manner as to give the student a fair view of what has been written upon each,—together with such hints on the political or religious bias of the various authors, as ought to weigh in our estimate of the value of their statements and opinions. The lecturer supposes the general outline of the facts to be known by his hearers, and starting on that assumption, goes on to speak of the differences of opinion about the principles, from which resulted the conduct of the most remarkable men, and to enumerate the different historians, who, as being the representatives of certain parties or interests, must be consulted by one who would form an independent judgment. And such is the interest he has given to his subject, that we undertake to say he was not disappointed in the hope of finding his hearers prepared to benefit by his instructions. Indeed, Professor Smyth has earned the character of having taught history with eminent success; not that he actually conveyed a greater amount of information than other teachers; but that he excites in all who listen to him a desire of examining the books mentioned, and also that he so directs that desire as to render the study productive of the greatest improvement. Similar too must be the effect upon the earnest reader.

In one important point great judgment has been shown; and that is, in the choice of subjects for the different lectures. Instead of adhering to a close chronological arrangement, our author groups together narrations and reflections according to their most natural relations; giving to each topic introduced the place which is its due in the great order of causes and effects. Then, omitting all details, he singles out the marked features of an important period, and refers us to the historian in whose pages may be found the pith of the whole matter. If it be one about which party feelings have been called into play, he not only refers us to the authorities on both sides, but frequently shows how far the statements of each are to be qualified or set aside. But while doing this, he is careful not to obtrude upon one's notice a mass of books, for the perusal of which a life would hardly suffice. A passage from his introductory lecture will show how idle he considers such a course. "It is in vain to recommend to the generality of readers books, which it might be the labour of years to peruse; they will certainly not be perused,

and the lecturer, while he conceives that he has discharged his office, has only made the mistake so natural to his situation, that of supposing that there is no art or science, or species of knowledge in existence, but the one he professes, and that his audience are, like himself, to be almost exclusively occupied in its consideration." Nor is the allusion to Dufresnoy less to the point: "After laying down a course of historical reading, such as he conceives indispensably necessary and quite practicable, he calmly observes, that the time which it is to take up is ten years; and this too often upon the supposition, that much more of every day is to be occupied with study than can possibly be expected, and that many more pages shall be read within twenty-four hours than can possibly be reflected upon." Professor Smyth seldom asks you to read a book through. He tells us, for example, that this chapter of Gibbon, or that essay of Hume, contains just what is wanted for the elucidation of the subject in hand; and in respect to many books, either tacitly or expressly advises to omit all but the few pages which have called forth his remarks. Nor does any arrogance accompany his notices of those historians whom he condemns to partial or total neglect. One sees that if art were shorter and time longer, no one of them would be treated with even apparent unkindness. Nor could a better illustration be required, than in the anecdote which follows:—

I remember to have heard, that a man of literature and great historical reading had once been speaking to the great French historian, Thuarnus, in those terms of commendation which it was natural for him to employ, when alluding to a work of such extraordinary merit. A youth, who had listened to him with all the laudable ardour of his particular time of life, had no sooner retired from his company, than he instantly sent for Thuanus, resolving to begin immediately the perusal of a performance so celebrated, and from that moment to become a reader of history. Thuanus was brought to him, seven folio volumes. Ardent as was the student, surprise was soon succeeded by total and irremediable despair.

Indeed, we cannot sufficiently commend the spirit in which these lectures are written. There is, perhaps, no situation in the world, where one is more tempted to run into paradox, startling doctrines, or authoritative assertion, than the professor's chair. This, to be sure, is not so much the case in England as in Germany, and even in France; but what is true in a great degree of Heidelberg and Paris, will not be entirely false of Cambridge, or whenever human nature has opportunity for expression and display. It is pleasing to see that Professor Smyth is above all artifices of this sort. He never makes us feel that in his own opinion he alone could fill his place with credit,—he never puts himself forward so as to be more prominent than his subject; and this is no slight relief to one who has been reading the lecture of some of the continental authors.

Neither does our professor bend the facts of history to suit his purposes as a politician. We do not say that it would be impossible to guess at his political creed from the pages before us; but we may venture to state unhesitatingly that no fair-minded man of any party has a right to complain of the treatment received at his hands. It has been said that the author was, in his younger days, a Whig of the old school; but that his later talk is of the "Whigs having lost their wits, and of the Tories beginning to come to their senses." It is not therefore from such a writer that misstatements, growing out of party feeling, are to be apprehended. In his views of the Reformation, for example, many, both Protestants and Catholics, may be disposed to reject his guidance; but here, there is nothing said unbecoming the dignity of the historian, the liberality of an enlarged and Christianized mind, or an honest, sincere, and candid believer in the right of private judgment.

The passage in which Gibbon is characterized, will serve to convey a fair and favourable idea of our author's mode of criticism, and we therefore extract it entire.

It cannot have escaped your observation, how often I have mentioned the historian, Gibbon; how much I leave entirely to depend on him; the manner in which I refer to him, as the fittest writer to supply you with information in all the earlier stages of modern history, and indeed, as the only writer that you are likely to undertake to read: add to this, that I have already had occasion, and shall often hereafter have occasion, to mention his history in terms either of admiration or respect.

Yet I cannot be supposed ignorant of the very material objections which exist to his history; and I certainly am not at ease in recommending those parts of the works which I do not approve, while I know there is so much both in the matter and manner of the whole, and of every part of it, which I cannot approve.

I am, therefore, necessitated to make some observations on this celebrated writer, unfavourable as well as favourable, and this I must do with a minuteness disproportionate to all unity and keeping in the composition of general lectures like these. I am compelled to to do so, by the nature of the audience I am addressing, and by the fame of the author.

In the chapters which I in the first lecture referred to, the faults of this great historian do not appear. In the earlier part of his works, he respected the public, and was more diffident of himself. Success produced its usual effects; his peculiar faults were more and more visible as his work advanced, and in his later volumes he seems to take a pride, as is too commonly the case among men of genius, in indulging himself in liberties, which he would certainly have denied to others. And as the powers of the writer strengthened as he went on, and kept pace with his disposition to abuse them, the History of the Decline and Fall became at last a work so singularly constituted, that the objections to it are too obvious to escape the most ordinary observer, while its merits are too extensive and profound to be fully ascertained by the most learned of its admirers.

These faults will only be the more deeply lamented by those who can best appreciate such extraordinary merits. Men of genius are fitted by their nature not only to instruct the understanding, but to fill the imagination and interest the heart. It is mournful to see the defects in their greatness; it is painful to be checked in the generous career of our applause. With what surprise and disgust are we to see in such a writer as Gibbon the most vulgar relish for obscenity! with what pain are we to find him exercising his raillery and sarcasm on such a subject as Christianity! How dearly shall we purchase the pleasure and instruction to be derived from his works, if modesty is to be scared from our minds, and piety from our feelings! There seems no excuse for this celebrated writer on these two important points; he must have known, that some of the best interests of society are connected with the respectability of the female character; and with regard to his chapters on the progress of Christianity, and the various passages of attack, with which his work abounds, it is vain to say, that, as a lover of truth, he was called upon to oppose those opinions, which he deemed erroneous; for he was concerned, as an historian, only with the effects of this religion, and not with its evidences; with its influence on the affairs of the world, not with its truth or falsehood.

It would be to imitate the fault, to which I object, were I now to travel out of my appointed path, and attempt to comment upon these parts of his work. But as they who hear me are at a season of life, when liveliness and sarcasm have but too powerful a charm, more particularly if employed upon subjects that are serious, it may not be improper to remind them, how often it has been stated, and justly stated, that questions of this nature are to be approached neither by liveliness nor by sarcasm, but by calm reasoning and regular investigation; and that to subject them to any other criterion, to expose them to any other influence, is to depart from the only mode we possess of discovering truth on any occasion; but more especially on those points, which youth as well as age, will soon discover to be of the most immeasurable importance.

If we pass from the matter to the manner of this celebrated work, how are we not to be surprised, when we find a writer, who has meditated the finest specimens of ancient and modern literature, forgetting the first and most obvious requisite of the composition he is engaged in, simplicity of narrative. In the writing of Mr. Gibbon, facts are often insinuated, rather than detailed; the story is alluded to, rather than told; a commentary on the history is given, rather than the history itself; many paragraphs, and some portions of the work, are scarcely intelligble without that previous knowledge, which it was the proper business of the historian himself to have furnished. The information which is afforded is generally conveyed by abstract estimates; a mode of writing which is never comprehended without an effort of the mind more or less painful; and when this exertion is so continually to be renewed, it soon ceases to be made. The reader sees without instruction, sentence succeed to sentence, in appearance little connected with each other; cloud roll on after cloud its majesty and darkness; and at last retires from the work, to seek relief in the chaster composition of Robertson, or the unambitious beauties of Hume.

On this account it is absolutely necessary to apprize the student of wha

it might, at first, seem somewhat strange to mention, that he will not receive all the benefit which he might otherwise derive from the labours of this great writer, unless he reads but little of his work at the same time. It is not that his paragraphs, though full and sounding, signify nothing; but that they comprehend too much, and the reader must have his faculties, at every instance, fresh and effective, or he will not possess himself of the treasures, which are concealed, rather than displayed, in a style so sententious and elaborate. The perversity of genuis is proverbial; but surely it has been seldom more unfortunately exercised than in corrupting and disfiguring so magnificient a work.

For a moment we reverse the picture; the merits of the historian are as striking as his faults.

If his work be not always history, it is often something more than history, and above it; it is philosophy, it is theology, it is wit and eloquence, it is criticism the most masterly upon every subject with which literature can be connected. If the style be so constantly elevated as to be often obscure, to be often monotonous, to be sometimes even ludicrously disproportioned to the subject; it must, at the same time, be allowed, that whenever an opportunity presents itself, it is the striking and adequate representation of comprehensive thought and weighty remarks.

It may be necessary, no doubt, to warn the student against the imitation of a mode of writing so little easy and natural. But the very necessity of the *caution* implies the attraction that is to be resisted; and it must be confessed that the chapters of the Decline and Fall are replete with paragraphs of such melody and grandeur, as would be the fittest to convey to a youth of genius the full charm of literary composition, and as such, when once heard, however unattainable to the unmaturity of his own mind, he would alone consent to admire, or sigh to emulate.

History is always a work of difficulty; but the difficulties with which Gibbon had to struggle were of more than ordinary magnitude. Truth was to be discovered, and reason was to be exercised, upon times when truth was but little valued, and reason but little consulted. The materials of history were often to be collected from the synods of prelates, the debates of polemics, the relations of monks, and the panegyrics of poets. Hints were to be caught, a narrative was to be gathered up, from documents broken and suspicious, from every barbarous relic of a barbarous age; and, on the whole the historian was to be left to the most unceasing and unexampled exercise of criticism, comparison, and conjecture. Yet all this, and more than all this, has been accomplished.

The public have been made acquainted with periods of history which were before scarcely accessible to the most patient scholars. Order, and interest, and importance have been given to what appeared to defy every power of perspicuity and genius. Even the fleeting shadows of polemical divinity have been arrested, embodied, and adorned; and the same pages which instruct the theologian might add a polish to the liveliness of the man of wit, and imagery to to the fancy of the poet.

The vast and obscure regions of the middle ages have been penetrated and disclosed; and the narrative of the historian, while it descends, like the

Nile, through lengthened tracks of present sterility and ancient renown, pours, like the Nile, the exuberance of its affluence on every object which it can touch, and gives fertility to the rock and verdure to the desert.

When such is the work, it is placed beyond the justice or the injustice of criticism. The Christian may have but too often very just reason to complain, the moralist to reprove, the man of taste to censure, and the historical inquirer may be fatigued and irritated, by the unreasonable and obscure splendour through which he is to discover the objects of his research. But the whole is, notwithstanding, such an assemblage of merit, so interesting and so rare, that the History of the Decline and Fall must always be considered as one of the most extraordinary monuments that has appeared of the literary power of a single mind; and its fame can only perish with the civilization of the world.

ART. XII.—*Fifty Days on Board a Slave-Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May*, 1843. By the Rev. PASCOE GRENFELL HILL, Chaplain of H. M. S. Cleopatra. London: John Murray.

IT is a lamentable fact, that the great efforts made by this country in the cause of the abolition of the Slave Trade, have in some respects, only served to increase the hideous traffic in human flesh, and superinduced evils of an aggravated complexion. It cannot, we fear, be doubted that the sufferings of the poor slaves, since the adoption of the very stringent measures to destroy the trade, far exceed those endured before that period. In consequence of the vigilance of our cruisers on the coast of Africa, the vessels employed in the trade are now constructed in as light a manner as possible, in order that their escape, in pursuit, may be more probable: whereas, formerly, when the trade was not prohibited, no such precautions were necessary, and the slave-vessels were of a bulky, roomy build. Those now used are brigantines ranging in burthen, from 100 to 150 tons, very long and narrow, expressly made for quick and expert sailing, having a slave deck, where the poor creatures are kept, twelve yards long, seven broad, and only three-and-a-half feet high! In the case alluded to in the pamphlet before us, 450 wretched negroes were huddled together in this confined space. Unless then, more effectual remedies are applied to destroy the trade; or those now used are made more efficient, the blood of the poor negroes will be more profusely spilt, their sufferings terribly augmented, and their comforts (heaven save the mark!) much diminished, by the humane efforts of other nations, to unrivet their hard chains.

Let it not be understood, however, that we wish to underrate the attempts of this and other nations, in the cause of Negro Emancipation, or stop the current of so holy a sympathy:—their exertions will ever remain, as a lasting memorial of their humanity: but in

exact proportion as our vigilance increases, (until the Slave-trade is really abolished and destroyed) will the sufferings of the slaves multiply.

Mr. Hill gives the British public an opportunity of judging on this subject in his pamphlet, which is merely a simple narrative of his observations during fifty days' residence on board a slave-vessel captured by one of her Majesty's cruisers. The perusal of this tale of human woe, and horrors accumulated one upon another, will cause the hardest heart to bleed for such undeserved misfortunes, while the philanthropist will feelingly bewail the almost utter impossibility, of any availing and complete remedy. A brief sketch of its contents, will not be unacceptable or void of (melancholy) interest.

The Cleopatra, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Wyvill, (having sailed from England in July, 1842,) left the Mauritius, in December in that year, for the purpose of cruising in the Mozambique Channel: this being the place where the largest trade in slaves takes place on the African coast. On the 12th of April following, a brigantine of the order and build before described, hove in sight: its suspicious appearance and locality attracted the attention of our officers; and an order was given to "bear up for her." With the British ensign flying at the peak, and a steady, cheering breeze to fill the sails, chase was given the brigantine, who showed the Brazilian flag (green and yellow):—after a little manœuvring on board the slaver, and the chance of escape becoming desperate, she struck her sails, and lay to quietly to be taken.

The scene that followed is too feelingly described in the simple language of our author, to warrant us in giving any other than his own words:—

> We now ranged up along-side, and eager eyes were turned upon every part of the vessel: dark, naked forms, passing across her deck, removed the last remaining doubt as to her character, and showed us that she had her human cargo on board. It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number as stated in the papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion; having revolted before our arrival, against their late masters, who, on their part also, shewed strong excitement, from feelings it may be supposed of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all controul, had seized every thing to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of farinha,* others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks, and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw: many were busily dipping rags fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks, and unhappily there were some, who by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of "aquardiente," of which they drank to excess."

* The powdered root of the mandroe or cassava. † Fiery Brazilian rum.

After describing the shrill noise made by the negroes in their wild outburst of joy at the prospect of release, mingled with the clatter of chains and shackles being unriveted, he proceeds to notice the peculiar mode the negroes have of testifying their gratitude and affection for their preservers.

We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly, our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side, into the boat, which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they set up a long universal shout of triumph and delight."

On numbering the cargo, it was found they amounted to 447; of these, 213 were boys, 189 men, and 45 women. The vessel was discovered to be the Progresso, bound to Rio Janeiro, having only quitted the coast the evening before. Some British officers (including Mr. Hill as chaplain) were sent on board the prize, which was put under sail for the Cape. The recently liberated negroes lay in quietness upon the deck during the first watch, but about midnight a scene of horror and misery ensued, which can be but faintly described. Clouds began to thicken, and a haze overspread the sky to windward. A few heavy drops of rain betokened the approaching storm, which ere long broke forth. The crew having to shorten sail, found the poor creatures, strewed upon the deck, a great hindrance to their executing their duty: they were consequently ordered below, and instantly obeyed. The night, however, was intensely hot, and the 400 wretched beings thus crammed into so small an area, soon made an effort to regain the air, but were thrust back, and to prevent their eager attempts, one hatch was fastened down and over the other a wooden grating was fixed. To this sole inlet for air, the suffocating heat made them press, and they clung to it, striving to force their way through the apertures, barely fourteen inches by six; in some cases even succeeding. The heart-rending cries, the heat, and literally the smoke of their torment defies description, and can be compared to nothing earthly.

The returning light, as might be expected, shone upon the lifeless bodies of many departed sufferers: the horrors of the preceding night having put an end to the miseries of fifty-four negroes, whose emaciated and mangled corpses were lifted from the slave deck; some being found strangled, with their hands still grasping each other's throats, and their tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out, having been trampled to death, in the madness and torment of so many hours' suffocation. The horrid sight of limbs and features distorted by the agonies of death, smeared with their own blood, was only exceeded by that of the bodies of those just struggling with the last spark of life hastening from them, as shewn in their quivering and [illegible]king frames.

It would be but a harassing task to continue the tale of misery an[illegible]

wretchedness through the whole passage; suffice it to say, that before they arrived at the Cape, one hundred and seventy-five died; every morning discovering some in the hold, who during the last night, had been released from their protracted suffering.

It appears by the statements of Mr. Hill, that the extraordinary profits offered by the slave-trade are such, that if a trader secures one cargo out of four, he clears a considerable profit. It is this that makes them defy all laws, and run all risks; since a single cargo, landed safely, will make a fortune. On the Eastern coast of Africa, negroes can be purchased at the rate of less than 4*l.* per man, and about 2*l.* 10*s.* for boys; while at Rio Janeiro, the price obtained varies from 15*l.* (boys) to 52*l.* (men)! Mr. Hill calculates, upon these statistics, that on a cargo of five hundred, the profit will be nearly 20,000*l.* With such temptation, it will, indeed require a strong hand to repress this hideous traffic.

How it happened, that "there was no authority to deal with the crew of the Progresso as criminals" at the Cape, notwithstanding the declarations of so many nations that the slave-trade is piracy, and those engaged in it worthy of death as pirates, we cannot understand! Surely, there must be some glaring mistake or neglect; or are the treaties and conventions which have been entered into by England, with other nations, at the expenditure of much time and money, merely mockeries and shadows of what they ought to be?

It is said that 20,000 slaves are conveyed across the Atlantic every year, and with these and other facts so strongly thrust before us, we might, almost in despair, relinquish the hope of abolishing the Slave-trade did not our better feelings prompt us to pursue so desirable and humane an object, with redoubled energy and vigour.

Although at first sight, the blacks look upon every white as a persecutor, it is gratifying to find in them a good-breeding, and an approach towards (so to-say) civility and politeness, which could little be expected. Mr. Hill mentions this, in connection with their mode of thanking their benefactors.

> They sometimes come aft, on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little piece of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards: and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, tho' it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a curtsey, bowing their knees forward, even nearly touching the ground.

Their honesty and fair-play towards each other is also noticed.

> In the partition of their small pieces of beef, or farinha, the most perfect fair-dealing is always observed. One of each little party takes the whole into his hands, and distributes two or three bits, as the number allows, to each; and should there be any remainder after division, pulls it into yet smaller pieces, and hands them round with equal impartiality.

We here close our extracts from this interesting little work, with a heavy heart; but at the same time gratified at having gained so much experience in the sufferings and miseries of our fellow creatures, the non-participation in which, by the millions of free-men on the globe, ought not only to make them grateful to Providence for their happier lot, but anxious to unrivet the chains of the remaining millions, yet panting for that blessed gain—liberty.

Notwithstanding the notoriety of the vigour of the Slave-trade, a certain class of members in the House of Commons, for the purpose of embarrassing the Government, have been lately talking about "Anti-Slavery cant;" for the practical adoption of which, nevertheless, under a Whig administration, (and no reproach to them for it, however they may disown or nullify the act!) we paid no less a sum than twenty millions sterling! Such political trimming is as despicable as the language is disgraceful and insulting to so holy a cause.

America too, ever foremost in aiming a blow at real liberty, as opposed to its mass of unmeaning empty phrases, and irreconcilable notions, has thrown down the gauntlet for slavery and asserted its protection of the trade; for, but the other day, the winds of the Atlantic wafted here, bore a hideous perfume, in the form of the blood of a murdered man, whose only crime was his having in accordance with the dictates of humanity, endeavoured to set a poor slave at liberty. We suppose, however, the "Elijah Po-grams" of that enlightened nation, with hardened features and stolid countenance, will declare, "the pre-judice of you English to our *institor-sheens* is enormous."

Oh! much vaunted land of liberty and freedom, ere long you will reap the harvest to which you have so abundantly sown: and thy crimes, of only a few years' growth, (but forming a vast heap of putrid rottenness), bring vengeance on thy nation. Even in this, thy youth, thy sins outnumber those of the whole world, and many a principle of honesty and virtue outraged,—many a victim to thy guilty lust for blood,—aye! the liberty you so much boast of, but which you each day sacrifice, calls loudly for thy punishment!

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*The Young Composer; or Progressive Exercises in English Composition.* By JAMES CORNWELL.

PART First of a work which promises well. So far, as it yet goes it is full and plain, being devoted to sentence-making, variety of expression, and figurative language, with Appendices on the use of capitals and punctuation.

ART. XIV.—*The Rationale of Magnetism, Animal and Mental, Tested by Experiments of a Novel Kind, and Established by Facts.* By SAMUEL SPURRELL.

Mr. Spurrell announces himself as having been the author of "The Deposit Enigma Unravelled," and, no doubt, has the genius for the unriddling of mysteries; for we find him declaring at the commencement of the present publication that "In the following pages a *discovery* of startling importance has been fully developed, and which had hitherto baffled the researches of the most scientific in all countries to reveal to us. The Science of Animal Magnetism has at length been embodied in principles, when the practical result of it will be, to enable us with equal certainty to appreciate its excellences and to obviate its defects." And this is the Rationale of the science as laid down at pages 21 and 22.

"Born with us, there is a combination of magnetic power, or, to speak more correctly, a Magnetic Reservoir, (since the agent in Animal Magnetism is at length ascertained to be a Fluid,) which under circumstances favourable to its development, is capable of being called into action at the will of the operator, and of being directed to the patient at his pleasure. Long ago it was discovered that an effluvia is ever emanating from all human bodies to the distance of from nine to twelve feet, nay, in some instances more, forming a surrounding atmosphere of its own to each individual, and this is the medium of communication in Animal Magnetism—the connecting link between the operator and the patient. No sooner does the magnetic current, at first emanating from the former and propelled by him towards the latter, enter the confines of the *patient's* atmosphere, than it is instantly felt by *him*, and calling into the act the magnetic energy he himself possesses, and which is derived from that magnetic reservoir inherent within us, the *two-fold* magnetic currents blending in the *united* personal atmospheres both of the operator and of the patient: the patient becomes thereby subjected to the mesmeric trance, and occasionally *clairvoyance* ensues. Pay attention to this. Although the secondary magnetic current proceeding from the patient contributes to, and heightens the effect, the patient himself is in no wise the cause of it: the ostensible calling forth of the magnetic current from him is not his own act, he being a merely passive agent; since, without the previous movements of the operator which brought it into efficient being by calling it into action, although an *antecedently* inherent capability in the patient of *itself*, and in relation to himself, *it would ever have remained a* latent capacity only. There is another particular worth noticing, which is this; that equally from the operator and the patient, as an incipient movement, the fluid finds vent through the same channel—the eyes, and by *the passes* is subsequently diffused over the whole person."

We cannot contend with such confidence and conjecture as this. Mr. Spurrell, however, will have it that the cases which he adduces amount to ample proof of the soundness of his theory; and if he be in the right of it, certainly never was any thing so important and novel clearly made out in a like narrow compass, his tiny pamphlet extending only to eighty-two small pages.

ART. XV.—*A Russian's Reply to the Marquis de Custine's "Russia in 1839."* Edited by H. J. BRADFIELD, Esq.

WE noticed the Marquis de Custine's book when it first appeared amongst us, and quoted at considerable length from its pages. We remember that the Frenchman was not remarkably consistent with himself, especially when the Autocrat was the subject; and that his judgments were sometimes quite in the face of his facts. It now appears from the clever and spirited Reply before us, that the Marquis, notwithstanding all his pretensions, was neither clearly informed on a variety of topics, where he spoke with great assurance, nor that he was exempt from those prejudices to the disparagement of Russia which have found such ready acceptance in France, and which have also been loudly re-echoed in England. This is part of the vindication, in answer to the alleged grasping policy of the Emperor:

"What are the facts? That we have quietly allowed France to extend *her* conquests in Africa, and push her maritime establishments as far as the Polynesian islands! Nor did we interfere with the English in their attack on China, their demanding tribute, and annexing Scinde to their colossal empire in India? All this time we have remained passive. The 'Colossus of the North,' however, cannot sneeze, but all Europe must have her telescopic eye upon us! It is in virtue of this historical apophthegm, that an irresistible instinct draws the people of the north towards the more genial south, and the arts of civilized Europe; while from the very dawn of day, the sentinels of the European press, from the watch towers announce, with a flourish of trumpets, the anticipated approach of the modern Attila, with his myriads of Huns! In truth, it would appear that we Russians are endowed with a most remarkable spirit of ubiquity, and most profound views! Russia is at the bottom of every commotion, and manifested in a thousand places! Is there a disturbance in Paris, or a rising in Ireland? if Russia is not the cause, she has her allotted share in it. Russia is in secret correspondence with O'Connell and Abd-el-Kader. Russia seeks to create dissension among the Catholic and Protestant missionaries in the Marquesas. Russia furnished the plan of campaign to Akbar Khan and the Beloochees, across the mountain barriers of Mongolia, and the great desert of Kobi! While to the Chinese, she with the *same facility* of transport sent cannon on the backs of hippogriffs! Like a polypus with a thousand feet, she every where extends the snares of her political espionage. Our high-born dames and fascinating beauties are everywhere looked upon as so many politicians in petticoats! While the sums of money which they happen to expend among the Parisian modistes are of course furnished from the pockets of his imperial majesty! In fact, to such an extent is this ridiculous and contemptible suspicion carried, that a Hessian cannot avail himself of the pleasure of an innocent trip to Aix-la-Chapelle or Baden, for health or recreation, but he is looked upon as a spy, sent to watch or win over the good-hearted Germans! Since the world must have something wherewith to amuse itself, so be it! Every nation has its folly—every age its puppet—so we will say with the French 'vive la bagatelle!'"

ART. XVI.—*Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race. Derived from a Comparison of the Language of Asia, Europe, Africa, and America. Being an Inquiry how far the differences in the Languages of the Globe are referable to causes now in operation.* By ARTHUR JOHNES, Esq.

THE sciences of Comparative Anatomy, Geology, Physiology, and perhaps Physiognomy, all proclaim the unity and fixity of the human species beyond a ground for doubt, agreeing most thoroughly with the records of relation. But perhaps no clearer and stronger proofs of the doctrine can anywhere be derived than those furnished by Philology; at any rate we are convinced of this, that never before the appearance of Mr. Johnes's work, were the illustrations and the arguments thence derived, so convincingly set forth in any English book. Without considering ourselves to be in a condition to subscribe to any portion of our learned and very nicely critical author, we must say that a more able, earnest, modest, and original production has hardly ever come into our hands.

Language, we hold, is the strongest and most lasting affiliation between nations. It may be modified, it may be obscured, until all obvious traces of connexion are lost. But the patient investigator will ere long discover hidden relationships. We are but repeating ourselves in an article for the Monthly Review some years back, when we argue that mutable as everything is, there is least real and essential mutability in language, and particularly, we think, in its grammatical principles. Just attend to the fact, that notwithstanding the many centuries which have elapsed since the nations of the Teutonic stock separated in the North of Europe, strong evidences of the language still exist even in the English. Then, how many centuries must still elapse before these traces shall be obliterated, among a people, too, who are constantly receiving importations, and holding the most extensive and ramified intercourse with all other tribes. Hence we may see that there is a principle of endurance in language, in speech, and in tongues which recommend the study of their unity and origin to the most scrupulous attention.

Language, it has been said, is the Key of Victory; for the Philologist can trace nodical words through the entanglement of grammatical forms, and the intricacies of syllable combination, often with a certainty, as if guided by a continuous although curiously eccentric thread. Even the corruptions of barbarian languages are to a considerable extent, systematic, changes of accent being generally the first innovation.

With regard to the affinity of nations, as illustrated by sounds and syntax, there are to be found, we have been told, most remarkable evidences and tests, in the language and dialects spoken by the Red Americans, affording, Mr. Jefferson argues, the most certain testimony with regard to their origin. But those who desire to have a rare exhibition of research, industry, judgment, and philosophy, brought to bear on this recondite theme can never do so well as to accompany the author of the present Philological Proofs.

Mr. Johnes' attempt is to prove that all existing languages, when viewed

separately, are fragmentary and irregular; but that, wide a word and extensive comparison is instituted the *disjecta membra* are found to re-unite and the irregularities to disappear. He says,—

"Assuming the various languages of the Globe to have been derived from one Original Speech, it will be established that the formation of numerous distinct languages from that one Primitive Tongue admits of a complete explanation, by means of causes of which the agency can be traced within the range of the Historical era. The influence of those causes will be shown within a limited period of time to have produced dialects which display—not a *destruction*—but a *dispersion* of the elements of the Parent languages from which *they are known to have arisen*. In other words, these dialects manifest the *same relative features* as are exhibited by those languages which were formed *anterior to the period of History*. The only distinction is, that in the latter case the differences are more numerous and extensive—a result which is obviously a necessary consequence of a longer period of time.

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"In these pages are embodied proofs, from Language, of the two following propositions:—1. That the various nations of our Globe are descended from one Parent Tribe. 2. That the introduction of the Human Species into the system to which it belongs, cannot be referred to an epoch more ancient than the era indicated as the date of that event by our received systems of chronology.

"These propositions, of which the Philological evidence is developed in this volume, are supported not only by the testimony of History, Sacred and Profane, but also by the highest Scientific authorities."

One passage more from this ingenious and argumentative volume, supported, as it is, by numberless evidences and striking proof of patient inquiry. The paragraphs regard the origin of the primitive language of all.

"In its infancy, Language was metaphorical, but it was directly Imitative of surrounding objects at its birth! Hence, as will now be explained, another source of the synonymes in which Human Tongues abound!

"Did man derive his language from the direct instruction of his Creator, or from the natural exercise of those faculties with which he has been endowed? For the former opinion no argument, either Scriptural or Philosophical, has ever been advanced. In favour of the latter, proofs deducible from Language, Analogy, and the actual features of the Human Mind, conspire.

"In the Hebrew, and other ancient languages, Man's first imitative efforts are distinctly traceable, and as we ascend from modern to earlier eras in the history of Human Tongues, and extend our comparison by including within its range a greater number of kindred dialects, we shall find—not only the features of a descriptive or metaphorical character, as already noticed—but also the vestiges of an imitative origin progressively increase. Thus, for example, the English words for two common birds, the "Owl" and the "Crow," have no other effect on the ear than that of mere arbitrary or conventional terms; they have been too much abbreviated any longer to suggest distinctly the source from which they have sprung. But in the

Swedish " Ul-u-la," and the Sanscrit " Ul-u-ka," the reiterated screams of " the bird of night" are plainly mimicked, as is the harsh guttural croak of the crow in the German " Krähe!"

" Those writers who have espoused, and those who have impugned, the conclusion that language is the natural fruit of the endowments which have been conferred on our species, have, for the most part, mutually assumed that conclusion to be irreconcilable with the common origin of the different nations and languages of the globe. Each ancient sept, they take for granted, must in that case be inferred to have had a distinct origin, and to have invented a distinct language for itself. But there is no necessary connexion between the premises and the conclusion. All nations may have emanated from one parent sept, and all languages may have sprung from one parent tongue, and yet the parent speech may, notwithstanding, have been the product of Man's own native energies in the earliest era of his existence! Our species may have been invested with the faculty of constructing a language adequate to meet all its first wants, and yet that faculty may have been exercised but once!

" The conclusion adopted above is supported by the dictates of Analogy, as traceable in the instance of provisions made for wants analogous to those which language is calculated to supply. Destined to pass successively through various phases of civilization, and to push his colonies into every clime and country, Man required and has received, both in his physical and mental constitution, powers of adaptation that enable him to conform to those marvellous changes which are incident to his condition as a progressive Being. His first infantine feelings are expressed by imitations of surrounding objects, and as his higher moral and intellectual faculties are developed, they find utterance in metaphors derived from the organs of sensation. In those advances which he was mysteriously intended to make from age to age, he would have been fettered and not aided by the gift of an immutable language! His wants in this respect have been more wisely provided for by the power which has evidently been conferred upon him of framing in the first instance a language calculated to express his earliest wants as they successively arose, and of subsequently moulding it to suit the emergencies of his condition.

THE

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FOR

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ART I.—*Narrative of the late Victorious Campaign in Affghanistan, under General Pollock; with Recollections of Seven Years' Service in India.* By Lieut. GREENWOOD, H. M. 31st Regt. 8vo. pp. 360. London: Colburn. 1844.

Lieut. Greenwood, the author of this work, with military frankness informs us, that great individuals are often ushered into the world by strange events, but that none of these portentous signs, he believes, occurred at his nativity.

The first chapter somewhat enlightens us on the character of the author—a shrewd, observant, prudent, firm, perhaps (like his countrymen) obstinate chap, who won't know when he is beaten, and that is the sort of stuff of which a British officer ought to be, and we are proud to write, generally is, composed. To perfect his education his father sent him to Hanover, where, according to his view of the case, he learned nothing that he might not have acquired just as well, or perhaps much better, at half the expense at home. This is generally the case. The fondness for sending children abroad, is in parents what superstition is in ignorant men—an exemplar of the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* of Horace—exalting what we have not, and depreciating or abasing that which we possess. What large sums of money are expended in this way every year, and what in all times passed! But we are getting wiser, or poorer, which in the eyes of the philosopher is much the same thing, and this love of expatriating our progeny for the good of their understandings, though still stronger than it should be, is on the decline. And well that it should be so.

Having given a very natural description of the exultation which he experienced on the receipt of his commission, our author proceeds to speak of his departure for India, very properly deprecating

as he proceeds the dishonesty of those outfitters who arrogate to themselves a supreme knowledge of the oriental necessaries of young officers, the so-called necessaries being in most cases utter superfluities and of no use to any one. If we add to these facts, that in numerous cases these extravagant outfits for young men going either to the East or West Indies, are procured at the expense of the other members of their families, we think that parents sending, or their sons going to India, should act upon what our author has advised upon the subject. But that is their business, not ours.

We have next a bold statement of what shipmasters are on shore and what they are on board; of course some natural reflections suggest themselves to his mind on leaving his native land, and then the story of a shark makes up as pretty a little piece of Washington Irvingism as we have ever had the good fortune to read. It is that of a very nervous man, a passenger on board ship, who was near-sighted. To obviate a defect which Cassius and Gustavus Vasa, and Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds laboured under, and which Conrad Gessner, Haller says, was the first to overcome by similar means, he wore a pair of gold spectacles. Some how or another, like George the Third and his "intended" invitation to Whitbread to dinner, "he remembered to forget" to take on board with him another pair *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. Now this fact haunted the unfortunate nervous gentleman with the solitary pair of gold spectacles on his nose morning, noon, and night. He reflected continually that by some accident or another, by some unlucky peep over the taffrail, some unexpected gust of wind, or some unforeseen misfortune, he might lose his only friends the spectacles—then what accidents might not befal him! He might walk overboard! or down the companion ladder! and as to landing? Why he never *could* land—for how could he—a man that could not see an inch before him without his spectacles, venture to walk into a boat! Why the possibility was horrible—what then would be the reality! Talk of Charles Lamb's nervousness! why he was more nervous in his *nose* than Charles Lamb was in his *whole body*.

In this very unenviable state of mind they arrived near the line, and those who have crossed it once or twice know what it is. The very ropes go to sleep! and the nodding masts, weary and fagged by the oppressive weight of the lagging sails that cling to them, heave their heads as if they were bent on being broken; all things seem gone or going fast to sleep, and not even the usually consumptive crow from the broken-winded cock in the Captain's store is heard.

In the midst of all this dulness and drowsiness, this prostration even of Father Neptune himself—that electric shout was heard, "a shark! a shark!" Even the consumptive cock held up his head and the drowsy porker, which lay on his couch in the long-boat,

grunted a sort of propitiatory prayer to the shark that he might not disappoint them, for well he knew that "your lazy men are marvellous eaters" and "take in viands as your boys kill frogs—because they have nought else to do." Then he shook his long ears and thought of his fat sides—and squeaked—and slept again. The master on deck shouted for the steward, the man at the helm stamped for him, the cabin boy called for him, the fat boatswain swore for him, the passengers screamed for him, and every one, big or little, young or old, middies and what not, erecting themselves from their supination, simultaneously shouted "a shark! a shark!" and rushed on deck. Among the rest the man with the gold spectacles —*he* even threw off his solemn terror and ran up the ladder. Every one strove to get a sight of "the monster that had followed in their lee," regardless *more majorum* of each other's feelings, or toes. In the mean while the steward produced the hook, and the burly boatswain baited it. Now it was that anxiety was raised to the highest pitch, and as it frequently happens to those who on ordinary occasions exhibit but irresolution and timidity, yet when their feelings are excited by some unforeseen shock, unexpected news, or dreadful accident, suddenly throw off their natural imbecility, and display wonderful courage and conduct, the spectacles astonished themselves and their fellow-passengers by the prodigious efforts which they made to look over the bulwarks to catch a sight of the shark. As is usual with great men on great occasions, their efforts were crowned with success. They forced their owner to the side of the vessel; he came; he looked; and lost—his spectacles!

As he looked over, wondering at the huge tail and glaring eyes of the ravenous fish, another passenger as anxious and as enterprising but less successful than himself, pushed from behind, and the spectacles that generally rode so gallantly on his nose, shaken by the impulse, forgot their hold and fell, and the shark gobbled them up, and what was worse, as if satisfied either with the nature or value of his prey turned his tail—the common unmanly act of sharks whenever they gobble any thing be it an alderman or an Alderney cow, and would not be tempted with anything more—no not even with "the little bit of pork" the boatswain had metamorphosed into a pretty little fish. Not he. Now whether it was that the spectacles opened his eyes to the trap, or that endued with that peculiar instinct in a high degree which enables sharks at all times to know when a man with "yellow Jack" is on board, he had become possessed himself of the knowledge that keeping the spectacles would kill their owner, *et ergo*, he would have him in place of the pork, our knowledge of ithyological matters does not assist us to determine, and unfortunately for the curiosity of our readers, Lieut. Greenwood has neglected to inform us. He has not however omitted to record the fact, that the fellow swam away under the counter immediately as he had

swallowed the specs, and refused the most tempting baits that were successively offered him during the day, while a breeze springing up towards evening, the gallant vessel stretched herself away over the fathomless ocean onward towards her course which "far into the Orient lay."

But the unhappy man—our friend *late* of the spectacles, who shall describe his feelings? Who shall paint his despair? A painter despairing to represent the mortal sufferings of Agamemnon, covered his face with a veil, and left his admirers to fancy them. Another never getting beyond his canvass, represented "Pharaoh in the Red Sea," by daubing over three or four hundred yards of canvass with red paint. We shall not follow the examples of these men, nor that of a painter of more modern days, who depicted one of the wise men of the East, in a painting of the coming of the wise men to Jerusalem, with a pair of huge spectacles on his nose, to hide his excessive awe!—though the present veritable history might seem to warrant it—but borrow from our author his graphic description. We can however well conceive his resigned look, he of the lost spectacles—his melancholy lack-lustre eye, and nervous gait, and the desperate attempts which he would make every morning upon his little shaving glass, to find his nose!—And eat! How could he be certain that he was not about to put his fork into his eye, every time he stuck a bit of meat upon it; or what if he could not stick a bit of meat upon it? Then only fancy him while feeling for his spoon, putting his fingers into his neighbour's mullagatawney! A choleric old Indian, with a big liver and a "fretsome" nose—a being who entertained as cogent a terror of eating anything touched by another, as a Hindoo or a Brahmin would one of their own Brahminee bulls. A man who was a veritable fakir in his *noli me tangere* notions of exclusiveness—and the sequel? Or as bad, feeling for his handkerchief, and putting his hands into the pockets of as regular a dragon as ever guarded the apples of the Hesperides, or in groping about the cabin, pulling down the lamp, and anointing himself with the oil—or "boxing the compass," by smashing it to pieces? Or putting his drawers on outside his inexpressibles and *en route* to his own berth, walk to that of a lady who had only dropped to pieces the day before, and all the others, young and old, with the portly stewardess at their head, holding a jury of "good-looks," "mamma's noses," and "papa's eyes," upon the interesting little piece of humanity, who with the most determined contempt of their opinions, was striving, and kicking, and squalling to make himself as ugly or uglier than even nature had manufactured him! And then the—but that, no one can conceive—but fancy him turned out, and led on deck, and desirous of giving his eyes something like a chance of seeing, seizing the carpenter's adze in place of the telescope, and nearly chopping off its owner's nose, in the abortive attempt. Or

last, not least, determined to take the utmost pains to avoid being drowned in his own bason, by putting his face in it to wash, he substitutes the ewer, and fancy him like the "Dog's Head in the Pot," in Blackfriars Road, roaring and bawling for help, with said utensil upon his Caxton wig, which has slipt down half way over his nose and mouth, and threatens to suffocate him!

Fancy all this, and anything more ludicrous than even the accidents that happened to the bashful man, such as spilling the ink, wiping it up with his handkerchief, and then wiping his face with it, or scalding his mouth with soup, and seeking to cool it by raw brandy, or anything ridiculous and risible, as modesty in the Corn-law League; or Lord Althorp playing Psyche, or Lord Brougham Hamlet, and all will not do. Our friend was a doomed man, for the hallucination, or monomania, extended itself to the belief that a black-beetle was a police spy; and a junk of rope, the pope of Rome. Our Author speaks:—

The nervous man was now in that situation which his morbid fancy had so often presented to him, and the first part of his presentiment having come to pass, he felt like a doomed man, and seemed to await the fulfilment of his destiny, which he had persuaded himself was either to break his neck, or be drowned. He locked himself up in his cabin, became moody, reserved, and busied himself with arranging his papers, and making various preparations for his end. The Captain and others became seriously alarmed and attempted to rally him from this monomania, but all to no purpose: he shook his head mournfully when they attempted to laugh him out of it, and solemnly made answer that time would show that he was a doomed man. The wind about the line seldom lasts long, and after five or six days' fair sailing, during which they ran eight or nine hundred miles, the favourable wind died away—the heavy sails again idly flapped against the masts, and again the usual listlessness which attends a perfect calm at sea, crept over the minds of all on board. One of the midshipmen who had gone aloft to see if he could descry a sail, or anything else on the vast expanse of water, on which they lay like a log, sang out that a shark was close to the vessel. Again everybody was on the *qui vive*, a hook was soon baited, and thrown over, and this time greedily snatched up by John Shark. He was soon hauled on board, and the business of searching his locker commenced with the usual curiosity. The first thing they pulled out, were the gold spectacles! They were speedily taken down to the hypochondriac below, and the change which the sight of them made on him, was miraculous. He felt, he said, just what a man would, who with a rope already round his neck, is reprieved at the gallows foot, and at once shaking off the fit of despondency and apprehension, which had clung so closely to him, he joined heartily in the laugh, which his former fears now raised among his fellow passengers. (pp. 23—25.)

The Author subsequently tells us, that on board his ship they caught a shark, which on being opened, contained a newspaper in its maw of two days later date than any they had on board. But anecdotes

of a more startling kind are related of sharks, such as that of a waterman on the Thames, whose son was lost somewhere in the West Indies, and some months afterwards, a shark was taken in the river, the stomach of which contained a watch, subsequently ascertained to have been the identical one which the waterman's son had purchased in London, before leaving that port. The circumstance also of the Slaver, which was condemned through the discovery of her papers in in the stomach of a shark, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. A slaver, or pirate, we forget which, being chased by one of our cruisers, threw her papers overboard, and on being overhauled, and nothing appearing against her, was allowed to proceed on her voyage. A short time after, a shark was taken at Port Royal, Jamaica, and in the stomach was found a ship's manifest, and other papers, enclosed in a tin case. The papers were as perfect as the day on which they were written, and eventually led to the condemnation of the vessel. We have frequently seen, and once had possession of these papers, and think they are, (or at any rate were) in the possession of A. G. Fyffe Esq., stipendiary magistrate in Jamaica, who obtained them from the late A. H. Beaumont, Esq., who died lately at Chelsea, and whose brother, Dr. Beaumont, was one of the French conspirators, who so fortunately escaped from the prison of St. Pelagie in Paris, in 1835.*

We have a fair account next of Cape Pigeons, and Albatrosses,

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* Augustus Hardin Beaumont was a singular and very talented person. We believe an American by birth, but he had gone so early to Jamaica, that he was always considered a native. He became possessed of the papers in virtue of his being the original proprietor of the "Jamaica Courant," a paper once of great, but unfortunately infamous notoriety. Beaumont foresaw, and predicted, nearly every thing that has happened to the West Indies, even to the confiscation of their property, by the passing of the Compensation Act for enfranchising the slaves. Had his warning been attended to, much that now never can be recalled, never would have happened—among the rest, the terrible rebellion, or rather insurrection of the slaves in Jamaica, in 1831-2. This extraordinary being was originally a lawyer's clerk, but having started an extremely scurrilous paper called "The Trifler," he was prosecuted for libel by several persons. Among the rest the Chief Justice (of Jamaica) Scarlett. This person, brother to the late Lord Abinger, had the indecency to sit upon a trial for libel, and almost advocate the condemnation of Beaumont, while an action by himself, against him, was still pending. The illegal proceeding made Beaumont's fortune, for the West Indians came handsomely forward and supported him. Scarlett never recovered this blow. Beaumont was, however, a man of very extreme principles; a violent republican, and a professed duellist. He was out we think twenty times, and the last person he shot was a Mr. Stamp. With all his faults, and not a few vices, he was of a great use in raising the press of Jamaica to its present justly respected condition.

the Flying Dutchman, and Turtle, which in consequence of being becalmed they caught in the Bay of Bengal. The sailors cut their throats, and drank their blood, affirming that it tasted like new milk! On making land, our author was disappointed with the long low bank of sand, so different from what he had pictured to himself. And he asked, could that be the fairy East he had read of in romance? At Saugar Island, famous for tigers, a boat came on board, which proffered straw hats and fruit for sale. We have then a tiger story, and a graphic account of the native servants of Diamond Harbour.

This, however, must not be mistaken for a true or just character of the natives. Soldiers and sailors form the most incorrect notions of the inhabitants of any country which they may happen to visit, of any travellers in the world. They generally, nay always, except their commanders, come in contact with the worst specimens of the people. In fact the respectable inhabitants, that is families, who constitute the bulk of the nation, of nearly all countries, avoid soldiers and sailors, and in no country more than in England. In our colonies in the West Indies however, and in North America, the case is different, for although the military are indifferently liked, and indifferently cared for, the officers and even sailors of our vessels of war, are always hospitably received, and entertained in the most cordial manner.

Fighting his way through palanquin bearers, our Author and other "griffins" locate themselves at Spencer's Hotel. Next morning they reported themselves at Fort William to the Commander, and delivered their introductory letters, which we are informed are technically termed "tickets for soup." These several duties performed, they visited the Chinese Bazaar, where "they were pounced upon by a fat Bengalee," who was seated in his shop, and kindly proffered them segars and a glass of brandy and water each, of which they partook, and then laughed at the Bengalee. Against this conduct so common among British officers in all colonies, we must record our protest. Such conduct is unworthy British officers, they do not require the brandy and water or cheroots of a Bengalee, or any other bazaar man, and consequently should not accept of them, or if they do, it should be in a kindly spirit, and not in that of ridicule and contumely.

The sketch of Calcutta is very cursory, being only a few lines—the flies are very numerous and are bred by the manufactory of sweetmeats in the open air—the bazaars are always thronged with people—gossipping—and the Brahminee bulls are intolerable nuisances. But the most interesting features are the Fakirs, upon whom more might have been said, and their various methods of contorting their limbs might have formed fine objects for illustration. But though we could have wished this for our own gratification, still we

have no right to complain, since the Author's labours are centred on the campaign of Affghanistan, and not on the superstitions or enthusiasm of particular sects or particular nations. Nevertheless, the existence of such a race of persons as the Fakirs in a country under the rule and government of a nation like England, the least enthusiastic in the world, is such an anomaly that the observations of every one are desirable—even a young officer who cannot be supposed, nor indeed is he expected, to give that attention to the subject which it demands. What is wanted very much both to medical and moral writers is a mass of evidence such as after a due examination and searching scrutiny shall set the question at rest, whether those cases of extraordinary suffering and fasting which have been related of these Fakirs, by authorities who can scarcely be doubted, are those of simulation or reality—and whether from such documents and opinions a theory could be solved which would enable us in Europe so to conduct and order our diet, clothing, and sleeping, as that not only perfect health, but an indefinite length of life could be attained. These are mighty, these are serious questions, yet up to this moment nearly every line that has been written upon the Fakirs has been penned without a due consideration of the importance of the inquiry, or the astounding facts connected with anatomy, physiology, neurology, medicine, and chemistry, mixed up and incorporated with the manifestation of that principle or property of the human soul or mind, which despising the allurements of the present condition of existence, looks stedfastly forward to a future state of rewards and punishment, amidst privations that astonish and sufferings that would deter the boldest of philosophers—the Socrateses and Zenos of the West—from advancing even to the vestibule, much less embracing the tenets or entering the fane of such a creed. Reason recoils from the inquiry and imagination looks only at the preface. To suspend oneself by hooks passed through the ribs over burning altars, to hang up by the heels, or rest the weight of the entire body on some aculeated point only for a moment of time is terrible, is *impossible* to individuals even of entire nations. How is it then that we find these practices obtaining among a whole people, not for hours, or days, or nights, or weeks, or seasons, but years! and apparently without producing those effects upon their systems which similar observances would most assuredly produce in Europeans. How is it possible, we ask, that one man should fast for weeks—another for months—one should bury himself alive—that another should mutilate himself—that a fifth or sixth or seventh should submit to exposure to torrid suns and torrid dews—to the alternations of temperature and privations of every sort, kind, and description, in spite of the chemical forces that attack and the chemical powers that oppose him? How is he enabled to resist those physical laws that everywhere cry out trumpet-tongued to man—

"dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return?" We ask these questions—and how shall we have them answered? "Deception, sleight of hand, credulity, superstition, or one and all combined (say the learned) "accounts or account for them." Surely if they can be accounted for—they can be imitated, and if imitated, demonstrated to inquirers like ourself, desirous of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Sometime since very extraordinary accounts were given to the European public of a Brahmin who could suspend himself in air, and of a devotee who could bury himself alive. This latter fact was attested by Lieut. Boileau. Both these accounts have since been contradicted; but contradiction is not refutation, and latterly so many astounding discoveries in physics have come under our notice, that we almost cease to doubt anything.

At first sight, who would suppose that the combination of certain plates of metal immersed in diluted acid, would produce the extraordinary effects which we can see daily demonstrated, either by the electro galvanic battery or the voltaic pile? Or, that the union and combustion of two gases should produce so great a heat as to consume iron, and reduce the diamond to its primitive elements? Or, that Hall's hydraulic machine should overcome the laws of gravitation, and raise water in spite of its physical properties, simply by rapidity of motion? Or, that the violet ray of the prism should magnetize iron? Yet these are facts which no one ventures to question, because they are daily demonstrated? Or, shall we make any allusion to the daguerreotype, the electrotype, or the wonderful powers of steam with its strange faculty of electricity? Why therefore without inquiry, should we refuse to an individual [one of these Fakirs for example] the credit of possessing latent powers which are not common to all our race? All fish have not the power of the gymnotus—yet who doubts the power of the eel in the Adelaide Gallery to produce electrical phenomena? Does any one doubt the venom of the rattle-snake, of the Cobra de Capella, or of that horrid reptile, common near the mines of Choco, in South America, whose bite is instantaneous and frightful dissolution, when the body swells, and the whole frame in a few seconds is decomposed, and becomes a fluid mass of loathsome corruption?—*Anatomy of Sleep*, p. 52.

And this analogical argument could be continued nearly *ad infinitum*, nor would it force us to do more than investigate all nature and all nature's laws (so far as the finite span of life would permit) for ourselves, and allow none of us to be seduced by eloquence, hampered by authority, hindered by prejudice, controlled by opinion, or obstructed by fear, in the ultimate conclusion to which the inquiry should bring us.

But is this done? Is this the spirit with which our philosophy —composed of the exoptables of political economists, statesmen, divines, physicians, literati, and critics, the latter assumed to combine all these several products of mind in one unbroken phalanx of cerebral syncratism and exegetical didascalism—views and conisders,

examines and analyzes man? We think not. It views him either commercially or politically, psychologically or anatomically, scholastically or critically, as the case may be, but seldom (never?) as man apart from all these relations. Without these relations it is admitted he cannot be considered—but it seems always to be forgotten that man is a derivative from man as first created, and is *what he has made himself* and not what he originally was. We do not know if we make ourself understood—but further to explain. Suppose two bodies—soda and oil. They are distinct bodies. Combine them and they become a new one—or soap.

Now man appears to have been acted upon from all time by two forces, the external and internal world,—or the psychological and the physical. The result is, consequently, a being neither wholly of the mind (spiritual), or wholly of the body (animal), but composed of both the one and the other, and partaking more of the nature of the superior essence or more of the inferior animal, or that which it first was, and which it now is. May this be termed the centrifugal and centripetal motions of the soul and body?

Having premised this before we come to speak of the Fakirs mentioned by our author, we shall turn over the leaves of Liebig, and shew how this popular chemist has treated the question of extreme abstinence combined with psychological action, upon which we have laid no inconsiderable stress.*

In the process of starvation, it is not only the fat which disappears, but also, by degrees, all such of the solids as are capable of being dissolved (are they not *all* capable of being dissolved?) In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk and *unnaturally soft*, and have lost their contractility; all those parts of the body which were capable of entering into the state of motion have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death close the scene; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidising power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of eremacausis, or decay, commences, in which every part of the body, the bones excepted, enter into combination with oxygen. The time which is required to cause death by starvation depends upon the amount of fat in the body, or the degree of exercise, as in labour or exertion of any kind, on the temperature of the air, and finally, on the presence or absence of water.—*(Animal Chemistry*, pp. 26, 27.*)*

Here there is much that might be controverted. In the first place, though "the muscles are shrunk" in cases tending to eremacausis, they are not "unnaturally soft," but are sometimes hard, rigid, and immovable, according to the very best authorities we have read of those Fakirs who have remained in one position for many years, and

* Liebig of course makes no allusion to psychology. He treats the human body as a chemical body.

on so small a quantity of food as does not bring it into the category of Liebig's causes of warmth or animal heat. That the limbs might, or rather will, become soft and even pappy in a moist climate is possible, owing to the deposition of dew, (we take the common theory of the deposition of dew), and not to the eremacausis—because did the softness depend upon this cause, then should the same effect be perceived on those fakirs of India, of whom we are now about to speak through Lieut. Greenwood. "The presence of water," according to Liebig, will prevent "decay"—eremacausis from taking place. We believe the contrary—death and decay are two distinct phenomena which he has considered as one and the same. Death is the *absence* of the vital phenomena—decay is the commencement of decomposition, or a change in the relative union of ultimate atoms. This may not be a perfectly technical mode of explaining the difference—but it may claim the merit of being intelligible.

Such are the remarks with which we have deemed it necessary to preface the quotation that follows, and from which it may be gathered that we do not approve of the mode in which our Author has treated the question of the Fakir's sincerity and power of endurance.

I have seen a description of Fakirs who are in the habit of mutilating themselves in various ways. Some hold their arms uplifted and hands clenched so long above their heads that the sinews become stiffened, and they cannot move them down or in any other direction, and the nails of their fingers having grown through the backs of their hands, protrude three or four inches from the flesh, more like the talons of some wild beast than the nails of a human being. Some stand on one leg for a number of years, never changing their position, until by disuse they can no longer move their limbs. I saw a man near Gazeepore standing in this position under a peepul tree; and the natives about the place informed me that he had not moved for 14 years. When I saw him his limbs were quite contracted, and were evidently of no more use to him than if they had been made of wood. He stood like a statue and took no notice of any one, great as was the number of those who stopped to look at him. He asked for nothing; but I suppose he was fed by the natives of a village adjoining.—pp. 38.

A little before this extract the Author says—"a number of Fakirs or beggars are always to be met with in the Bazaars. These scoundrels are generally those who, disliking work, take to begging as an easier mode of getting their livelihood." (p. 38.) It is this passage which more especially provoked the remarks which we have offered on that flippant practice common to our British travellers, and in those who do not travel either, of speaking of the habits, religion, modes of worship, sentiments, and morality of other nations, and consequently of the sincerity of these voluntary penances. We have no more right to claim exclusive infallibility in these things,

than the French have to laugh at our "gros" newspapers, or the Affghans to spit when they see a Christian.

Much that follows in the work before us of marriage processions, usurers, bears, lions, tigers, and dak travelling, and wild elephants, horse dealers, hog-hunting, and "bobbery" packs, ducking, shooting, and Indian thieves, showers of fish, snakes, rats, wolves, antelopes, nautch girls, fire-works and ice-houses, though not new to us, and we presume to many of our readers, will, nevertheless, be found entertaining and amusing.

We must proceed at once to Affghanistan. In January, 1842, the Author's regiment was ordered to Meerut, which was hailed by them as the prelude to the march on Cabul. But in place of which, one hundred men and three subs, among whom was Lieut. Greenwood, were ordered to Saharunpore to guard Dost Mahomed. But they had scarcely set out when they were recalled, counter orders having been received to proceed at once to Affghanistan. All of course was confusion and bustle. The officers barely settled in their bungalows were turning out on all sides. Kurnaul was said to be their destination, but as they were ordered to leave the women, children, and invalids behind, they were convinced they would not halt there. The men were in high spirits, and no doubt spirits ran high in them, and the women of the 44th having called upon them "to revenge their slaughtered husbands, every man responded to the call." (p. 126.)

Sardhanha was the first march. Here dwelled that amiable personage the late Begum Sumroo. She was originally a nautch girl and married a French adventurer, who contrived to possess himself of one of the many independent sovereignties always springing up in India. This respectable individual doated on his wife—but she soon got tired of him, and rid herself of his presence, in a way, which is almost incredible but that it is Indian. Possessed of the sovereignty, this worthy woman displayed her genuine disposition in a number of eminent feats and acts, among others burying a slave girl alive who had offended her; and to shew further how comfortably an Indian princess feels on such an occasion, she sat upon the grave and smoked a pipe! But that was a transitory joy, a too fleeting gratification to the Begum Sumroo. She had found how comfortably she could *smoke* sitting upon (the cold earth intervening) the yet warm body of the buried girl. That was something, but not enough, so she determined to try how she could sleep, and "caused her bed to be prepared, *and absolutely slept upon the grave*"! And this estimable lady, "the Begum, managed matters so well after her accession to the throne, as to be guaranteed in the possession of it, *during her lifetime by the English Government*"! (p. 128.)

The servants of the different officers now began to desert, which was of course very provoking to the officers. We think they had a

prudent presight of the pleasant dangers of an Affghanistan campaign. They arrived, however, at Kurnaul "without losing any great number." At this place they learned they were to proceed to Ferozepore, the limits of the Company's dominions. Twenty days were expended in this march, during which the army passed through Soodianah where our author witnessed the manufacture of cashmere shawls. At Ferozepore they found that the camels provided for the luggage were insufficient, and many officers in consequence lost all their luggage. On the 10th March they crossed the Sutledge under the command of Col. Bolton, 31st. Regt. It is a muddy-looking river, full of sandbanks. The Seiks, whose government had provided the bridge of boats by which the army had crossed the Sutledge, to make amends we suppose for the outlay, plundered the luggage on every opportunity. Hearing that the garrison at Jellalabad were reduced to great straits, they made every effort to overtake General Pollock, who was near Peshawur with a large force. But this was no easy matter, as the camels which carried the baggage were instinctly afraid of water, and could scarcely be induced to go into the boat. A Seik envoy or spy accompanied the force. His name was Cheyt Sing, and a funny fellow he was. In person, short and punchy; with a large good-humoured face, and a roguish leer in his eye. He was accompanied by three attendants, and informed the officers of the mess that though his religion did not permit him to *eat*, it did not prohibit him to *drink* with them. To prove his sincerity, he got royally drunk, and volunteered a Seik song, but unable to recollect either tune or words, was carried out by his attendants. He thought the officers capital fellows, and condoled with them on not having been born Seiks! Some of the inhabitants of the Punjaub, through which they were now passing, bury their dead head downwards, because the world will be turned topsyturvy on the last day! The country, from the Sutledge to Shelum, is a fertile and valuable district. None of the squalid misery so frequently seen in the Company's dominions was here visible. Even the common women wore bracelets of gold, and the Seiks, generally, have a great deal of money. The Company, we suspect, after this information, will find out that they are a very treacherous race of people, and the gold—will change hands! Read how coolly our author talks of the matter.

A campaign in the Seik country would be a more *profitable concern* than wasting so much blood and treasure as we have done in possessing ourselves of barren rocks and mountains. In Affghanistan we gave rupees for stones. (p. 139.)

Look out, Mr. Cheyt Sing! If you and your rupees are not proved shocking bad fellows by the Company, then we shall be surprised. No country but England would take such a country as Affghanistan in gift. The revenue is only £30,000, and the campaign cost

£3,000,000, says the Author. But then the Company has discovered that the Seiks are a rascally set with a marvellous quantity of gold—and why should a rascally set be the custodes of gold ?

Our Author then offers some remarks on Russia and the phantom invasion of India, that has so frequently haunted the brains of newspaper editors; like a very sensible man he treats the invasion as a bugbear.

They arrived at the Shelum without any striking event, and were quite on classic ground, this being the river Alexander crossed in his night attack upon the camp of Darius. From the Shelum the country became barren with a rugged succession of hills. On arriving at Tameeak they halted for four days. Three days' march from the Indus they saw a curious conical building, which they learned was built by Alexander the Great, in honour of his horse, Buchephalus. This river was passed by a bridge of boats. The next day they passed through the Geedur Gullee, or Jackall Pass, and heard that General Pollock had succeeded in forcing the Kyber Pass, and had marched on, to relieve General Sale. They arrived at Peshawur on the 21st of April.

Peshawur is a fine fortified city, and was governed by an Italian, General Avitabili, who kept open house for the officers, at the expense of Shere Sing. He was just the man to keep the city in good order, for he had a gibbet at the corner of every street, and "if a man looked sulky he was strung up at once." Pleasant place, Peshawur! we recommend the Opposition to pass a summer there. It will cool their ardour, if it does nothing else. After being five days at this *Gibbet* city, they marched to Jumrood, a mile from the Kyber Pass. It was the most desolate spot the Author had ever seen—a large stoney plain bounded, or rather surrounded, by bleak hills. The view of the Fort of Jumrood, however, is very picturesque, if we may judge from the plate in the work. The Kyber Pass is thirty miles long, and the army about to force it was very small. They were fortunately not opposed, and when they had proceeded about three miles, the pass became wider. At Ali Musjid, which is eight miles within the Pass, they saw the Mahomedan temple of that name, and on the peak of a high mountain was a strong fort, the scene of many bloody encounters. Though very strong, like all mountain fastnesses, it is liable to suffer for want of water. Mr. Mackeson, who was employed upon some occasion by the government to survey this Pass, possessed himself of the fort by a *coup de main*, and held it with a few Affghans for a long time against the attacks of the Kyberees. They were however reduced to great straits for want of water, which was at length obtained by a clever plan.

The Kyberees are very solicitous of the bodies of their slain, con-

sequently whenever the garrison repulsed an attack, they secured the bodies of the dead. Macheson then beat a parley, and sold a single body for two leather bags or goat skins of water. Thus he kept himself and his men alive until food failed, when they escaped under cover of night, through the enemy, and arrived safe at Peshawur.

We regret we must pass over the gallant conduct of a sepoy in rescuing an officer, as it did not occur to our author, or on this occasion or indeed in the force to which he was attached. He was appointed to the 4th Brigade, under Col. Monteith, who lay a few miles off them, without their knowing it. After passing Ali Musjid, they arrived at a very narrow defile, a mile in length, which could have been defended by a very inconsiderable force, but the army passed through unmolested. The junction was effected, and they encamped at Lal beg Ghurree, twelve miles from Ali Musjid. The pass now became wider, but they saw a number of Kyberees on the hills watching their motions. About Lal beg Ghurree, they found large fields of standing corn, which were great prizes to the poor cattle, near dead with hunger. Of course, the Kyberees fired at the people plundering them, but few were hurt. The next day they marched to Lundi Khanah. This pass was really frightful, and the author thinks it the worst in the Kyber. The next day they proceeded to Salpoora, and to their satisfaction bid adieu to the Kyber pass, without having suffered any loss but from casualties during the passage through its horrid throat. At Lalpoora, they found plenty of forage for their horses, and plenty of water, being encamped on the banks of the Cabul river. Here the author going out on a skirmish, nearly shot a sepoy in mistake for a Kyber. They had gone out to recover some camels that had been stolen, and succeeded not till they had shot five Kyberees. Their heads were cut off and carried on the bayonets of the sepoys into the camp. The Nawaub of Lalpoora was favourable to the English and rendered them many services. He saved the lives of Captain Ferris and his lady. They next passed through the Choota Kyber, but without opposition. Jellalabad, eight days' march from Lalpoora, but through a frightful country, they reached at length, when the men of the 9th and 13th Regiments came out to see them march in, and our author could not avoid contrasting their well-fed and cleanly persons with that of the toil-worn corps advancing.

Jellalabad is one of the most miserable looking places in the world. It is situated in a sandy plain and is naturally fertile, but the long war had played sad ravages with its agriculture. Akbar's army had eaten up everything. The town is surrounded by a mud wall, strengthened by General Sale with a parapet and a ditch.

The entire force under General Pollock, was now centered at Jellalabad, and they expected to march immediately—but they remained in camp, days, and then weeks—10,000 fighting men and 50,000

camp followers! And such was the heat, that they dug caves under ground to shelter themselves. The camels and other animals died in hundreds, and the stench arising from their bodies, and the filth of such an immense camp was intolerable. Millions of flies filled the air—it was impossible to get a moment's rest for them. Provisions were bad and scarce, and the price of corn was enormous—such as would have broken the heart or the humbug of a Corn-Law Leaguer. Sickness commenced, and now the army felt the full force of the folly of the war. They complained that they were brought there to die like dogs, when they might have died like men before the enemy. They had sand storms too—but not a throat to cut—but twice a week to rouse them from their torpor, they had an earthquake; when, of course, the roofs of the subterranean dwellings fell in. When those who slept in tents and preferred superterranean to subterranean dwellings, rose in the morning, they found their beds covered an inch with dust. One little incident did occur to enliven the army of 10,000, and camp followers of 50,000—a man of the 51st Regiment was cut up, or down, which ever way we take it, by an Affghan. Supplies of every kind now became scarce, and liquors and wines were sold by auction at a frightful price. Wine, brandy, and beer fetched 20s. a bottle! Sugar 6s. and tea 34s. per lb. But then there was some comfort to the army,—"the Jellalabad garrison had tasted nothing of this for upwards of a year!"

They were in this very unpleasant state, when the 4th Brigade were ordered to Pesh Bolak, to bring the Shinwarrees and some other hostile tribes to their senses, *id est*, by knocking out their brains. Pesh Bolak is three marches from Jellalabad, and they marched on 17th June,—on 20th they were at Goulai, three miles from Pesh Bolak. "The people of that place were very penitent for their misconduct, and I believe gave a sum of money to be let off." The Goulai people, however, very wisely made themselves scarce, "*leaving numberless forts and villages at our mercy. These we pulled down and utterly destroyed. Their wells, by means of which they irrigated the land, were blown up with gunpowder, and rendered useless. These people lived in a great measure on dried mulberries, as the land would not produce sufficient corn for their consumption. There were beautiful topes (woods) of mulberry trees around the fort. Every morning and evening two companies from each regiment were sent out to cut them down!*" *(p. 178—9.)*

This they found a troublesome duty, so they took the Yankee plan of *barking*.—The Author says,—

We found out that by cutting rings through the bark into the heart of the tree,* it was as effectually destroyed as if cut down, and it was a more

* The mere cutting the bark, that is removing even half an inch of bark, all round, would have been sufficient, without cutting into the heart of the tree.

expeditious plan as well as lighter work. It was therefore adopted after the first few days. *We became quite adepts in the work of destruction, and a greater scene of devastation was perhaps never beheld.* (p. 179.)

This is something horrible. It is worse than savage—for savages generally spare the groves and fruit trees of their enemies—but here British troops under a British commander became Yankee settlers, and barked trees in the distant country of Goulai, merely because the Goulaians had not, or would not give them, gold! Then this is the secret of Indian war—"Pay me and your bungalow is safe—refuse, and I burn it." Is this the conduct of our troops in India, and which we are called upon to designate "glorious?" Had the people of Goulai taken 10,000 rupees to the brigade, as did the people of Pesh Boluk, their fruit trees and forts would have been spared. We record our most unqualified disgust and horror of this infamous proceeding, for which, however, Lieut. Greenwood is no more answerable than for the delay at Jellalabad. A soldier only does his duty when he obeys his orders, and Lieut. Greenwood did no more; but it was a savage and mean revenge.

From Goulai, the detachments marched after the manner of the French at Algeria—making short marches in various directions, and levying contributions. They lived now in clover, shifting their ground continually, the scene being diversified by the burying of two of the brigade, a captain and a private, over whose graves they picketted horses to prevent the Affghans from disinterring the bodies; however, they found them out and hung them up on two trees, at which we can express no surprise. Having exhausted the country in one direction, they commenced in another, and proceeded to Mazeena, which is eight miles from the strongholds of the Shinwarrees. These are a very independent tribe, and being a little stronger and more likely to resent the cutting down of their mulberry trees, they were treated somewhat more civilly. Five hundred men were sent under Capt. Willis, 31st Regt., to reconnoitre, and in a couple of hours were welcomed by a volley of musketry from the Shinwarrees. They returned to the camp in the evening, not without discomfitting the Shinwarrees, and meeting with a heavy loss. The next day they were attacked in force, and as might have been expected, the brave Affghans were driven out of their valley, and from mountain to mountain—their forts, houses, stores, and mulberry trees (if they had any) being burned or destroyed.

We have next a singular and curious story of a shot at some Affghans, especially a piper dancing on the top of a hill, by Captain Abbot with a mortar. The party were just within range, when discharging a shell it fell among them and spoiled their dancing, for it knocked the piper and twenty of them on the head. The hill upon which this shot took effect is now called "Piper's Hill."

The loss of the 31st was considerable, and Lieut. Greenwood feelingly deplores the death of a gallant young officer of that corps in the person of McIlveen, who was shot through the heart in endeavouring to storm a sungah or fort. There were but four unwounded soldiers with him, and he sat on a stone and said,—

"*They are too strong for you now, men. They will come at you directly; you had better retreat. Do not encumber yourselves with my body; but take my sword. I should like that to be sent to my mother. I feel very weak.*"

With these words he fell back and died. Thus was expended the life of a glorious and promising young fellow. It is soothing at least to the bosom of his mother to know that his body was borne off by his gallant men, and that he received the rites of sepulture from the hands of those who had seen him die like a British officer.

The Shinwarrees, in addition to the destruction of all their strongholds, lost nearly the whole of their chiefs. Sekunder Khan was only saved by being absent with Akber Khan, but his whole family were destroyed. Thus humbled, nay, almost destroyed, they sent in their submission, which was accepted. Immediately after, they were recalled, much to their sorrow, to Jellalabad, after a six weeks' *razée*: They smelt the camp a long way before they came to it—this was pleasant. They got into camp on 3rd August, and found the men looking like ghosts and dying as fast as they could, having nothing else to do. Lieut. Greenwood himself suffered from jaundice, which was much aggravated by letters from Europe informing him of the death of a beloved sister. Soon after, he heard of the death of his father, which he felt most acutely. He was seized with fever, which probably would have terminated fatally, but orders arrived to break up the camp and march on Cabul, and rescue the prisoners in the hands of Akber Khan. Cabul was then to be destroyed. We think with Lieut. Greenwood, that much time was wasted at Jellalabad—but might there not have been a reason for this delay? Our author was still weak when he marched on the 23rd August, but a week's halt at Futtiabad restored him to health and spirits. Here Capt. Marshall died, and a company being vacant, Lieut. Greenwood was appointed to it. The army divided itself at Futtiabad into two divisions—the first under command of General Pollock in person; the second under General McCaskill. From Futtiabad they proceeded to Gundamuck, where the road became difficult and was commanded on all sides by heights. Here an entrenchment was formed in which some native troops were left in order to keep the road open. Gundamuck was the last place where they could procure fodder for their beasts, for the next eight marches lay through a succession of formidable passes, without vegetation of any kind. To carry eight days' food for 60,000 men

and 14,000 horses! must have been a serious matter. Here must have been a line of baggage to protect!

When it is considered that in many places one camel only could go at a time, the difficulty and danger of these marches may be imagined. For hours and hours sometimes would the baggage animals be jammed together in some of the narrow gorges, without progressing an inch on the way. A march here of ten miles, generally took us twelve or fourteen hours, and the rear guard was frequently twenty-four hours in performing the distance. (p. 191.)

Such then were the difficulties to be overcome merely in the march; but the second division, owing to its inferiority in numbers, was subjected to furious attacks of the Affghans, from which they suffered severely. We approach now the scene of that horrid tragedy, the shrieks of which still ring in the ears of Europe. Here we shall let the Author speak for himself.

Near Gundamuck, on the right of the road, is the hill on which the remains of the unfortunate 44th made their last stand. The sepoys, who composed the principal force of General Elphinstone's army, had nearly all sunk under the hardships which they experienced, or were killed by the enemy long before arriving at this place. The wreck of the army, which consisted of about one hundred and seventy men, principally Europeans, being unable to proceed further, determined to come to bay here, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. They had, I heard, but two cartridges among them, and with these two of the advancing enemy were sent to their last account. The others poured upon the exhausted and worn-out soldiers by thousands, and after a bloody conflict the enormous numerical superiority of the Affghans gave them the victory. Every one of this gallant remnant of the army was killed, excepting Captain Souter, and a drummer of the 44th. The gallant Captain Souter preserved his life by having saved the colours of his regiment. He had them wrapped round his body, and an Affghan chief taking him from his extraordinary trappings to be a person of great distinction, ordered his life to be spared, thinking probably to get hereafter a good ransom for his prisoner. On unwrapping the colours from his body afterwards, Captain Souter found they had twice saved him from death, two bullets having been lodged in the folds of the silk. When opposite the hill, the column was impeded for some time, the guns having stuck fast; and, while the men were getting them to rights again, I ascended the eminence to see the remains of the gallant fellows who had fallen there. The hill was very steep, covered with large masses of stone, and difficult of ascent. Had they possessed ammunition they might have made a stand for some time on it. The top of the hill was thickly strewed with the bodies of the slain. Some were mere skeletons, while others were in better preservation. Their hair was still on their heads, and their features were perfect although discoloured. Their eyes had evidently been picked out by the birds of prey, which, wheeling in endless gyrations above my head, seemed to consider me an intruder on their domain. On turning the corner of a large rock, where

five or six bodies were lying in a heap together, a vulture which had been banquetting on them hopped carelessly, to a little distance, lazily flapping his huge wings, but too indolent to fly. He was evidently gorged with his horrid meal; and, as the foul bird gazed listlessly at me, I almost fancied him the genius of destruction gloating over his prey. I turned from the sickening sight with a sad heart, but a stern determination to lend my best efforts towards paying the Affghans the debt of revenge we owed them. (pp. 191—194.)

The army arrived at Soorkab, the first march from Gundamuck—they had seven other long and dreary marches yet to perform, carrying every blade of provender—about three o'clock in the afternoon, without molestation; and when they halted, the rear guard of the *first* division had not moved from their encampment. The next morning they moved towards Jugdulluck. This was a most difficult march, and General McCaskill, too ill to sit on horseback, was carried in a litter, the command devolving upon Brigadier Monteith.

Jugdulluck is about fourteen miles from Soorkab. The first three miles of the road is over a range of hills by a winding and very narrow and rocky path. It then continues for about eight miles through a formidable pass, but not what is generally called *the pass*. This devil's cleft turns off to the left at almost a right angle with the road, and was the most terrific place I had then ever beheld. There is a steep descent into the mouth of it; and from the gloom and darkness in which the narrow and formidable gorge is veiled, it would require no great effort of the imagination to fancy it the regular road to the infernal regions. The Ghilzees attacked us in great force on the way, and kept up a sort of running fight during the whole march. At the mouth of the "descensus averni" or *the pass*, is a small plateau of level ground, to command which, sungahs (forts) had been erected by the enemy on some neighbouring hills. When we had arrived at this place, beating the Ghilzees before us, it was getting very late in the day, and we could make out by the continual heavy firing behind us, that our rear-guard was very hotly pressed by the enemy. As night was closing in, our gallant brigadier, with his usual penetration, foresaw that our little rear-guard would be placed in a very perilous situation, while the baggage animals were defiling through the pass, and would not, from the smallness of the numbers, be able to protect the long line of baggage from the attacks of the enemy. He, therefore, most judiciously halted the main body on this *plateau*, and ordered the baggage to be taken immediately through the pass after the advanced guard. I was sent by a subdivision to take possession of a sungah on the hill to the left of the road, and my subaltern with the like force to take that to the right. By these means, the rear-guard being largely reinforced at the mouth of the pass, could easily keep the enemy off, while the advanced guard protected the baggage into camp. From the sungah of which I had taken possession, I could see our gallant little rear-guard under the command of Colonel Bolton, of the 31st regt., coming leisurely along the road in rear of the long line of camels, literally envel-

oped in fire and smoke. Clouds of Ghilzees were following it up, and the rattling of their jezails was incessant. Ever and anon a party of the soldiers would be sent out, and I could see them driving the enemy before them like sheep. They, again, however, returned to the attack as soon as the pursuit was discontinued, and although numbers of them were continually dropping under the well-directed fire of our men, still they came on like so many devils. Their ferocious yells might be heard above the din of the battle; and, had not the main body of our division been halted where it was, our brave fellows who composed the rear-guard would have been placed in a critical position, the enemy outnumbering them in the proportion of more than twenty to one. In about two hours, the whole of the baggage was got through, while we kept the enemy off by a constant fire on them from our position. The rear-guard having effectually routed the Affghans, with whom they had so long sustained the arduous and bloody contest which I have endeavoured to describe, effected its junction with us. (pp. 195—8)

They were then formed in column of march, and giving the Ghilzees a farewell volley, entered the pass.

I shall never forget the sight I saw here. The poor fellows, who had fallen in Elphinstone's reteat, lay together in heaps. *The bodies absolutely choked up the narrow pass, and our men were marching in a pulp of human matter.* It was impossible to avoid treading down the dead, who were lying in hundreds in the road; the caves on either side were also full. The bodies were in extraordinary preservation: the features of several of the slain being recognised as those of old friends by many of our officers and men. (!!) This pass is exceedingly narrow, in some places not more than ten feet broad. As we were marching along about half way through the pass, a volley was poured in upon us by a number of Ghilzees, who had again collected on the heights, and several of our men dropped. A most furious action now commenced; but the Affghans having been disheartened by the loss which they had suffered, during the former part of this hotly contested march, soon gave way, and molested us no more, except by a few occasional long shots. (pp. 198—9.)

Such were the horrors of the Jugdulluck pass—a passage which we will venture to say is not parallelled in any other campaign, notwithstanding that a regular was opposed to an irregular army. Here courage and courage alone seems to have won the day, for how could generalship be displayed in a ravine ten feet wide? The next morning the march was continued towards Kutasung, and the army had to contend with no trifling enemy. On all sides they fired upon our men, and many were the narrow escapes with which these brave fellows met—that of Lieut. Shaw in particular, who, having taken his musket from a wounded soldier who was obliged to walk, there being no means of conveying him, a ball struck the stock, and broke it in two. Had the musket not been on his shoulder he must have been shot through the neck. They passed the barrier raised

by the Affghans to prevent the progress of General Elphinstone's army. The bodies of the dead were lying about in all directions, horribly mutilated. In one place 1,500 lay—men, women, and children, stripped, ready food for the vultures. By a forced march, which seems to have been very severe, not only on account of the incessant firing of the enemy, but the fatigue and loss attendant on it,—for they were obliged to shoot one elephant, sixty-five camels, and fifty-five bullocks, and destroy a quantity of provisions,—they reached the valley of Tezeen. The forced march, however, seems to have been worse than useless, for the whole army was obliged to halt next day, the cattle being completely knocked up. During the day the piquets were sharply handled by the enemy, but a daring and successful night attack taught them that the Feringees were men not easily to be put off when they had a mind to a thing. In this night attack Lieut. Greenwood was engaged. He makes no mention of his own actions, but doubtless they were as gallant as those of Lieut. Montgomery, who not only fought nobly hand to hand with the enemy, and, severely wounded, refused to be put on the sick list, but actually commanded the company the next day. It was eleven, p. m. when our Author was sent out on the attack, and returned to camp about half-past twelve. At half-past one, the Affghans made a counter attack, when all were turned out, and they were quickly driven back. By three o'clock the fire of the enemy began to slacken, and by day-break they had disappeared. The advanced guard was under Sir R. Sale, and the march was of a very harrassing description, being a defile over seven hills about 7,800 feet above the level of the sea. The army moved forward in column of sections according to seniority of regiments, and entered the pass without any indication of an enemy. This quiet, however, did not continue long. About two miles from the entrance of the defile a sheet of flame suddenly opened upon them from both sides, and a thousand balls plunged among them. The enemy was in great force, and the men began to drop. The 13th regt., however, stormed the heights on the right, and the 9th and 31st those on the left. Off they went—the hill was precipitous, but the enemy's shot were so many spurs, and in a short time they were up and at them. The fire was tremendous—the enemy numerous—and seemed determined to stand. But it was but a moment. The British bayonet bore all before it, and the brave Affghans in countless numbers, borne down bodily by our men, rolled lifeless corpses down the mountain-side. "Such smoke and confusion," says the author, "as preceded this charge, I never witnessed before or since; scarcely could I see a yard on either side." This was the battle of Tezeen. The 13th also carried the hill, but ten thousand Affghans still kept up a smart and ugly cross fire, which did great mischief. Numerous instances of individual courage are given, especially at

pp. 220 and 221, but we can barely allude to them. The enemy, routed by the advanced and main body, made a most furious attack upon the rear guard, but they met with no better success, and finding the day lost they dispersed on all sides. So complete was the route, that Akber Khan himself escaped from the field with but a single horseman out of the twenty thousand who obeyed his fiat in the morning! In this engagement it was that Major Skinner of the 31st regt. so gallantly distinguished himself, beating off with great loss a detachment of the enemy five times his force. He died subsequently on the Himalayah Mountains, whither he had gone after the campaign, in search of health. The road was covered with the bodies of Elphinstone's army, and those of the Affghans who had fallen that day. After passing the last hill, they came upon the Tarekee Tungee, a defile not more than two hundred yards in length, but completely choked with dead bodies! "The stench was horrible," says the author, "and though we had in a great measure become accustomed to that sort of thing since we left Gundamuck, it was here absolutely insupportable." (p. 227.)

They arrived at Khoord Cabul late at night, where our author, in no very placable mood, was sent on piquet in the Cabul road. As he had been up the whole of the preceding night, and as he had fought all day, and in that condition in which it has been said it is impossible for an Englishman to fight, namely, with an empty stomach,—we do not wonder that he "never was in worse humour for anything of the kind in his life. Off he started, however, and having planted his sentries, he and his friend Pollard had "some huge lumps of half-burnt flesh" brought to them. It was called "grilled mutton," and we hope it was mutton; but the story of the "fat chief" at p. 225, who fell in the battle, and the remark of the man "who had been a butcher," make us tremble. But why not eat a fat Affghan as well as a South Down? Voltaire could see no reason why we should not eat of our enemies—but that from eating enemies we might come to eating each other—so the practice (he says) was abolished. Soon after the grilled mutton, some Affghans came in and surrendered themselves prisoners, and were passed on according to orders, though it was evident the fellows had been fighting against them in the morning. Our author then fell asleep, and was only aroused in the morning by the striking of the tents, and that day he formed part of the rear guard. Their march was towards Khoord Cabul, the mouth of which pass is a mile from the encamping ground below. This was the most impregnable pass; and had Akber Khan, as he wished to do, awaited our army here, there can be little doubt but that few of our men would have returned to tell the story. On reading Lieutenant Greenwood's account, we are indeed elevated in our notions of the gallantry of

our men, and the cool intrepidity of our officers. "One man on their summit was more than a match for five hundred in the narrow pass below. By a few strokes of a sledge hammer on the enormous masses of rock, which projecting over the pass, seemed to totter in mid air, whole battalions in an instant might have been overwhelmed in one common destruction" (p. 230). Indeed this seems to have been a horrible place; and though we have in our time seen not a few defiles and crossed some dizzy heights, they seem but as so many mole-hills compared with Koord Cabul. How singular are the changes on which the success of a battle depends! Here in the most difficult and dangerous, nay impregnable defile, no attack was made by the enemy, and except a few shots at the rear guard, the British army passed through unmolested. The author's description of the scene within the pass is very horrible—truly horrible. We cannot shock our readers with a reprint of such sickening, such heart-rending, agonizing details. Those who love horrors may turn to the volume itself. The next halt was at Boot Kak, where our author was so regularly knocked up, that he threw himself down in his tent the moment he arrived, and never woke till next morning, when they marched to Cabul, and encamped three miles from that city, which they had expended so much wealth, poured out so much blood, and desroyed so many brave men, merely to raze to the ground!

The Bala Hissar was taken possession of after the prisoners taken by the enemy had been recovered by Sir Richard Shakspeare, and eight hundred Kuzzilbashes. Here seventy or eighty pieces of cannon were found, some of very fine workmanship; but as these trophies and many other interesting details of this war have been so recently before our readers in all shapes and forms, we shall pass them on, adhering only to our author, and where he is personally concerned.

The destruction of the city completed, it may be said that the British lion was avenged. Success had marked the progress and crowned the passage of the army. Affghanistan, as a government, had ceased to exist, and the troops turned their eyes anxiously towards home. That the blow was necessary seems too true. For the natives of Lower India were only looking on to see which side was the stronger, and they would have shifted their allegiance with as little ceremony as they would their palanquins—but it was nevertheless a sad alternative, and may God grant that success teach us moderation and forbearance. This we hardly expect, but let us use our power for upraising and not pulling down; for humanizing, not barbarizing mankind.

ART. II.—*The Animal Kingdom considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically, by Emanuel Swedenborg, late Member of the House of Nobles in the Royal Diet of Sweden, &c. &c. &c.* Translated from the Latin by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. 1 vol. Newberry, and Ballière. London: 1844.

MEN of slender pretensions, and even those taking high rank among the *peritissimi* of the day, have been accustomed to dismiss with a sneer, or condemn with a scowl, all mention of, or reference to, Emanuel Swedenborg. The enthusiast, visionary, monomane,—the man who affected to converse with beings of another world—the caballistic mystic *qui naviget Anticyram dignus*—in short, "the madman dreamy." "A person," say they, "who pretended to enjoy intercourse with invisible beings, who affected to be able to converse with the spirits of the departed, and who indulged in the delusive fancies of a heated if not distempered brain, can surely lay no claim to the title of a man of science, or pretend to be expositor of the all but hidden laws of nature. It is not consonant with the views which we entertain of the sanity of men's minds, to admit Swedenborg among the penates of our literary mythology. We can have no feeling in common with a man who assumes the possession of such superior gifts, that were he indeed possessed of them, or did we admit his pretensions, we must immediately abandon all, or nearly all, the principles which have hitherto guided us in the contemplation and study of nature, for such a man would be only not a god because he is (or was) a creature."

This, or something like this, is the opinion either expressed or implied of most persons with whom we have conversed respecting Swedenborg and his works, and it is not derogatory to us to say, that until we perused some of his works—such is the influence of early academic prejudice—that we were just as much inclined to unite in the general censure, as are those to whom we have just now alluded. That Swedenborg was really a learned, scientific, studious, and highly-gifted man—few seem to know and fewer stop to inquire. That he was of a highly respectable family, his father being the Bishop of Skara, and his mother, Sarah Behm, the daughter of Albert Behm, Assessor of the Board of Mines, and that he filled some of the most honourable offices in his own country, and retired only to London to devote himself to his theological pursuits, are facts little known even to those whose business is literature, and who live not only metaphorically but literally by the sweat of their brains. Let it therefore be our duty on this occasion to put these facts fully before our readers, and in the light in which we think they ought to be placed, with a view to attract that attention to the work, the title of which is placed at the head of this article, which we think its im-

portance demands, and its merits will secure. And to further this end, we shall give a very brief sketch of the life of Swedenborg, interspersed with occasional anecdotes of demonstration of possession of those supernatural powers, for which his followers give him credit; but upon the truth or untruth of which we shall not at present delay to inquire, whatever our opinion may be, seeing that is a separate subject, of which possibly we may treat at no distant date, when criticizing some psychological or metaphysical work. In this short sketch we shall avail ourself principally of a work by the Reverend J. H. Smithson*, and the Life of Swedenborg, by Mr. Wilkinson, in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, together with such facts and illustrations as our reading may supply, and our habits of generalization may enable us to bring forward.

We have said that Swedenborg was the son of the Bishop of Skara and Sarah Behm, daughter of Albert Behm, Assessor of the Board of Mines. We have to add that he was born in the year 1688 or '89. M. Sandel, who pronounced his *Eulogium* in the Great Hall of the House of Nobles, in the name of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, on the 7th October, 1772, says that it was in 1689; this fact however is of no consequence, and is merely alluded to for the purpose of remarking how careful the investigator ought to be in his search after truth, not to refuse this statement or receive that, merely because it is tendered, but to inquire and judge for himself, since even in a matter of almost yesterday's occurrence—namely, the birth year of a man so celebrated as Swedenborg, there has been raised a doubt—when one would have supposed that such a fact might have been ascertained, without even the *shadow* of doubt!

The original name of the family was *Swedborg*; but when the subject of our sketch was ennobled in 1719, as is the custom in Sweden, he changed his name, together with his sisters, to Swedenborg. Under his father as a divine, a man of learning, of exemplary piety and prudence, "he could not fail to receive a good education according to the custom of the times, and such as was adapted to form his youth to virtue, to industry, to solid knowledge, and especially to those sciences which were to constitute his chief occupation."—(*M. Sandel's Eulogium*). How he past his youth does not appear from M. Sandel, whose eulogy we have taken as a text, but at twenty-eight, he was appointed, without any solicitation on his part, by Charles XII., Assessor Extraordinary of the Board of Mines, and this was while he was yet a student of the university. If we reflect that Sweden is a country, the chief riches of which arise from a proper working of her mines, it will redound much to the honour of

* Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg, &c. &c., collected by J. F. I. Tafel, of Tubingen, and edited in English by the Rev. J. H. Smithson. Hayward, Manchester. 1841.

Swedenborg that he was appointed to so important an office; and the appointment presupposes that the fame of his talents and acquirements must have been widely diffused and generally acknowledged, since it reached the king's ear—a rare occurrence, and seldom happening even to those who live in a country like England, which may emphatically be called a land of news and newspapers, for there is nothing done, said, whispered, *thought* almost, but what finds its way either into the diurnal or hebdomadal journals of the metropolis, to be thence circulated not only among the highest and the lowest in the land, but disseminated over the four quarters of the globe. And the appointment was conferred moreover in a manner that could not but have been grateful to the feelings of Swedenborg, since it was left to his choice whether he would accept the office of Professor in the Royal University of Upsal or that of Assessor of the Mines; and M. Sandel very justly remarks, that it is not upon an effeminate young man, destitute of talents, that an enlightened monarch confers such employments: Swedenborg was already known, both within the kingdom and abroad, for his learning and his great qualities.

In 1710, when 22 years of age, he published a collection of Latin poems,* which displayed great versatility of talent and raised his character for learning among his countrymen. But even at this early period poetry did not engross all his time, as it too frequently does youth at that period of life, for he printed Essays, and Remarks on Questions of Mathematics at Stockholm, in the Swedish language, in six parts, the fifth being also published in Latin, under the title of *Dœdalus Hyperboreus*. These were the fruits of his acquirements at the University of Upsal. Subsequently, for four successive years, he visited England, Holland, France, and Germany, acquiring the languages and making himself acquainted with the knowledge of these countries. M. Sandel represents him, at this period of his life, as a young man of strong memory, quick conception, and sound judgment, deeply imbued with the desire of acquiring the most profound truths, in philosophy, in all the branches of mathematics, in natural history, mechanics, anatomy, and even theology. He was also skilled in the Oriental languages, and had, at this early age, acquired the habit of arranging his thoughts in a methodical and orderly form, as numerous notes in several of his note-books amply prove. On his return from his first travels, he occupied himself with mathematics and mechanics—in the latter science he attained such eminence that he attracted the attention and subsequently secured

* Entitled "*Ludus Heliconius, sive carmina miscellanea, quæ variis in locis cecinit Em. Swedberg;*" and the preceding year he had published "*Annæi Seneca et Publii Syri Mimi, forsan et aliorum, Selectæ Sententiæ, cum annotationibus Erasmi, et Græca versione Scalegeri, notis illustratæ.*" This work is dedicated to his father.

the friendship of Christopher Polhammer, who was afterwards known as Polheim, and the "Archimedes of Sweden." Among a number of extraordinary works projected and carried into effect by these two able men, the famous dyke of Lyckeby, the locks of Trolhatta, and the bason of Carlscrona are still the admiration of travellers; but one that was planned and executed by Swedenborg, attests without any cavil a knowledge of mechanical principles and their application to objects of utility that must surprise every one who reflects upon the nature of the undertaking.

In 1818 he contrived to transport over valleys and mountains, by the help of machines of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop from Stromstadt to Iderfjol, which divides Sweden from Norway towards the South; that is to say, the distance of two miles and a half.* By this operation, the king found himself in a situation to carry on his plans; for, under cover of these galleys and boats, he transported on pontoons his heavy artillery, which it would have been impossible to have conveyed by land, under the very walls of Frederickshall. (M. Sandel.)

Mechanics, however, did not alone occupy his attention; for in 1717 and 1718 he published a continuation of *Dœdalus Hyperboreus*—an *Introduction to Algebra*, under the title of "Regel-Konsten"; in 1719, a "Proposal for fixing the Value of Coin, and determining the Measures of Sweden, so as to suppress fractions and facilitate calculations"; in the same year, a treatise "On the Position of the Earth and the Planets"; and another "On the Height of the Tides and the greater flux and reflux of the Sea in former ages; with proofs furnished by various appearances in Sweden"; so that it will readily be acknowledged that a mind which could grasp a theory of planetary position, and the minutiæ of pecuniary values at one and the same time, could not have been cast in any ordinary mould. Besides these works, we are told, that he had begun others, while he applied himself with determined perseverance and indomitable industry to a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of mining, as

He was unwilling to exercise the functions of Assessor of the Royal Board of Mines, before he had acquired a perfect knowledge of metallurgy. "Thus," continues M. Sandel, "he is by no means to be ranked in the number of those, who, without capacity, solicit places, and have not the knowledge requisite for filling them. He had obtained his office without soliciting it. He was already well skilled in certain sciences, which alone would render him very useful in his situation. It was even very easy for him to acquire the knowledge in which, for this office, he might be deficient, since mathematics and physics, which he had hitherto made his principal studies, are the basis of the science of mines. But he could not be satisfied with theory alone without practice; nor was he any better satisfied with the experience

* Equal to 14 English miles.

which may be acquired in a chemical laboratory, nor with an acquaintance with the mines of Sweden only, and with the buildings, machines, and processes used in working them. He therefore, in 1721, undertook a second journey to foreign countries, to examine their mines and smelting works, particularly those of Saxony and Hartz. But we ought not to say that he went to examine their mines only: for of all that could fix the attention of a traveller, there was nothing that escaped him."

During his sojourn at Brunswick, the reigning duke gave him full power to travel in his dominions, and at his departure, presented him with his medallion in gold and another in silver. It was during this journey that he acquired those stores of knowledge which enabled him to enrich science and advance the arts by the publication of *seven* original works, the translations to the titles of which we append in a note.* In 1722 he returned to Sweden, and divided his time between his duties at the Royal Board of Mines, and his favourite studies, the fruits of which was his great work, entitled *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, which was published at Dresden and Leipsic—and during the printing of which he actually visited the mines of Austria and Hungary—a journey which lasted a year. This elaborate performance is in three volumes folio. The first volume is entitled, *Principia Rerum Naturalium; sive Novorum Tentaminum Phenomena Mundi Elementaris Philosophice Explicandi; 2nd. Regnum Subterraneum, sive Minerale de Ferro; 3rd. Regnum Subterraneum, sive Minerale de Cupro et Orichalco.*† The merits of these works were immediately acknowledged and admitted by the learned, and the Consistory of the University and the Academy of Sciences at Upsal were the first to do him honor in token of the

* *Prodromus Principiorum*, &c. "A Prodromus (or sketch and specimen) of a Work on the Principles of Natural Things, or New Attempts at explaining the Phenomena of Chemistry and Physics on Geometrical Principles." 2. *Nova Observata*, &c. "New Observations and Discoveries respecting Iron and Fire, especially respecting the Elementary Nature of Fire. With a new mode of constructing Chimneys." 3. *Methodus nova, &c.* "A New Method of finding the Longitude of Places either on Land or at Sea, by Lunar Observations." 4. *Modus Construendi*, &c. "A Plan for constructing Dry Docks for Shipping, in Harbours where there are no Tides." 5. *Nova Constructio, &c.* "A New mode of constructing Dykes to exclude Inundations of the Sea or of Rivers." 6. "*Modus Mechanice*, &c. "A Mode of ascertaining by Mechanical Means, the qualities of Vessels of different Constructions." 7. *Miscellanea Observata* &c., "Miscellaneous Observations on Natural Things, particularly on Minerals, Fire, and the Strata of Mountains."

† The entire work is entitled, "Philosophical and Mineralogical Works," and the 1st vol.—"The Principles of Natural Things; or New Attempts at a Philosophical Explanation of the Phenomena of the Elementary World." 2nd. "The Subterraneous Kingdom in regard to Iron;" 3rd. "The Subterraneous or Mineral Kingdom in regard to Copper and Brass."

opinion they entertained of his talents and acquirements. The Consistory previously, in 1724, had offered him the professorship of the Pure Mathematics; and the Academy of Sciences had elected him a member in 1729. It cannot, therefore, be supposed that either of these learned bodies had been taken by surprise, or that Swedenborg owed the honours which at this time were heaped upon him to any sudden freak which had seized the learned, or any new fashion in literature which had attacked the people. They were the fruit of a long and intimate acquaintance with the character and works of a man who they foresaw was to be not only an honour to his own country but to his species, and they wisely gave him that suffrage which foreign nations are only now (if we take Mr. Wilkinson's Translation as a proof) beginning to award him. Foreigners, however, were not altogether blind to the merits of Swedenborg, for the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg elected him a corresponding member by diploma in 1734, and Christian Wolffe,* whose "System

† Christian Wolffe, or Wolfe, or Wolfius was born at Breslau in 1679. After prosecuting his studies at the Universities of Jena, Hamburgh, and Leipsic, he acquired so much renown, that at 26 he was appointed professor of Mathematics, and soon after of General Philosophy, in the University of Hall. Having read Liebnitz's *Theodicea*, (or "a Dissertation on the Goodness of God, the Liberty of Man, and the Origin of Evil," *vid. Ed. Gottschedii cum Annot. et Gall. Edit. Amstelod.* 1734, *cum vita auctoris a L. de Neufville;* also Clarke—"On the Being and Attributes of a God." Lond. 1717, 8vo) he was seized with the desire of adding to that primary work, and accordingly, upon Liebnitz's doctrine of monads he erected a new system of Cosmology and Pneumatology reduced and brought down to a mathematical level. This work is the one on the human soul we have named in the text. He added afterwards to his system, "Ethics and Policy," and by this time he began to be considered one of the most learned men of Europe, but the opinions which he entertained on the doctrine of necessity, gave offence to his colleagues, whose learning was not equal to their jealousy, and having delivered an oration in praise of the morality of the Chinese, their jealousy broke forth into a flame, and an accusation of heresy was preferred against him publicly at the University of Hall and thence was transferred to the Court at Berlin. He endeavoured to defend himself from this accusation by writing a treatise on Fatality, but unsuccessfully; for a royal mandate decreed his banishment from the Prussian dominions. This was in 1723. The landgrave of Hesse Cassel having formerly invited him to fill a professorship in the University of Cassel, he now went there, and was not only kindly received, but was appointed to a professorship by the prince. In the meanwhile, the question as to the censure of Wolffe excited the organ of literary combativeness in all the Universities of Germany, and Wolfians and *Anti*-Wolfians argued, talked, wrote, scolded, quarrelled, and even fought with all the fury and bitterness of the Constantinopolitan factions—liberty and necessity being the sign and counter-sign; but in process of time, in the course of nine years, the current of public opinion ceased to run

of Philosophy," and "Thoughts on God, the World, and the Human Soul," had raised him to the highest rank in literature, sought for and established a friendly correspondence with him, consulting him, as M. Sandel says, on many intricate subjects. The editors also of the "Acta Eruditorum" of Leipsic helped themselves largely to the treasures which were everywhere throughout his works scattered with no sparing hand. They did not, however, appropriate his labours without acknowledgment. M. Sandel also

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against Wolffe, the King of Prussia reversing his sentence of exile, and he returned as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Hall, where (such is the mutability of human affairs!) he was received with every demonstration of triumph and respect. From this time forth he employed himself on his Institutes of Philosophy, which he lived to accomplish in every part with the exception of "Policy." He was created a Baron by the Elector of Bavaria, and after the death of Ludowig succeeded to the Chancellorship of the University. He died in 1754. Wolffe possessed a methodical understanding, says Enfield, which by long exercise in mathematical investigations was particularly fitted for the employment of digesting the several branches of knowledge into regular systems; and his fertile powers of invention enabled him to enrich almost every field of science in which he laboured with some valuable additions. The lucid order which appears in all his writings enables his readers to follow his conceptions with ease and certainty, through the longest trains of reasoning. Such then was the man who now sought the acquaintance, and probably profited by the correspondence, of Swedenborg; and we have been thus careful in drawing an outline of his life, to shew that, that man whose works attracted the attention of such a person must have been of no common mind, and is at least entitled to a fair and legitimate trial on his merits at the bar of the court of English criticism. We are too fond of restricting our praises and approbation to those who row with us in the same boat, and fancying that there are no other ferrymen to truth but those on whom our election has fallen. As we proceed, we shall have other opportunities of proving the estimation in which Swedenborg was held by his brethren on the continent, but in case it should slip our memory, we would ask a question here of those who have studied *all* of Swedenborg's works, for we confess to the reading but of a portion of them, how far his doctrine of Degrees and Series and Concordance of Systems (*vide prol. to Anim. Kingd. n.* 14, *p.* 10, *of Wilkinson's trans.*) agrees with that of Liebnitz on the nature and communication of substances and of the union between body and mind, and the pre-established harmony between the body and soul of man, the prolegomena of which was first published in the *Parisian Journal*, 1695? We think, if a careful and elaborate comparison were established between that portion of Swedenborg's works, especially the tract entitled, "Intercourse between the Soul and Body," and the specimen of Liebnitz just alluded to, some correspondence of ideas might be detected; and if so, it would go far to put Swedenborg in that position which we think he has not hitherto held in this country, because his works have been sealed volumes even to the learned.

remarks that time had not deprived the "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia" of any of their value since, the authors of the magnificent work, "Description des Arts et des Métiers," then publishing in Paris (1772) had appreciated that part which treats of iron and steel so highly, that they had translated and inserted it entirely in their collection, while the editors of the "Documents" inform us that the work did not fail also to obtain notice in England. In the translation of Cramer's "Element's of the Art of Assaying Metals," by Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, Secretary to the Royal Society, we find the following very eulogistic passage.

For the sake of such as understand Latin, we must not pass by that magnificent and laborious work of Emanuel Swedenborgius, entitled *Principia Rerum Naturalium*, &c. Dresdæ et Lipsiæ, 1734, in three tomes, in folio: in the second and third tomes of which he has given the best accounts, not only of the methods and newest improvements in metallic works in all places beyond the seas, but also of those in England and our colonies in America, with draughts of the furnaces and instruments employed. It is to be wished that we had extracts in English. (p. 13, 2nd ed. London. 1764.

M. Sandel, who, it must be kept in mind, entertained opinions diametrically opposed to those theological dicta which Swedenborg promulgated in his latter years, wishing to avoid any discussion upon their merits, expresses himself in the following manner :—

I have hitherto only spoken of one part of the works of Swedenborg: and as those which follow are quite of a different nature, it becomes necessary that we should yet dwell a little longer on these first. They are so many incontestible proofs of a universal erudition, which attached itself in preference to objects which require deep reflection and profound knowledge. None can reproach him with having wished to shine in borrowed plumes, passing off as his own the labours of others, dressed out in a new form and decorated with some new turns of expression. It must be acknowledged, on the contrary, that without even taking up the ideas of others, he always followed his own, and often makes remarks and applications which are not to be found in any preceding author. Nor was he at all of the same class as the generality of universal geniuses, who, for the most part, are content with merely skimming over the surfaces of things. He applied the whole force of his mind to penetrate into the most hidden things, to connect together the scattered links of the great chain of universal being, and to trace up every thing, in an order agreeable to its nature, to the first great cause. Neither did he proceed in the manner of certain Natural Philosophers and Mathematicians, who dazzled by the light which they have been in search of and have found, would, were it possible, eclipse and extinguish, to the eyes of the world, the Only True and Great Light. He, in the course of his meditations on the universe and on creation continually found new occasions for rising in love and adoration towards the author of nature.

This beautiful passage coming from one who like ourself admired Swedenborg for his depth of erudition and comprehensiveness of

mind, irrespective of those sentiments and feelings with which the members of the church of the New Jerusalem contemplate him, is to be considered as a fair exposition of the opinion which all learned men who have taken the trouble to read and patiently examine his works, entertain of Swedenborg, and in which, after a perusal of *some* of them, we entirely concur. As M. Sandel has remarked, he constructed a system for himself, the arrangememt of which is so solid, and the component parts of which are so skilfully put together, that it never fails to claim the approbation of any man who will take the trouble to make himself master of the principles by which he was guided in the formation of it. According to this system, he explains all that the most certain facts, and the soundest reasoning can offer to our meditations—and in short, as we shall presently shew, anticipated the discoveries of many of his successors. If we dare not adopt the whole, says M. Sandel, there are at least many excellent things in it which we may apply to our use. He wished to combine his system with religion, and to this object he more especially devoted his time, his energies, his talents, his fortune, and his life, after the completion of the *Opera Phliosophica.* He passed the greater part of his latter years in foreign countries, making no less than eight different voyages for that purpose. The countries that he visited were England, Holland, France, and Italy. His principal object in travelling was the printing and dissemination of his works, and it is impossible not to feel surprise at the amazing fertility of his pen. The bare enumeration of the titles would require more space than we can spare, and consequently we must request those who are desirous of knowing more of his writings to refer to the "Documents," or the article to which we have already alluded in the *Penny Cyclopedia,* and the *Eulogium* of M. Sandel. We may briefly state, however, that though the subjects of them are different, they are all nevertheless founded on anatomy, physics, philosophy, the Holy Scriptures, and certain visions and revelations which conduct us, according to the manner of treating them, to serious meditations respecting the Supreme Being, the soul, things visible and invisible, and the life hereafter. "We thus," says M. Sandel, "now find soaring above the clouds, the same man whom we have just been following in the mines, in furnaces, and workshops: and we find him every where equally diligent, zealous, and fertile in emblematical illustrations." Having filled the office of Assessor to the Mines for thirty-one years, he applied for, and obtained permission to resign his post, at the same time craving that no *new* rank should be conferred upon him, and only *half** his usual salary. This of course was granted him, (1747). The editors, in a note to the "Documents," state, that in the English version of

* Swedenborg, as we shall see presently, says the whole.

M. Sandel's *Euloqium* previously published, Swedenborg is made to desire that this favour should be granted to him without *derogation* of rank or title, whereas, the expression is, *sans* AMELIORATION *de rang ni de titre.* They further add, that it was no doubt customary in Sweden, as in this country,

to reward a faithful public servant, on his retirement, with a pension proportioned to the length and value of his services, and to raise him to a higher degree of rank or title. It is elsewhere stated that such an offer was actually made to Swedenborg on this occasion: it was proposed to raise him from the first rank of nobility to the second; and thus to confer on him the title of Baron; and, most probably, this would have been accompanied with an addition to his former income, to enable him to support his new dignity in a suitable manner: but he, as a man for whom neither wealth nor power had any attractions, declined the title altogether, and requested that only one half of his former income—just as much as was sufficient to keep him from want, and to enable him to publish his works on which he was engaged—might be continued to him. ("*Documents,*" p. 18.)

The Editors then take the opportunity of denying the general report that Swedenborg became deranged some time before his death. This derangement is said to have occurred *after* he had a fever in London: but as it is positively stated, and we see no reason to question the statement, that Swedenborg *never* had a fever, we cannot any longer subscribe to the general opinion that this illustrious man was in any way ever deranged previous to his death. It must be recollected that the same opinion has gone abroad, that Newton was insane for many years before his demise,—but we refer to the subject with pain and dismiss it with haste. It is somewhat difficult even at the present day to determine what *is* and what is *not* insanity. Mr. Dyce Sombre was declared insane by the London Inquisition of Lunacy, yet the Paris physicians declare him sane. Neither do the rules which Mr. Taylor * has recently laid down in his Medical Jurisprudence, afford us any sure guides in the investigation. Is it not possible to believe that at certain periods entire nations have gone mad, and continued mad for ages? Were the crusades indications of mania? The tulipomania? The balance of power in Europe? The sinking fund, or the late cry of the church in danger? Was the reform agitation a symptom only, or a real attack? We must not question too closely the actions even of ourselves at all times and on all occasions, otherwise who would escape the imputation of insanity? However, we are not prepared to argue the question at present, for it would lead us into investigations and enquiries, and entangle us in intricacies and sophistries, from which, possibly, no after-wit could extricate us.

* *A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence. By Alfred Taylor, &c.* 1844.

On the subject of the fever with which Swedenborg is said to have been attacked, M. Sandel seems to give it the most unqualified denial. "*He always enjoyed the most excellent health, having scarcely ever experienced the slightest indisposition;*" and the Editors remark in a note to the "Documents:—" p. 23.

How inconsistent is this with the story which has been invented and, propagated in this country, that he was once attacked with a most violent fever, attended with delirium, from the effects of which he never recovered? In Sweden, where his personal history must have been best known, nothing, it seems, of the kind was ever heard of.

So far, therefore, as human testimony is valid, and human evidence entitled to credit, we must conclude, that Swedenborg was never attacked by fever, and, consequently, that he never was, and never could have been at any period of his life, afflicted with lunacy. All that M. Sandel says of his illness, is,—

During his last residence in London, on the 24th December last year (1771) he had an attack of apoplexy: and nature demanding her rights, he died on 29th March in the present year (1772) in the eighty-fifth year of his age; satisfied with his sojourn on earth, and delighted with the prospect of his heavenly metamorphosis.

With the following extract from the *Eulogium* we must close this very brief notice of the biography of this really great man, whose merits seem now, for the first time, likely to be generally recognized in England.

Suffice it then to say, that his merit and excellent qualities shine with brilliancy, even where we are endeavouring to discover in him the weakness inseparable from human nature. I do not come here to defend errors or unintelligible principles: but I will venture to assert,—and I reckon, gentlemen, on meeting your approbation in the assertion,—that where others would have discovered a deficiency of intelligence and a confusion of ideas, Swedenborg has discovered an astonishing assemblage of knowledge, which he has arranged according to his system, in such order, that the elements themselves would have striven in vain to turn him out of his course. If his desire of knowledge went too far, it at least evinces in him an ardent desire to obtain information himself, and to convey it to others: for you never find in him any mark of pride or conceit, of rashness, or of intention to deceive. If, nevertheless, he is not to be numbered among the doctors of the church, he at least holds an honourable rank among sublime moralists, and deserves to be instanced as a pattern of virtue and of respect for his Creator.

In truth, from all we have read of this truly great man, he was indeed a pattern of truth, chastity, honour, virtue, and learning. He was cheerful in society, and sought and obtained the companionship of all persons who were either eminent for talent or distinguished for knowledge. As a public functionary, he was upright and

just, and while he discharged the duties of his station with great exactness, he neglected nothing but his own advancement.

Having concluded all we have to offer, or rather all that we can make room for, on the life of Swedenborg,* we shall, before we enter upon an examination of his "Animal Kingdom," condense what his followers propound, as the theological doctrines advocated by him, premising that what Evans had said in his History of all Religions, of his peculiar tenets, is not admitted to be correct by those who have studied, and consequently are best able to expound, his theological system; and so far as we can understand, from a perusal of portions of the "Arcana Celestia," the "New Jerusalem," and "Heaven and Hell," we think they are right. However, it must be admitted that the language and the peculiar phraseology in which most, if not all Swedenborg's arguments and reasonings are clothed, present almost insurmountable barriers to the irregular assaults of the mere passive

* The following extract from a letter of Swedenborg to his friend the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hartley, M.A., Rector of Winwick in Northamptonshire, who having read some of his works sought and obtained his friendship, will throw some additional light on his character. It was written in reply to one Mr. Hartley had addressed to him, requesting that he would leave in his hands some account of himself, his family, and connexions. It is dated London, 1769. "I was born at Stockholm in the year 1689 (8) Jan. 29th. My father's name was Jesper Swedberg, who was bishop of West-Gothland, and a man of celebrity in his time. He was also elected a member of the (English) Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for he had been appointed by King Charles XII., as Bishop over the Swedish Churches in Pennsylvania and London. In the year 1710 I began my travels; first going to England, then to Holland, France, and Germany; whence I returned in 1714. In the year 1716, and afterwards, I had many conversations with Charles XII. King of Sweden, who was pleased to bestow on me a large share of his favour, and in that year appointed me Assessor of the Metallic College; in which I continued till the year 1747, when I resigned it; but still retain the salary annexed to it, as an appointment for life. My sole view in this resignation was, that I might be more at liberty to devote myself to that new function to which the Lord hath called me. On my resigning my office, a higher degree of rank was offered me: but this I utterly declined, lest it should be the occasion of inspiring me with pride. In 1719 I was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleonora, and named *Swedenborg*: from which time I have taken my seat with the nobles of the equestrian order in the Triennial Assemblages of the States of the Realm. I am a fellow, by invitation, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm: but I have never sought admission into any other literary society, as I belong to an Angelic Society, wherein things relating to heaven and the soul are the only subjects of discourse and entertainment; whereas the things which occupy the attention of our literary societies are such as relate to the world and the body. In the year 1734, I published, at Leipsic, the *Regnum Minerale*, in three vols. folio; and in 1738, I took a journey into Italy, and

inquirer. Some passages require to be read five, six, and even seven times, and every member of the sentence dissected, criticised, examined, re-examined, microscoped, and recorded as we proceed, ere we can understand his meaning, but when we *have* gone through this initial study and almost eleusinian sacrifice and application, we are indeed repaid for all our labour and pains. And here, though perhaps the remark might be delayed until we come to speak of Mr.

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stayed a year at Venice and Rome. With respect to my family connexions, I had four sisters. One of them was married to Eric Benzelius, afterwards promoted to the Archbishoprick of Upsal: and thus I became related to the two succeeding Archbishops of that see, both named Benzelius, and younger brothers of the former. My second sister was married to Lars Benzelstierna, who was promoted to a provincial government. But all these are dead: however, two bishops who are related to me are still living: one of them, named Filenus, is Bishop of East-Gothland, and now officiates as President of the Ecclesiastical Order in the Diet at Stockholm, in the room of the Archbishop, who is infirm: he married my sister's daughter: the other named Benzelstierna, is Bishop of Westermania and Dalecarlia; he is the son of my second sister. Not to mention others of my relations who enjoy stations of dignity. I live, besides, on *terms of familiarity and friendship with all the Bishops of my country*, [the Italics are ours] who are ten in number: as also with the sixteen senators, and the rest of the nobility: for they know I am in fellowship with angels. The King and Queen also, and the three princes their sons, shew me much favour. I was once invited by the king and queen to dine at their table,—an honour which is in general granted only to the nobility of the highest rank; and, likewise, since, with the hereditary prince. They all wished for my return home: so far am I from being in danger of persecution in my own country, as you seem to apprehend, and so kindly wish to provide against; and should anything of the kind befal me elsewhere it cannot hurt me. But I regard all I have mentioned as matters of respectively little moment; for, what far exceeds them, I have been called to a holy office by the Lord himself, who most graciously manifested himself to me, his servant, in the year 1743; when he opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privileges of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day. From that time I began to print and publish various *arcana* that have been seen by me, or revealed to me; as respecting heaven and hell, the state of man after death, the true worship of God, the spiritual sense of the word: with many other most important matters conducive to salvation and true wisdom. The only reason of my latter journeys to foreign countries, has been the desire of being useful, by making known the arcana entrusted to me. As to the world's wealth, I have what is sufficient, and more I neither seek nor wish for. [This remark is an answer to an offer by Mr. Hartley, to supply him with money, should he have occasion for it.—Ed. "*Documents.*"] Your letter has drawn the mention of these things from me, with a view, as you suggest, that any ill-grounded prejudices may be removed, &c. &c. Eman. Swedenborg."

Wilkinson's translation, we cannot refrain from recording an opinion that it would have tended much more to the popularizing of the works of Swedenborg, had the translator avoided the error into which we believe Swedenborg to have inadvertently fallen of conveying his ideas to us in such mystic hieroglyphic as to require the aid of a key or dictionary to elucidate. It is true Mr. Wilkinson (p. xiv. of the Preface) promises "a Glossary of those terms in parts ii. and iii.," but in the meantime part i. is left to fight its way as best it can with a public always impatient of labor, and ever emulous of ease. Mr. Wilkinson should have remembered the old adage,—while the grass grows, the steed starves,—*inter cæsa et porrecta.*

M. Sandel, who seems to have barely looked into Swedenborg's theological works, and betrays little fondness for them, if he does not evince a decided feeling against them, says,—

He explains in them, according to the laws of the system he had adopted, both things visible and invisible; from the former he draws conclusions respecting the latter: he represents to himself, in conformity with the world in which we live, another and entirely spiritual world, in which, as in this, he admits of degrees of perfection, and increase without end in the faculties of the inhabitants, a similarity and agreement of tastes and occupations, of conveniences and inconveniences, of pleasures and of pains. Strongly impressed with these ideas, he endeavoured, in examining the Holy Scriptures, to combine them with his philosophical principles. Nevertheless, in describing spiritual things he has not been able to avoid the ideas inseparable from material existence.

The following is the statement of the Editors of the "Documents," and we presume they, as having studied the theological system of Swedenborg deeply, cautiously, and thoroughly, are more to be relied upon than M. Sandel, who says, indeed, his opinion is formed "from a slight inspection;" which party however is right, we will not take upon ourself to determine, though we incline to the editors of the "Documents." They state that Swedenborg did not publish what he had written respecting the spiritual world, as *things concluded* from what is visible, or the natural world, respecting what is invisible, or the spiritual world, but he published them as "*matters of fact from what he heard and saw in the Spiritual World.*" His assertion, say they was, that the Lord had mercifully opened the *sight of his Spirit*, so that he could in a state of perfect wakefulness, associate with spirits and angels, and thus from experience he became acquainted with the spiritual, and its relation to the natural world, and also with the state of men after death. Every man, he states, has in his material body a spiritual body, for "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," the organs of which are the only ground of all sensation, "since the material body in itself has no sensation, but is only the instrument by which the spirit, that is the man himself, has communication with the material world."

In the spiritual world, the spiritual body sees, hears, feels, and enjoys the use of all the corporeal senses, but in a more exalted degree than in the material body. These senses, (so we take the spiritual organs to mean) can be so refined, (or "opened," as say the Editors) when it pleases the Almighty, that men, even without passing through the gates of death, may be made to communicate with spirits and angels, or beings who have already (as it appears to us) experienced the ordeal of the material life, and see the things of the spiritual world, which are not *material*, but *substantial*.

Thus, [says Tafel,] the spiritual sight of the prophets and apostle swas opened when they saw in vision the things which they describe, as Zechariah, Ezekiel, Daniel, &c., and especially John in the Apocalypse. All the objects they saw were not material, but spiritual, for there are *spiritual substances* as well as *material*. But spiritual objects are not like material objects subject to mechanical and chemical laws, nor to the conditions of time and space, but they are subject to pure spiritual laws, and precisely correspond to the states of the spiritual inhabitants, and thus represent the state of their affections and thoughts of their real life, whether good or evil. What, therefore, Swedenborg describes as *facts* concerning the spiritual world and the states of departed spirits, must not be considered, according to M. Sandel's supposition, as conclusions drawn from visible or material things respecting invisible or spiritual things, but as *realities* perceived in spiritual light by his spiritual senses and communicated to the world to promote the wisdom, happiness, and salvation of mankind. (pp. 28—29.)

It will be seen here that M. Tafel assumes as *facts* those things which are at any rate to the inquirer only *statements*. It is true that in the concluding sentence, he adds, that "the things which Swedenborg describes as *facts* and *realities*, and which he heard and saw in the spiritual world, will be seen, proved, and attested by the celebrated German philosopher, Kant, and others equally worthy of credit, as we proceed further on." But now comes the test—will the testimony of Kant, or even of those "equally worthy of credit," be considered valid evidence and proof of the truth, by those who are to judge and give verdict on the case of the doctrines of Swedenborg? We think not. And here it would be advisable, did space and time permit, to offer some remarks upon the doctrines of Kant, and his writings, since the subtlety of his metaphysical reasonings once made so much noise in Germany; but this would be carrying us quite beyond the bounds of a mensal publication, and depositing us on the confines of that world, to which Jacob Bœhmen, and Plotinus, and Porphyry, Luther, Epimenides, Pythagoras, Beaumont, and Prebendary Dennis, according to their own statements, were admitted. Neither have we the hardihood, as mere strollers on the shore of the ocean of knowledge, now and then picking up a pebble, to deny *in toto* those arguments which the admirers of Swe-

denborg have brought forward to validate the evidence which they tender in support of his claims to transcendental exaltation. Our sole object is *truth* and truth only, and a search for which once instituted, we hold, should be persevered in with the most rigid firmness, and the most uncompromising impartiality.

It is difficult to refuse to receive the extraordinary history of the case, where Swedenborg is represented as conversing with the deceased brother of the Queen, (of which more by and by) or that of the lost receipt, yet they were miracles * worked, as it appears to us, without a commensurate necessity. Johnson, in his "Life of Roscommon," has made the same remark on the relation of a fact by Aubrey, of the vision of his father to Lord Roscommon at the moment of his death. In the case of Lord Lyttleton, which of course is familiar with our readers, there is, however, some cause, some reason; and the same may be alleged of the appearance of Lord Tyrone, † for an inversion of an acknowledged, or perhaps manifestation of a hidden law of nature. But in the case of Swedenborg, there does not appear upon the face of the narrative, at first sight, that necessity, or object, or motive; hence those who are endued with a strong spirit of incredulity will check themselves *in limine* and dismiss the inquiry. To this proceeding we cannot assent. In the present state of our knowledge we can see no necessity or discover any use for the eruption of the volcano, the ravage of the storm, or the horrors of the earthquake, yet there are not those among men who are accustomed to ponder upon the mighty laws and forces of nature, who will come forward and deny their dreadful frequency. It is not, then, from the inutility of a thing that we are to question its existence, or the rarity of an event that we are to deny its occurrence; and, consequently, when a circumstance is related to us by creditable persons as having happened—as a shower of fish for example—we are not acting in the true spirit either of Christianity or philosophy, if we proceed without investigation to deny the relation. Strange as it may read to those who may not have given that attention to psychology and psychological inquiry which the importance of the subject demands, there are not wanting those, even at the present day, who have seen, or at any rate believe they have seen, visions and revelations, though of a different nature, not inferior to those which Swedenborg—a man of probity and learning—positively assures us he saw in the spiritual world.

We have the honour to be acquainted with a noble lord—an ornament to the senate of which he is a member,—who is considered apt in debate, comprehensive in argument, correct in his conclusions as to matters of general moment, and (*we* know him to be) deeply learned, not in the conventional knowledge of classical verbalists,

* We use the word "miracle" in the common acceptation.

† *Vide* Accredited Ghost Stories, by J. M. Jarvis, Esq. London, 1823.

but in the more erudite and recondite sciences of botany, geology, mathematics, and œconomics, who has confessed to the appearance of an apparition, whose errand was only in part fulfilled, and whose advent was scarcely necessary to the end in view. We have again and again conversed with his lordship upon the subject, and he always entertains the same opinion, that the end for which it manifested itself, was scarcely adequate to the means, yet assures us such was the case. In the "Credibility of Swedenborg *" there are some arguments, especially in the first and third part, which are astounding, and require to be read with a rigid determination not to allow catechetical inquiry to assume the province of demonstrative infallibility.

But see to what a length the admission of the reasoning and arguments of the writer would necessarily lead us! Admitted, that Swedenborg was favoured with those peculiar revelations, which, collated and envolumed, have been fused into a system of theology, would it not open the door to Kötter, Simon Majus, Labadie, Kuhlman, Lewis, and Caspar Lavater, Increase Mather, William Law, Wanley, Bœhmen, *et cum multiis aliis*, who would then be entitled to be considered as the founders of new systems of religion, all concurrent it may be in morality and virtue, but deeply divergent in the modes, manners, forms, and ceremonies of outward worship, and in those nice metaphysical and psychological distinctions which make up the sum of the code of any established religion? This is a question which may well be asked, and we think may be replied to very easily. They might have all seen the visions they relate, but it does not follow that they were one and all commissioned to renovate principles, or controvert tenets previously established. If it be conceded that the prophets of old, and the apostles, Peter, Paul, John, and others, were favoured with visions, who were but ordinary men, chosen for a special purpose, it will be difficult to refuse to admit the claims of those, who, with the exception of these supernatural relations, (which many persons, however, take for indications of mania,) were considered by all who knew them as wise, prudent, upright, just, honourable, learned, and virtuous men. Nor do we see what harm an admission of their relations as realities can do. In all the visions and revelations which have been put forth by persons claiming to be illuminated with a divine grace or light, it is remarkable that not one pretends to be commissioned to do evil. This, alone, is a strong argument in favour of their pretensions, and should always be kept in mind, when examining critically, relations of preternatural occurrences. †

* An Essay on the Credibility of Swedenborg, &c. 12mo. London, 1835.

† Is it not possible that there may be an explanation found in the superior cerebral development of one man over another, and that the organs

It is some two-and-twenty years since a clergyman of the Church of England—a man of piety, probity, and learning—Prebendary

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of the brain may be so refined, strengthened and aculeated, that they may perceive many things which are invisible to others? Does that individual now living at the Mauritius, who perceives ships several hundred miles at sea, not possess a very peculiar property in his organs of vision? This man would have been treated as an impostor if he had not physical proof always at hand to tender in support of his possession of his singular quality. He is pensioned by the British Government, and every morning he reports to the Government House what number of vessels there are in the offing and when they may be expected, and it is remarkable that he has been never known to report falsely. When the first steamer went to the East, he saw her, it is stated, three hundred miles off, but as may be supposed, was not a little surprised to perceive that she moved nearly without sails, and had *four* masts, one of which appeared to be on fire, as it was smoking! On reporting the appearance of this strange vessel, it was immediately concluded that he had lost his extraordinary power of vision, and that he had invented the tale to excite curiosity. The event however, only served to confirm the fact of his wonderful faculty. It was still more remarkable, as no intimation whatever had reached the island that a steamer would start for India. Reasoning therefore on this principle, that one man may have his cerebral organization more perfect than another, may we not concede to a human being the possession of a faculty of which we ourselves have no cognizance? Or may not some principle in an individual, when meeting with another opposed to or agreeing with it, develop a third which shall be a visible entity as the former two were invisible entities? In the absence of definite terms we shall illustrate our meaning thus—Lime-water, when recently made, and kept from contact with atmospheric air, is clear, limpid, and diaphanous—or at least nearly so,—while carbonic acid gas is altogether invisible. But if we bring them in contact, immediately we have a change in the appearance of the liquor, which becomes cloudy and subsequently turbid. This may be a clumsy mode of explaining our meaning, but we really cannot help it, as on psychological questions language is unsettled, and the qualities of subjects have not been defined. It is remarkable that persons who have never heard of psychological argument, or indeed of any thing aproaching to the doctrine of an immaterial substance co-existent with the body, have affirmed the same facts as Swedenborg. The writer of this article remembers a negro girl who was distinguished for nothing but this property, faculty, or exaltation of the cerebral organs, who in the middle of the day, and at other times also, he believes, would cry, "Look at them! See how they run! There they are! the Spirits!"—Nor did these visions, so far as we could learn, ever interfere directly or indirectly with her work; nor was she ill, nor was she treated as one labouring under disease. She grew up and had children, and we believe no longer saw these bodies. In no instance did she claim any merit or even (from all we could learn) think but that every one was endowed with the same faculty. Now this relation may, or may not be true—it is nevertheless a singular circumstance that an unlettered black should describe the appearance of spiritual substances very much in the style and language of an European.

Dennis, published a curious work, detaling very minutely the singular vision which occurred to him, an account of which we

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The phenomena may be explained by admitting the hypothesis of Ferriar and Hibbert, or the reasoning of Nicolai, to say nothing of the recent arguments of Lawrence, of the cerebral materialism of Drs. Elliotson and Engledue—*But who is prepared to admit them?* Certainly not the writer of this article. For though we entertain the highest respect for these authors, especially Drs. Elliotson and Engledue, we cannot subscribe to their doctrines. We believe them to be based on gratuitous assumptions, and suppositious facts. On any view of the question however it is obscured by doubt, entangled by confusion, obstructed by difficulty, and bounded by the finite powers of the corporeal organs. Liebig has even trenched upon materialism, but finding himself likely to be more bewildered in that faith than in the doctrine of psychology, slips out of the dilemma by confessing that "the chemist can never make a single leaf." It is remarkable that while doctors admit what to the unassisted mind is more difficult of belief than that of a spiritual substance co-existent with the body, they deny, if not in direct terms at any rate inferentially, the existence of spirit. We may except Müller however from the the charge, whose opinion would not only seem to overturn all chemical views of *life*, but would even establish an essential principle, or essence, or force, which theologians would have no hesitation in declaring was THE SOUL. This is what he says: "In mineral substances the elements are always combined in a binary manner. They are never observed to combine three or four together, so as to form a compound in which each element is equally united with all the others. This however is universally the case in organic bodies. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, the same elements which by binary combination formed inorganic substances, unite together each with all the others, and form the peculiar proximate principles of organic beings. These compounds are termed ternary, or quarternary, according to the number of elements composing them. Although they may be by analysis reduced to their ultimate elements, they cannot be regenerated by any chemical process." "Another essential distinction pointed out by Berzelius is, that in organic products, the combining proportions of their elements do not observe a simple arithmetical ratio." (*Müller's Physiology*. pp.3–4, 1838.) Now this "vital force," or "vitality," or "vital principle," or whatever else it may be called by chemists and physiologists, we have no hesitation in saying is *the Soul*, or *Spirit*, which overcoming chemical as well as organic laws, develops by the aid of the material organs those phenomena which we call "human life," and which manifest more or less of divine origin, in proportion to the purity of the elementary bodies or proximate principles of matter, through which, by a law of organization, theSoul or Spirit is compelled to act. Upon this subject few men have written better or more to the purpose than Dr. Martyn Paine of New York, (*See an Examination of a Review, contained in the British and Foreign Medical Review, &c. By Martyn Paine, M.D., New York*, 1841.) It is to be regretted that the pamphlet referred to is not republished in England, as besides the exposure of the plagiary of the Reviewer, Dr. Payne shews that his reasoning tends directly to the worst species of materialism. We must

think will not be unacceptable to the reader. We may premise that the book* is written in a very vivid, terse, fervid style; is replete with many noble and original thoughts, though expressed in rather tumid language; and is dedicated (ironically) to Mr. Lawrence, "Surgeon and Apostle of Materialism." The Prebendary is an unflinching advocate of the Church of England, and Puritans, Dissenters, and Catholics, are treated (at least metaphorically) with very little less ceremony than was Marsyas by Apollo. He cannot be accused of having any leaning towards that portion of the Catholic religion which inculcates the belief in the occasional illumination by the Divine Spirit of certain chosen persons for especial purposes. Yet, he testifies to the truth of such tenets in his own person. We give the relation in the Prebendary's own language, who speaks in the third person.

Travelling to Pixton, the seat of Earl Carnarvon, a distance of twenty-five miles, to visit an intimate friend, tutor to Lord Porchester, Mr. S. Nosworthy, Clerk, now Rector of Brushford, he (the Author) had the prospect of a tedious journey, through reluctance to distress by speed his horse, materially injured in the foot. With a mind free from care;—no human being commanding more self-possession, in dismissal of painful reflexion on experience of injurious or insulting treatment, through firm persuasion, that all things work together for good to them who love God;—with a mind tranquil, and panting for a partial revival of those attic days, so often spent in literary discussion with a most accomplished scholar and confidential associate, he sought mental enjoyment for the livelong hours of itinerant solitude. Precluded from daily solace of visiting the Courts of the Lord's House, succedaneum was supplied in the duty enjoined on the clergy, both by ancient and modern laws, secret solemnization of liturgical rites, in default of public worship. Without articulation, he raised his heart to heaven, mentally and cordially offering up the following prayer: "Lord, let me feel myself in thy more immediate presence; assist, I pray thee, and accept of my services; let thy Holy Spirit keep my infirmities, disposing my heart to seriousness, attention, and devotion, to the honour of thy Holy Name, and the benefit of my soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord." He strictly adhered to the mode of attaining acceptable prayers, recommended by that pious man of active occupation, Mr. James Bonnel, Accomptant General of Ireland at the Revolution. Any passing object having incidentally diverted attention, he returned to the point of incipient wandering. Thus every word silently repeated, was ultimately accompanied with corre-

apologise for this note which has extended to an almost inconvenient length, but we were desirous that no misapprehension of our meaning should occur, and consequently have at risk of prolixity laboured to prevent it.

* Subversion of Materialism, by Credible Attestation of Supernatural Occurrences, &c. &c. By J. Dennis, B.C.L., Prebendary of the Royal Collegiate Church of Exeter Castle. 12mo. 1826. Bath and London.

spondent thought and desire. Be it known to every class of sectarian Will-worshippers, that a precomposed form of prayer, thus used, came up for a memorial before God, as was incontrovertibly demonstrated by the signal event. Toward conclusion of the morning service, with heart and mind intensely raised towards heaven, he distinctly descried, bursting from the eastern quarter of the atmosphere, a sudden blaze of light of transcendent brilliancy, infinitely surpassing the meridian radiance of the sun, being of the brightest possible degree of whiteness, transmitted in progress, neither in straight lines, as solar light, nor in angular zigzag direction, as lightning, but in curvilinear undulating direction, somewhat approaching the incurvated line described by a dove, descending from an exalted point of altitude. In lapse of about a minute, this most brilliant blaze so completely enveloped his person, that, having his eyes open, he could not see the animal on which he rode, while continually feeling his progressive motion unimpeded, from commencement to termination of the vision. Thus surrounded by a transcendent light, he distinctly saw a still more brilliant irradiation also transmitted in undulating direction from the east, and resting in the atmosphere in a perpendicular direction over his head. At this acme of the supernatural phenomenon, he distinctly heard pronounced by an audible articulate voice in that part of the heavens, directly above the spot where he was proceeding, the following words: "The discipline of the Church will be restored through you, &c." The irradiation of superior brilliancy receding to the East, that of comparatively inferior splendour continued to envelope him, without intermission. The superior irradiation returning, he then with equal distinctness heard the following words: "Miss Shore will marry you."* Again reading and returning as before, he heard the following words: "You will recover your health, by observing the fasts of the Church." Then the light of prime splendour receding, the light of secondary brightness subsequently receded. Immediately subsided the corporeal sensation of exquisite freedom from atmospheric pressure, with genial refreshment, defying description, from substitution of celestial ether. Independently of the mental solace of divine communication; antecedently, intermediately, and subsequently, pending envelopment in the supernatural cloud, he enjoyed sensible foretaste of heaven upon earth. * * * Toward its conclusion, he met in an open carriage a retired well-known barrister, driving his wife, whom he accosted as usual, not venturing to excite habitual propensity to coarse jocularity, by remotest allusion to the recent occurrence." (pp. 55—58.)

This was not the only vision seen by the Prebendary, but we cannot make room for them, and must leave this signal account of a still more signal intervention of Providence, or, according to the doctrine of the cerebral philosophy, this exalted aberration of the intellectual organs, in the hands of the reader, and proceed to relate the cases of Swedenborg's alleged conversation with the dead—a narrative that must be read even by the most infidel of reasoners

* This young lady subsequently became his wife.

with something akin to awe, however that feeling may be subsequently submerged in the alarm of pride, or laughed off in the confidence of philosophy. Here we have recourse to Mr. Noble's *Appeal**, and we abridge the account which he gives of "The Queen of Sweden's Testimony, concerning Swedenborg's Intercourse with the Spiritual World." Mr. Noble gives the account in the Queen's own words, as recorded "by an author who cannot be suspected of any partiality in favour of Swedenborg; I mean M. Dieudonné Thiebault, a French savant of the school of Voltaire, and professor of the *Belles Lettres* in the Royal Academy of Berlin." Thiebault is known in England by a work on Frederick the Great†, and consequently, a perusal of that volume will enable the reader to judge how far Mr. Noble is justified in referring him to the school, *that was*, of Voltaire. Thiebault, it must be premised, represents the Queen, Louisa Ulrica, as being like her brother, a professed *esprit fort* even to the avowal of atheism, consequently it cannot be supposed that she could feel any desire to exalt the theology of Swedenborg in public estimation, though her innate nobility would not permit her to deny the truth of the extraordinary fact to which she was a party. We now quote Thiebault's own words, not being solicitous of the responsibility of a statement which, however founded on fact, is still of that nature, that no one should willingly put forth his own authority in support of it, when he can easily bring forward the original author.

I know not on what occasion it was, that conversing one day with the queen on the subject of the celebrated visionary Swedenborg we (the members of the Academy) expressed a desire, particularly M. Merian and myself, to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I, on my part, related what had been told me respecting him by Chamberlain d'Hamon, who was still alive, and who had been Ambassador from Prussia both to Holland and France. It was that his brother-in-law (the Count de Marteville, Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm,) having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery which she remembered had been paid in her husband's life-time: that the widow not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenborg, who she was told could converse with the dead whenever he pleased; that she accordingly adopted his advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity; and at the end of a few days Swedenborg informed her, that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day and such an hour, as he was reading such an article in *Bayle's Dictionary*, in his cabinet; and that his attention being called immediately afterwards in some other concern, he put the receipt

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* Appeal on behalf of the Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church. By S. Noble.

† Original anecdotes of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. London. 1805. The work was originally written in French.

into the book to mark the place at which he left off; where in fact it was found at the page described. The Queen replied, that though she was but little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she nevertheless had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof: that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and it was one of those that had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he had said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm. She added, that what she had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the Prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips: that some days after Swedenborg returned when she was seated at cards, and requested she would grant him a private audience; to which she replied he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the Queen became agitated, gave her cards, to another lady and requested M. de Schwerin (who also was present when she related the story to us) to accompany her—that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. Schwerin at the door and advanced towards the farthest extremity of it with Swedenborg; who said to her, "You took, Madam, your leave of the Prince of Prussia your late august brother, at Charlottenburg on such a day and at such an hour in the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery in the castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again; he then took you by the hand and led you to such a window where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words: ——The Queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced: and she called on M. de Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said, who in his laconic style contented himself with saying, "All you have said, Madam, is perfectly true, at least as far as I am concerned." I ought to add, that though the Queen laid great stress on the truth of her recital, she professed herself at the same time incredulous to Swedenborg's supposed conferences with the dead. "A thousand events," said she, "appear inexplicable and supernatural to us who know only the immediate consequences of them; and men of quick parts, who are never so well pleased as when they exhibit something wonderful, take an advantage of this to gain an extraordinary reputation. M. Swedenborg was a man of learning and of some talent in this way; but I cannot imagine by what means he obtained the knowledge of what had been commuicated to no one. However, I have no faith in his having had a conference with my brother."

This is Thiebault's account; and in any manner that the means of obtaining this information by Swedenborg of what had been known but to *two* persons, and one of them dead, may be explained, it cannot affect the *fact*, consequently the admirers of Swedenborg are as much entitled to insist that the faculty said to have been pos-

sessed by him was the true medium by which he acquired his knowledge, as their opponents have to invent or suppose another channel, which they have not however ventured to name. We have no hesitation therefore in saying, startling as we admit the affirmation to be, that the Swedenborgians have the better of the argument. There is indeed one other supposition, which is, that Swedenborg was a clairvoyant, or that he lived in a highly exalted or mesmerized sphere, (we can find no other word to explain what we mean,) which in some respects modifies the argument, or rather shifts it from that of a psychological to a physiological discussion. But all men are not agreed as to the existence of such a property of matter or spirit as mesmerism—yet they are acquainted with attraction, cohesion, gravitation, magnetism, and the influence of the invisible rays of light (or caloric) upon material bodies—and consequently this new explication will not be generally admitted. In the absence then of all other testimony or explanation of the means by which the information was obtained, we must be content with what Swedenborg himself asserts, because his mode of life, his pursuits, and his moral character entitle him to belief. This reasoning may not be considered conclusive by many, but that we cannot help. We are not of the church of the New Jerusalem, neither do we embrace its peculiar tenets; nor do we say of ourself that the knowledge of what the brother said to the sister at parting, was obtained through the instrumentality of the dead, but we say that in the absence of all other explanations (and none others are shewn to exist) we must receive Swedenbrog's, as on the most rigid scrutiny we can discover no motive for deception.

The story is also related by Baron de Grimm*, who afterwards concludes thus:—"The fact is confirmed by authorities so respectable, that it is impossible to deny it: *but the question is how* to believe it!" This surely is at least writing oneself down "an ass." What else short of immediate Divine interposition can we have to substantiate a fact, besides "*authorities so respectable, that it is impossible to deny their affirmation*;" and yet, when we have heard this—all, be it remembered, that human nature can produce in support of the assertion, we turn round and positively verify the remark, "and they would not believe, though one rose from the dead!" With such persons it is impossible to argue. They must either deny the proposition, and prove the *vetus testimonium* corrupt, or they must admit the statement. In this position we shall leave them.

Of other extraordinary relations of Swedenborg we have nothing to say. They are of a similar nature and are as well attested. We, therefore, hasten to consider the work now before us, namely, "The

* *Vide* Memoirs Hist. Lit. et Anecdotiques, tirés de la Correspondence addressée au duc de Saxe Gotha, par le Baron de Grimm. Tom. ii. p. 56, ed. London, 1813.

Animal Kingdom,"*—first, however, drawing attention to the many singular anticipations of the discoveries of modern philosophers.

Of the discoveries which Swedenborg made in chemistry, astronomy, and anatomy, it is impossible to speak in language too panegyrical. According to the Marquis de Thomé †, who addressed some remarks to the commissioners appointed to inquire into the merits of *animal magnetism* by the King of France, Swedenborg was the first who offered a theory on the magnet. The words of the Marquis are :—

> In the report of the commissioners appointed by the King for the examination of Animal Magnetism, these gentlemen have affirmed that there does not exist any theory of the magnet. This assertion has occasioned many remonstrances; and I shall here make one, and, as I think the most just of any, in favour of an illustrious man of learning, some years since deceased. Three folio volumes were printed at Dresden and Leipsic in 1734, under the following title: *Emanuelis Swedenborgii Opera Philosophica et Mineralia.* The first of these volumes is entirely devoted to a sublime theory of the formation of the world, founded on that of the magnetic element; the existence, form, and mechanism of which are demonstrated by the author from experience, geometry, and the most solid reasoning founded on these two bases.

The two other volumes, as not bearing upon the subject in question, the Marquis dismisses, but not until he has made the following

* As it is possible to conceive some of our readers may be desirous of examining into the testimonies respecting the visions and revelations of Swedenborg, and of comparing them with those which have been adduced in support of others, we subjoin a list of those works which we have consulted either directly or indirectly as bearing on the question—some especially in reference to Swedenborg, others only as tending to elucidate the inquiry: *Tighe's Life of William Law*, 8vo; *Mather's Remarkable Providences*. also *his Life* by his Son, and the latter's *History of New England* and *Wonders of the Invisible World; Jennings's Life of Cotton Mather; Kotter's Lux in Tenebris, Amsterdam* 1657; *Hibbert's Theory of Apparitions; Ferriar's History towards a Theory of Apparitions; Lavater De Spectris; Kuhlman's Prodromus quinquennii Mirabilis; Connor's Evangelium Medici; Jung-Stilling's Theory of Pneumatology by Jackson; Accredited Ghost-Stories by Jarvis; Signs Before Death by Horace Welby; Wesley's Journal; Colton's Account of the Sampford Ghost; Aubrey's Miscellanies; Beaumont's Treatise on Apparitions; Glanville's Sadducismus Triumphatus; Wanley's Wonders; Ellys's Remarks on Hume's Essay on Miracles; Newman's Essay on the Miracles of the Middle Ages; The Psychological Magazine; Intellectual Repository (passim); The Zoist;* &c. &c. &c.

† On an assertion of the Commissioners appointed by the King of France, for the examination of Animal Magnetism, by the Marquis of Thomé, dated Paris, Aug. 4th, 1785. This letter will be found in Tafel's *Documents* concerning Swedenborg, and in *The Intellectual Repository* for 1815, p. 191.

remark:—"that in the whole of the work, there is such an abundance of new truths, and of physical, mathematical, astronomical, mechanical, chemical, and mineralogical knowledge, as would be more than sufficient to establish the reputation of several different writers." He further says, that the most celebrated men have not disdained to draw materials from it, to assist them in their labours; and that "some have had the weakness to dress themselves in the feathers of the peacock, without acknowledging where they obtained them." He informs us, that after reading the paragraph in the first volume, p. 387, entitled *De Chao Universali Solis et Planetarum, deque separatione ejus in Planetas et Satellites;* and that at page 438, *De Progressione Telluris a sole ad Orbitam,* it will be seen, how much Buffon was mistaken (was not the error voluntary?) in saying in his Discourse on the Formation of the Planets, that nothing had ever been written on the subject. The Marquis farther informs us, that a cursory perusal of this first volume will be sufficient to repress any astonishment we might be inclined to express at the experiments of M. Lavoisier,—Swedenborg having previously shewn, that earth and water are not to be regarded as elements, nor elements as simple substances. The numerous and curious experiments of Camus are then alluded to in the following language:—

I would forbear to add that M. Camus, who has performed such surprising things with the magnet before our eyes, admits that he has derived from this author almost all the knowledge that he has exhibited on this subject, and, in short, without having studied him, our acquaintance with magnetism must be very imperfect—if the commissioners appointed by his majesty to examine animal magnetism, had not affirmed, that there as yet exists no theory of the magnet.*

It would appear, indeed, from the Marquis's shewing, that the first volume alone of this great work of Swedenborg is one of the most complete and profound ever published. Swedenborg did not deal in generalities. He argued on geometrical principles, remarking (as de Thomé informs us) at p. 184 of his first vol.—"Unless our principles be geometrically and mechanically connected with experience, they are mere hallucinations and idle dreams." De Thomé, a little after, says, that the theory of Swedenborg incontestibly proves the existence of the magnetic element; that it establishes, that the particles of this element being spherical, the tendency of their motion in consequence of this form is either spiral or vertical, or circular; that as each of these motions require a centre, whenever

* It will be gathered from this what was or is the *real* value of the report of the Commissioners appointed by the king to inquire into the facts connected with aninial magnetism. Jussieu's reclamation ought to be reprinted if it be merely to shew how opposed physicians have generally been to all advancements in the science of medicine.

the particles meet with a body, which by the regularity of the pores, and the configuration and position of its parts, is adapted to their motion, they avail themselves of it and form around it a magnetical vortex; that, consequently, every body that has such pores and such a configuration and position of its parts may become the centre of such a vortex; that if this body possesses an activity of its own, if its parts are flexible, and if its motion is similar to that of the particles, it will be so much the more disposed to admit them, &c. &c. Whence, says Thomé, it follows, that magnetical substances are such merely by virtue of the element whose existence Swedenborg has demonstrated, and thus that the magnetism of bodies depends, not on their substance, but on their form; a truth which is hinted at by the learned Alstedius in his excellent Encyclopædia, printed at Lyons, in 1649; in which, drawing a comparison between electricity and magnetism, he says, *Motiones electricæ à materia magneticæ vero à forma pendent.* *

We must now take leave of the Marquis, to whom we have been much indebted for this resumé of Swedenborg's Theory of Magnetism, and refer to some other discoveries, which were undoubtedly Swedenborg's. And, first, of the *Foramen* of Monro. The first person who publicly claimed the discovery of this passage or communication between the right and left, or two lateral ventricles of the cerebrum, was Dr. Monro, the second of Edinburgh. For a

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* Mr. Faraday, in the first Friday Evening Lecture of this season at the Royal Institution, touched very closely upon the opinion of Alstedius. See the Lecture referred to. The magnetic theory of Swedenborg receives additional asistance, if not confirmation, in Father Boscovich's Theory of Matter —if that learned Jesuit had not seen Swedenborg's *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, which was published in 1734. It is likely he had, for his *Theoria Philosophiæ Naturalis reducta ad unicam legem virium in Naturâ existantium*, was not published till 24 years after, namely in 1758. How far Swedenborg might have been indebted to Alstedius we will not pretend to determine, as we have not the means of comparing the Encyclopædia and the Opera Philosophica together, but it is more than probable that he was acquainted with the contents of an encyclopædia that was at that period and even subsequently a work of great authority. With regard to the theory of Boscovich, which is so strongly opposed to Dalton's, it was, that matter consists of mere mathematical points endowed with attraction and repulsion without extension, so that it resolves matter into mere force or powers of attraction and repulsion. This strongly reminds one of the general *mode* of reasoning in all Swedenborg's works, at least those that we have consulted. However, if not a complete resemblance, a very great similarity will be traced between the two modes of putting the theory. Biot, Ampère, Humboldt, Poison, Barlow, and others have only followed up what Swedenborg pointed out. See Somerville's *Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, 1835.

long time many anatomists denied its existence, and a story is told, we think of one of the Bells, who, when demonstrating the cerebrum to his pupils, used to push the blow-pipe through the parietes of the ventricles, and exclaim, "This is the foramen of Monro!" However, it was at last conceded that there *was* a foramen, but that it was known before Monro's time! yet we do not remember to whom the honour of the discovery was generally attributed, but certainly *not* to Swedenborg. This great man, however, was not always to be denied the credit which was due to him, for a writer in the *Intellectual Repository* for 1824, page 170, took up the cudgels, and proved Swedenborg's title to the discovery, though up to this date we do not remember any treatise on the brain, in which the author even alludes to Swedenborg. Monro's first intimation in public of his discovery, was on the 13th of December, 1764, when he read a paper to the *Phil. Soc.* of Edinburgh on the subject; but in his work, entitled "*Observations on the Structure and Functions of the Nervous System*," he says, that he demonstrated the *foramen* to his pupils as early as the year 1753. Monro allows that a communication was known to exist between these two ventricles and the third, long prior to his time; but he shews that it was never demonstrated or delineated in the manner he had done, nor in any way that could convey any precise idea concerning it—"much less was implied the existence of the foramen." The channel of communication, which was admitted by the anatomists, seemed to be referred to the posterior, or back part of the lateral ventricles; whilst the foramen Monro described, is situated at the anterior or front part of the ventricle. Now, says the writer in the *Repository*, in the "Regnum Animale of Swedenborg," p. 207, the following striking observation occurs:—"Foramina communicantia in cerebro vocantur anus et vulva præter meatum seu emissarium lymphæ, quibus ventriculi laterales inter se, et cum tertio, communicant,"—which may be thus translated: "The communicating foramina in the cerebrum are called anus and vulva, beside the passage or emissary canal of the lymph; by these the lateral ventricles communicate with each other, and with the third ventricle." This work was printed in 1744, or nine years prior to the earliest notice by Dr. Monro, of the foramen in question! The motion of the brain also, the first description of which is attributed to John Daniel Schlichting, by Blumenbach in his *Inst. Physiol.* 1787, section 201, was first noticed by Swedenborg. Blumenbach refers to Schlichting's *Commecc. Litter.* Nov. 1744, p. 409. But the discovery seems due to Swedenborg, as he fully described it in the "Œconomia Regni Animalis," 1740, Nos. 349 and 458, which was published before Schlichting wrote. This was noticed in the "Monthly Magazine" for May 1841, pp. 448, 460. The discovery amounted to this, that when the lungs shrink or empty themselves

in expiration, the brain rises; but when they swell or expand themselves in inspiration, the brain sinks. The writer in the "Monthly Magazine" says—

Another discovery of Dr. Wilson,* concerning the vacuum which takes place when the blood is expelled from the contracted cavities, into which vacuum, according to the common laws of *derivation*, the neighbouring blood must rush, being prevented, by means of the valves, from regurgitating—is due to Swedenborg.

In the "Œconomia Regni Animalis," Swedenborg also gives a mechanical and geometrical analysis of the globules of the blood, from which he derives all the tissues of the body—

Here [says the same Author] he also commences to treat of *motions* of the human body; a subject of which indeed he may be considered the discoverer. He demonstrates that the brain has a respiratory motion, a rising and falling synchronous with the inspirations and expirations of the lungs, by means of which falling the nervous fluid *(fluidum Spirituosum)* is propelled all over the system, while the expansion of the brain draws the same fluid from the blood (of which it is the life) through the capillaries of the carotids, into the cortical substance (*corcula cerebri*) and so back into the nervous circulation. *Set the brain in motion* (says Swedenborg significantly) *and you will see the use of all its parts.* This motion generates the motions of the lungs, which re-act upon those of the brain and serve as a subsidiary and external attractive cause of the circulation of the nervous fluid, of which the motions of the brain serve as the internal cause. Nor is respiration confined to the lungs, but by their means as well as by the brain, is introduced into all the viscera; the whole being in a state of alternate swell and subsidence; which constitutes their life and activity, and excites them perpetually into the performance of their functions. Thus, with Swedenborg, definite structure has definite function; and definite function is nothing more than definite motion; *Qualis determinatio substantiarum, talis accidentium et motuum, qui substantias, sicut stratos penticulos percurrunt.* Every fibre has its own fluxion.

The same writer subsequently claims for him the "whole doctrine" of the atomic theory with much shew of truth, and next alludes to the composition of water, which Swedenborg laid down geometrically, stating the chemical equivalents of its components to be of the values of 8 and 1, always calling water, which is the formula of the present day, 9. These are very striking proofs of the wonderful genius and expansive mind of Swedenborg. But if it was said of Goldsmith, by Johnson in his epitaph, that he left no subject of human learning untouched, and never touched any subject that he did not adorn, how much more applicable is the sentiment to the illustrious Swede! We have seen that in philosophy, mineralogy, magnetism, anatomy, physiology, algebra, ethics, theology, and geometry, he excelled all other authors of his age, we have now to view him in the light of an astronomer.

* *An Inquiry into the Moving Powers employed in the Circulation of the Blood.* See also Dr. Young's Croonian Lecture in the Phil. Trans. for 1809.

Herschel discovered first in the year 1781, a seventh planet; but Swedenborg, so early as 1745, in his work on the *Worship and Love of God*, § 11, speaks of seven primary planets; he even mentions seven planets in his *Principia Rerum Naturalium*, published in 1734.

We have at length, we think, placed such facts of Swedenborg's wonderful powers of mind before the reader that we can hardly suppose that he now entertains the same opinion of that great man as when he commenced the perusal of this article. He can surely no longer subscribe to the foolish and wicked story of his madness—invented by one *Mathesius*, a Lutheran minister, who afterwards went mad himself (see "*Documents*" p. 145, *et ante et postea*) or credit the report of his being a visionary. Visionaries do not deal in geometry, and algebra, and mathematics, nor do they make great discoveries in the brain. Proceed we now therefore to Mr. Wilkinson's translation.

This volume consists of monographs by Swedenborg, upon the tongue, the lips, mouth, palate, and salivary glands; the pharynx, œsophagus, and their glands; the stomach and its orifices; the intestines; the mesyntery and the lacteals; the thoracic duct and the lymphatics; the glands generally; the liver and the gall bladder; the pancreas; the spleen; the omentum; the succenturiate kidneys; the kidneys and the ureters; the urinary bladder; the peritonæum; and as the author commenced with a prologue, so he ends with an epilogue. It will be readily acknowledged that the 16 chapters, with prologue and epilogue, embrace a very wide field, over which it is not possible for a reviewer to ride his hobby rough-shod. He must go "cannily" along, and not a little "craning" may be pardonable, for he is not dealing with the work of an ordinary mind. The translater justly says—

The principles of Swedenborg are more true now to the rational enquirer, than they could possibly be to the men of Swedenborg's own day:—wherever he adopted false facts, they furnished a worse basis for his system than the more solid materials of modern discovery. An *example* of this occurs in the chapter on the kindnies, where the principle stated to govern the urinary series is confirmed by the recent observations of Mr. Bowman, better than by the hypothetical structure assigned to the parts previously, in the absence of experimental evidence. (Preface, pp. viii. ix.)

The plan of the work will be best told in the language of Swedenborg himself. He says (p. 10):—

I intend to examine, physically and philosophically, the whole anatomy of the Body; of all its Viscera, Abdominal and Thoracic; of the Genital Members of both sexes; and of the Organs of the five Senses. Likewise,

The Anatomy of all parts of the Cerebrum, Cerebellum, Medulla Oblongata, and Medulla Spinalis.

Afterwards the cortical substance of the two brains; and their medullary fibre; and the causes of the forces and motion of the whole organism. Diseases, moreover; those of the head particularly, or which proceed by defluxion from the Cerebrum.

I propose afterwards to give an introduction to Rational Psychology, consisting of certain new doctrines, through the assistance of which we may be conducted, from the material organism of the body, to a knowledge of the soul, which is immaterial. These are the Doctrine of Forms; the Doctrine of Order and Degrees: also the Doctrine of Series and Society; the Doctrine of Influx; the Doctrine of Correspondence and Representation: lastly the Doctrine of Modification.

From these doctrines I come to the Rational Psychology itself; which will comprise the subjects of action; of external and internal sense; of imagination and memory; also, of the affections of the animus. Of the intellect, that is of thought and of the will; and of the affections of the rational mind; also, of instinct.

Lastly, of the Soul; and of its state in the Body, its intercourse, affection, and immortality; and of its state when the body dies. The work to conclude with a Concordance of Systems.

Such is the outline of the work, which the author intended to publish, but the whole has not been printed, some parts still remaining in manuscript.

It is impossible not to feel as we proceed in a criticism of "The Animal Kingdom" of Swedenborg, that justice can scarcely he hoped to be awarded it in the small space which can be allotted for that purpose in "The Monthly Review," but nevertheless we shall endeavour so to place some of the more prominent facts before the reader as to give him at least a general view of the contents of the whole volume.

The plan is this, Swedenborg collects together all that every author of celebrity in anatomy or physiology up to his age had said upon the structure or uses of the particular organ he is about to discuss, and then in the "Analysis" expresses his own opinions, drawing such conclusions and making such remarks, many of which are perfectly new to us, as tend to illustrate the particular doctrine which he is desirous of inculcating, namely the truth of revelation. And here before we proceed with *our* analysis, we shall go back to the prologue and quote some apposite, profound, and philosophical remarks:—

The province of reason or intellect consists exclusively in considering and inquiring what is reasonable, profitable, and becoming in society, or in the civil and moral world; and what is proper to be done in the kingdoms below it, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. Let the intellect be contented with its lot, and not aspire to higher things, which, inasmuch as they are sanctuaries and matters of revelation, exist to faith only. Furthermore, faith is banished as soon as ever the intellectual power endeavours to open the doors to its mysteries; for the intellect most commonly abolishes all faith in divine things; and what is received by the intellect, is not received by faith, that is to say, not by such a faith as elevates us above ourselves. And those who are inspired by a divine faith, completely despise the assistance of confirmatory arguments; perhaps they will laugh at this very book of mine,—for where there is faith, what need is there of demonstration, as where there is sight, what need is there to talk of light?

22. I grant this: nor would I persuade any one who comprehends these high truths by faith, to attempt to comprehend them by his intellect: let him abstain from my books. Who so believes revelation implicitly, without consulting the intellect, is the happiest of mortals, the nearest to heaven, and at once a native of both worlds. But these pages of mine are written, with a view to those only, *who never believe anything but what they can receive with the intellect;* consequently, who boldly invalidate, and are fain to deny the existence of all super-eminent things, sublimer than themselves, as the soul itself, and what follows therefrom—its life, immortality, heaven, &c. &c. (p. 14.)

To carry out this principle, he quotes the opinion of the following authors at full length: Heister's *Comp. Anat.* n. 285; Winslow's *Exposition Anat. de la struct. du Corps Humain; Traité de la Teste,* n. 504—538; Malpighi's *Exercitatio Epistolica de Lingua.* Swammerdam's *Biblia Naturæ,* p. 109; Boerhaave's *Institutiones Medicæ,* n. 62,—and refers to the following authors: Eustachius, *Tabul. Anat.,* Tab. xvii., fig. 2, 5, 8, 11, 18, 19, 20 (Edit. Colon. 1716); Cowper, *Myotomia Reformata;* Morgagni, *Advers. Anat.* i., tab. i. ii., &c.; Heister's *Comp. Anat.,* tab. vii., fig. 34, 35; Malpighi, in Mangetus, *Theatr. Anatom.,* tab. cix., fig. 15, 16, 17 18, 19; Bidloo in Mangetus, *T. A.,* tab. cix. fig. 8, 9, 13, 11 12, 13, 14, 20.

From this specimen an idea may be formed of the nature of the preliminary study which must have been undertaken and persevered in ere he could indite his "Analysis," a specimen of which we shall now give.

The primary, proper, and natural office of the tongue, consists in sucking, sipping, eating, and drinking; or, to speak more plainly, in receiving food for the nutrition of the body and the blood, in working this food about and forming it into a ball, and rolling the ball into the œsophagus and swallowing it. The tongue considered in general, performs this office; it likewise performs the same office in all its parts; for it pretastes the first fruits, the extracts, the spirits, and the purer essences of the food; that is, it takes them up by little mouths, it nimbly works them about upon little tongues, it drinks them by imperceptible pores, and delivers them immediately to the blood. Thus the lesser parts perform not only the same office on a small scale as the entire tongue, but also the same offices as the tongue performs in conjunction with its associates and contiguous organs,—the lips, the cheeks, the fauces, and the palate; and the least parts, as the tongue performs in conjunction with its continuous organs,—the pharynx, the œsophagus, the stomach, &c., for the least in every series comprehends an idea of its universe. (p. 35, 36, 37.)

The second office he assigns to the tongue is that of "feeling and perceiving what is about to be received, with a view to becoming acquainted with its qualities; that is, in tasting." (p. 37.) The third office, "not, however, proper to it," is that of speech.

By the the office and gift of speaking, the tongue feeds the higher principles, the very mind itself; by the office of eating, it feeds the lower principles, or the body. Thus it may be said to afford food to both the soul and the body; wherefore it guards the meeting of the two ways which lead to the two regions of the body,—to the viscera of the abdomen, through the pharynx and the œsophagus, and to the viscera of the chest through the larynx and the trachea; as well as the cross-way which leads to the cerebrum, the hall and palace of the mind. For this reason it is, that the human tongue has a less acute sense of taste than the tongues of the lower animals; for as in proportion as we approach the soul, in the same proportion we recede from the body. (pp. 38—39.)

In support of his statement, that the tongue consists of an infinity of "little tongues," he refers to Bidloo,* in whose plates are represented little tongues on the surface of the tongue. These are so many oval, pointed, or bicipital bodies. Also in Verheysen's, and Malpighi's plates, similar representations are perceived. These little bodies are even visible in the tongue of the snail. "The tongue of the house-snail," says Swammerdam, "is covered on each side with many small parts, like the branchiæ of fish, or like a comb with a double row of teeth," &c. Hence, Swedenborg infers, that there are as it were denticles or little teeth, which seize the nutritious particles, and carry them to the little cavities subjacent. Thence, he says, the same arrangement obtains in all the other members and organs; as in the eyes, where the globular parts in the vitreous humour are so many little eyes—a fact which is best seen in the eyes of the bee and fly. In the lungs—the least vesicles are so many little lungs. In the cerebrum, the cortical substances are so many primitive cerebellula. In the heart, the lacunæ, with their little columns, are so many ventricles of little hearts. This will at once unfold the system on which Swedenborg so learnedly insisted.

The reason he assigns for saying that the office of speaking is not proper, or is not exclusively vested in the tongue, is that it only disposes the muscles designed for manducation, at pleasure, in a new way; for several of the bird tribe, as daws, crows, &c., may be made to speak, although speech is not a proper faculty of their tongues. He acknowledges, however, that the motions are determined by a previous will, as they require to be learned by the young. He is further strengthened in his opinion by history, which relates that many persons have been able to speak without tongues, and that

* Bidloo was Physician to William III. Cowper stole some of his plates for his "Anatomy of Human Bodies," but not without remonstrance. Bidloo was born at Amsterdam in 1649. His great work is the "Anatomia Corporis Humani," fol. 1685. This is the publication from which Cowper purloined the plates. At the death of King William he returned to Holland, and died there in 1713.

Winslow quotes from Riolan's *Anthropographia*, the case of a child, five years old, who, although it had lost its tongue from the small pox, spoke almost as distinctly as before. In this case, however, the uvula was intact. In the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences, there is a report by Jussieu of the case of a girl born without a tongue, yet she could speak. In this instance a small tubercle occupied the place of the tongue. We may add, that there are other cases on record attestive of this opinion of Swedenborg.

After minutely describing the nerves and muscles of the tongue, He proceeds to tell us, in his own way, to the end, "that the ear may be instantly conscious of the manner in which sounds are first articulated, from the very earliest efforts of the infantile tongue, a small branch of the fifth pair, in a manner recurrent from the tongue, enters the membrane and cavity of the tympanum, and unites with the portio dura of the acoustic nerve, as it traverses the Eustachian tube; whereby the ear prestalling a passage through the fauces, is enabled to know what is going on in the larynx and the tongue: and the voice, in its first conception, is rendered in unison with the voice, as it issues from the mouth, and is received by the external ear and the membrana tympani."

In describing the lips, mouth, and palate, he gives us this very correct and very scientific account of the manner in which the palate acts when we are about to drink:—

When the tongue is about to drink, the palate particularly assists and conspires. The lips first draw in the fluid by their aperture; the tongue takes it up on its apex and edges, pours it in on its dorsum, and rolls it gently into the gorge of the palate; it then raises and wreathes up its base from the root, close under the folds of the palate: the palate also unfolds, and lets down the shaggy velum from above; and in this way the two secure the passage against the return of the fluid; which thus, destitute alike of gravity and levity, glides along the smooth surface of the œsophagus into the stomach. Two singular powers of the tongue and the palate unite in the act of drinking. *Firstly*, of arresting the fluid at any part of the cavity of the throat, and of pushing it onwards from point to point, either by sips or in streams; this power is owing to the tortility of the tongue, and to the flexibility of the membrana and velum palati. *Secondly*, of exercising a kind of suction or attraction, at will, on any particular isolated spaces. The tongue and the palate imbibe these powers with the mother's milk, and momently exercise them so easily, that we ourselves are not aware of their very existence. The consequence is, that liquids, and even solids, descend from the commencement of the mouth (I do not say from the lips) into the gullet, as easily as if they were absolutely destitute of gravity and levity; and as if, in every position, the lips were upwards with respect to them, and the gullet downwards; for every point of the tongue, and every point of the mouth, acts thither by the two powers already mentioned; thus every point of the fluid is actuated thither by a kind of centripetency. Hence, draughts of liquids ascend as easily as they descend; which we see exemplified in jugglers, who will drain

their bowls while standing on their heads; and in long-necked, birds as the goose, the swan, the crane &c., and in quadrupeds which lap, eat, and drink, with their heads hanging down: more plainly still in those insects which suck their food through extensile, flexible, and retractile suckers, and carry it thereby into their gullets and stomachs. Indeed, this mechanism of the throat seems designed to prevent liquid from acting at all of its own gravity; as is clear from the fact, that when water is poured into the mouth of a person lying on his back, it instantly regurgitates from the pharynx; evidently in order that no intrusion may take place, and thus nothing may be carried in without the tongue previously feeling, and willing it. (N. 69. pp. 79, 80.)

On the *Stomach*, Swedenborg has expended much labour, and the "Analysis" is one of the most important in the volume. Besides, the multiplicity of authors quoted at length, is not the least valuable portion of the chapter, for the student may take his choice of Heister, Winslow, Ruysch, Leeuwenhoek, Swammerdam, Glisson, Hartman, Schurig, &c., as each of these authors are quoted verbatim—a plan that is extremely convenient, and evinces a mind conscious of its own powers, considerate towards others, and anxious for the truth. He quotes from Schurig, some curious passages to the effect of irregular position of the stomach, of large, small, thin, double, perforated, and ruptured stomachs; of food remaining in the stomach for a long time, also grapes, pills, pieces of sausage, pickled ginger, suet, lettuce, thorns, oats, plum-stones, rose leaves, hydatids, stones, lice, a three-pronged fork, and various other things.

Indeed the extracts from Schurig are of a most interesting and engrossing nature, and the "Analysis" no less so. But there is scarcely any thing that has not at different times been swallowed, as the following list will shew; viz. crab's claws, pebbles, Persian apples, packing needles, common needles, diamonds, rings, nails, money, a pipe, a child's rattle, a golden cross, a surgical speculum, the links of a chain, a pair of scissors, a clasp, the point of a knife, the stalk of an iron pot, and an iron whetstone! Schurig speaks also of knife-eaters (one, it will be recollected some years since exhibited himself in London) of Prague, at Basle, Halle, London, and Hamburgh; also, glass-eaters, stone-eaters, poison-eaters, "and those who could eat anything whatever!" He also mentions a Maltese drunkard, who after drinking twenty or thirty glasses of water, would vomit them up again for the amusement of the by-standers, and either spirt the glasses full one after another, or else eject the entire volume of the fluid to a distance of twenty feet, or more! Of instances of diseased appetites, as pica and malacia,

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* *Vide* Schurig. *Chylol.* pp. 367, 398, 435, and 445.

or *mal d'estomac (dirt-eating* of the Africans*)* it is not necessary to say much. That which seems most worthy of notice, is where he tells us pica has been noticed in the cat and dog; and in man in form of depraved appetite for water, milk, whey, and vinegar; of longing for peculiar odours and smells; for sucking the wind out of bellows! for throwing eggs into each other's faces; for receiving slaps!! and for thieving!!!— *Chylologia Historico-Medica,* 4to. *Dresdæ* 1725. (p. 92—96.)

But we must, however reluctant, bring this review to an end,— though as may well be conceived, we have not done, nor *could* we hope to do, any thing like justice (as we have before said) to a work of such immeasurable value as this is, in the short compass of one article. However, we have said enough, we trust, to induce the reader to study it himself. We make room for this description of the stomach, which is, without exception, the *best* we ever read, and we believe, the most intelligible ever written.

The stomach, like a large bladder, or tubulated retort, receives in its bosom, through what is called the cardiac orifice, every kind of saliva and available food;—commixes, circulates, squeezes, strains, bruises, triturates, macerates, seethes, extracts, in a word *digests it;* then carries it onwards, drives it through certain foramina and evaporates and sublimes it along certain ducts, its appointed passages:—summons and sharpens the menstrua, and increases its forces, according to the measure, degree, and success of the operation; and again repeats the processes; that is to say, reduces, fittens, corrects and seethes the materials which have been once digested; and all the time, transmits the rectified portions through foramina into tubular passages; but sends off what it has not thoroughly laid open (*reclusit*), through the pylorus into the intestines. (N. 94. p. 122.)

We have thus far exhibited Swedenborg's anatomical knowledge. We shall now extract an outline of his "Doctrine of Forms," to which it is possible to believe some late writers have had recourse, without acknowledgment; but we cannot now enter upon that question.

I intend to explain the nature of the spiral form (he is speaking of the spiral vessels in the stomach) in an especial Doctrine of Forms. Meanwhile, for the better understanding of the subjects mentioned in this chapter, I will here state, that forms ascend from the lowest to the highest, in order and by degrees, as do also the essences and substances of all things. The lowest form is the *angular*; which is also called the terrestrial, and the merely corporeal form, in as much as it is peculiar to bodies having angles and rectilinear planes; the measurement of which is the primary object of the present geometry. The second and next higher form is the *circular* or *spherical* form; which may also be called the *perpetual angular*, since the circumference of the circle involves neither angle nor rectilinear plane, because it is a perpetual angle and perpetual plane: this form is at once the parent and the measure of angular forms, for it is the means of showing the properties of angles and

figures, as trigonometry teaches. The form above this is the *spiral*, which is the parent and the measure of circular forms, as the circular form is the parent and the measure of angular forms. Its very radii or diameters are not rectilinear, nor do they converge to a fixed centre, like those of the circle, but they are variously circular, and have a spherical surface for a centre; wherefore the spiral is also called the *perpetual circular*. Our science of geometry rises almost to this form, but dare not enter it, or peruse its spires; for at the first glance it strikes us as inextricable, and seems to sport with our ideas. This form never exists or subsists without poles, an axis, foci, a greatest circle, and lesser circles which are its diameters; and as it again assumes a perpetuity which is wanting in the circular form, namely, in respect to diameters and centres, therefore it emulates and breathes a natural spontaneousness in its motion: as also appears from the stomach and its segments after death, for when its nerves are only touched it rolls and wreathes as in the living subject, and flows spontaneously into its gyres, as though it were still hungering, and longing to grind the food: there being nothing that can prove an obstacle; in as much as there are no angles, and consequently no hindrances to motion. There are other still higher forms, as the *perpetual-spiral*, properly the *vertical*: the *perpetual vertical*, properly the *celestial*: and a highest, the *perpetual celestial*, which is SPIRITUAL, and has within it nothing but what is everlasting and infinite. (f) p. 128.

From this it will be perceived that the doctrine of *forms* in orders and degrees, requires some study to understand, more to apprehend, and a great deal to comprehend all its bearing and parts, as applied to man in his present condition. But at the same time, we cannot refuse our concurrence in the mode or manner in which the argument is put, for if the proposition be admitted, the series of deductions that follow cannot be denied. In conclusion, we record our opinion, positively, and not relatively; wholly, and without reservation, that if the mode of reasoning and explanation adopted by Swedenborg be once understood, the anatomist and physiologist will acquire more information, and obtain a more comprehensive view of the human body, and its relation to a higher sphere, than from any single book ever published; nay, we may add than from all the books which have been written (especially in modern times) on physiology, or as it has been lately named, transcendental anatomy.

Swedenborg reasons not on any hypothesis, not on any theory, not on any favourite doctrine of a fashionable school, but on the solid principles of geometry, based on the immutable rock of truth; and he must and will be considered at no distant period the Zoroaster of Europe, and the Prometheus of a new era of reason, however at present the clouds of prejudice may intervene, or the storms of passion, obscure the corruscations of his intellect.

ART. III.—*Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.* 2 vols. By the Rev. R. CATTERMOLE, B.D.

PERHAPS not one of Dr. Johnson's critical dogmas is more rash and wrong than that where he pronounces sacred and religious themes to be unfit for the noblest poetic treatment; for, to quote from Mr. Heraud's Analysis, prefixed to "The Descent into Hell," "Poetry is the most ancient form of literature, and Religion is the most ancient form of Poetry. What is the sublimest Poetry but Religion, the truths of which, in all ages and countries, it has been its office to represent, and embody in expressive symbols? And Religion itself, though infinitely higher than Poetry, by reason of its purity, and still more differenced from philosophy, as being itself the very principle of life, can only be suitably exhibited in those magnificent forms by which it is the business of imagination to express, however mythically, the otherwise incommunicable ideas indelibly impressed on the human mind, by the hand of its Omnipotent Creator." Dr. Channing has remarked, in perfect accordance with this exalted and enlightened view, that religion, when rightly considered, surpasses any other principle in giving freedom and variety of action to the human intellect; recognising in every faculty and sentiment the workmanship of God, and assigning to each its sphere of agency. Religion, he says, is of all principles most fruitful, multiform, and unconfined. It does not chain us to a few essential duties, or express itself in a few unchanging modes of writing. It has the liberality and the munificence of nature. A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling to which nothing ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

The impression of religion is made on the soul in beautiful *analogy* with nature, and the expression of that religion called forth from the soul is in perfect *conformity* with it. If it were not an *instinct* in man to breathe adoration, one might conceive that there are emblems and tutors on every hand to teach and allure him to praise and to pray. But more powerful than the hints of external nature, are the yearnings of the heart, the outgoings of the mind. The first lisp of infancy is petition—is *prayer;* the first gesticulations are those of rapture and admiration—of *praise.* The soul must worship, for it hath an instinct towards some higher nature, longing to be satisfied. Even in its most fallen state, its most degraded condition it never abandons its hope of immortality. Soon enough, however, it becomes apparent that of itself the soul cannot originate the adequate expression of its feelings, of its thankfulness, and of its need. Yet it is the poet's privilege to communicate to those around him the feelings which he possesses in common with them, though higher and

purer in degree; teaching the multitude also to feel those causes of their joy as well as of their longing, which his own more illuminated and soaring eye perceives. This he does with regard to external beauty, and even as respects the loftier regions of philosophic sentiment. And yet are there not for the exercise of the rare effluence other and more glorious, as well as more hallowed fields? Yes, and these must be sung of by lips that have been touched with a more sacred flame; for what undirected and undevout mind can suggest the thoughts, or even the language for holding communion with the Deity? But aid and countenance are not denied; for He who is "aware of our infirmities," has, in the high rhapsodies written by inspiration,—in the book of Psalms, and in the thousand other prayers and pious ejaculations of patriarchs and prophets,—supplied us abundantly both with models and materials for the utterance of devotion, leaving it no longer to be a subject for questioning,—

> Where shall man find his Maker? with what rites?
> Adore him?—Will he hear, accept, and bless?—

while, by the gifts of genius and the grace of hallowed fire, the composition of a divine poem may be accomplished by man, in which the fictions will not be falsehoods, but essential truths, "that moralize the song."

Sacred hymns and the singing of them formed part of the worship of the early Christians, as is sufficiently attested by notices in the writings of the Fathers, although the manner of conducting the worship, and the precise character of the hymns themselves, do not appear to be known more certainly than in the way of inference. The first regular choir of Christian singers, of which any account has reached us, was established at Antioch in the time of Flavian and Diodorus, two priests who had the government of the church in that place, during the exile of Meletius; the latter of whom became Bishop of Tarsus, A.D. 375, and the former, of the church of Antioch, A.D. 380. To them is ascribed the honour of having introduced into the Church of Antioch, the Antiphonal singing, or singing alternately, or by response, by different divisions of the choir. So says the historian Theoderet, although by another authority it is stated that they only translated into Greek, a service which had hitherto been performed in Syriac.

It has been asserted that the ancient mode of singing among Christians was by symphony or concert. The whole assembly, men, women, and children, uniting as with one voice. That the other mode did not originate with Flavian and Diodorus, however, is evident from the fact that it was in use among the Jews. From them it would pass into the Christian church, through the Jewish converts, and most probably had never been laid aside. In fact, one might gather from Pliny's well-known letter to Trojan, at the begin-

ning of the second century, that the hymns to which he refers, were sung by alternate voices. It was the changes and improvements introduced by Flavian and Diodorus, who possessed a regular choir, which they had trained, that brought it into notice. "Having begun at Antioch," says Theodoret, "it spread everywhere, and extended to the bounds of the earth."

Ambrose, who became Bishop of Milan, A.D. 374, introduced the choir into the West. He had it, as Augustine, his friend, assures us, from the East, that is, from Antioch. "He adopted it for the relief and refreshment it would afford the people, who might thus be prevented from languishing and consuming away in a tedious sorrow." It was to him that the Ambrosian chant owed its origin.

Little is known of how the singing in churches was conducted between the period of Ambrose and that of Gregory the Great. The manner appears indeed to have varied considerably in different churches. Gregory was consecrated Supreme Pontiff, A. D. 590. He devoted himself to the duties of his office with great assiduity; among other enterprises, undertaking to reform the music of his church. Ecclesiastical writers, observes Dr. Burney, are unanimous in asserting, that "he collected the musical fragments of such ancient hymns and psalms as the Fathers of the Church had approved and recommended to the primitive Christians, and that he selected, methodised, and arranged them in the order which was long continued at Rome, and soon adopted by the chief part of the Western Church." He also reformed the chant, which, since the time of Ambrose, had undergone very little alteration, and introduced what has since been known as the Gregorian, or Plain Chant. He was opposed to the lively airs of the pagan music, which had come into the Church along with the lyric hymns, and attempted to substitute something more grave. By some, however, he was accused of encumbering the music by the frequent repetition of Hallelujah's, and other invocations and ascriptions.

It is asserted by John, a deacon of Rome, who wrote Gregory's life, that his original choral book was in existence in his time, near three hundred years after the death of Gregory, as also the bed on which the old infirm Pope lay, and the whip "wherewith he threatened the young clerks and the singing boys, when they were out, or failed in their notes;" for he instituted a school for the education of his choir, and did not consider it derogatory, it seems, to superintend it himself.

But it is sacred poetry and religious hymns that we have mainly to speak about. There is, we believe, no mention anywhere made of any writer of hymns, by name, till near the expiration of the second century from the birth of Christ; and we have no undoubted remains of the hymns used during that period, nor do we know anything precisely of their nature. Pliny tells us they were sung in honour of

Christ. Origen says that Christians were accustomed to sing hymns to God and his only Son, as the Pagans to the sun, moon, and stars; and others have expressed themselves in similar general terms. But no author is named, no fragment has been transmitted to us.

The earliest writers of Christian hymns whose names have reached us, belonged to the Syrian church. The first of any note is Bardesanes, the Heresiarch, a subtle, learned, and eloquent writer, near the end of the second century. Ephrem, the Syrian, says, that he wrote one hundred and fifty psalms, in imitation of the Psalms of David; and that he corrupted the faith of the young in particular, by the "sweetness and beauty of his verses." Harmonius, his son, inherited the father's genius for poetry, and composed also a great number of hymns and odes adapted to the lyrè, by which he charmed the ear of the people; so that the Syrians eagerly drank in the poison of heresy. The hymns, however, are lost, and we have no means of ascertaining how far the praises bestowed on them were merited, or how deeply they were infused with error. Ephrem himself, who flourished about A.D. 370, wrote odes and hymns by hundreds. He studied the productions of Bardesanes and Harmonius, who were his models in a literary sense, but not in a religious; for he was intent on having his own more orthodox lays substituted for the pernicious ones. And he succeeded. The beauty of his productions was highly extolled by the Syrians, and they are said to be used in their churches at the present day. Multitudes of them are still preserved among his works. For European lovers of poetry, however, they can have few charms. Yet he was called the Prophet of the Syrians, and Harp of the Holy Spirit. It was not a very uncommon occurrence in those early times, to make use of music and hymns to captivate the popular ear, or to serve as a channel to convey particular sentiments and doctrines.

Among the early Christian poets, perhaps the best known and most esteemed, is Prudentius, who was a Spaniard, and born in 348. His latter days were devoted to the writing of verses, in which he sung the praises of Christ and the martyrs, and vigorously combated both heretics and pagans. But his compositions do not indicate a high poetic genius, and are in the bad taste of his era. They are chiefly valuable as containing frequent allusions to the opinions, usages, and events of his time. There have been several editions of his works. He had numerous imitators, but nothing has descended from them to enable us to judge of their merits.

We shall now invite attention to some passages in the history of religious poetry in our own country,—to its character and progress. And here we must begin with remarking that there is a very striking and essential difference between the productions and the tone of our olden poets, and those who have flourished during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the former there is not only a sincerity of manner, an enthusiasm of heart, and a solemn earnestness of feel-

ing, but with them sacred poetry was no rare occurrence. The works of the greatest of them abound with religious bursts, and what is more,—their utterances, when entering the sacred sphere, have no dubious, diluted, or remote reference to Christian doctrine. But the productions of our greatest masters of song, in modern times, seldom, or as with a cold reluctance, recognize Christianity at all, and hardly ever make allusion to the mysteries and glories declared in the sacred volume, with a believing, cordial spirit. In Chaucer's works, for example, it has been remarked, religion embues several of his most interesting characters. There is in the faith of Constance, in the purity and womanly meekness of Grisildis, in the lamentation of Mary Magdalen, and in that most affecting and beautiful legend of the Christian Martyr, as related by the Prioress, such sentiments as Christianity alone has breathed.

It was towards the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth, however, that promises of coming effulgence were to be perceived in the faint dawn. The classic streams began to be poured in, and the British Muse to look into the crystal waters. The Sacred Book was to be unsealed to all, and how vast and permanent has been its influence upon our literature, enriching the language, lifting on high the imagination, and stimulating the intellect by making it free and offering to its contemplation subjects of measureless importance and commanding gravity. It is true that in our earlier poetry, there is much to disfigure real beauty, and such indelicacies as forbid them to be recommended to indiscriminate perusal, whatever allowance may be made to the manners of the age. But still, these gross blemishes were balanced by the power of imagination, by the honest fervour and weighty truth which characterized their devotional sentiments and their religious lessons and confessions. Take as a specimen the following "Hymn to God the Father," by Ben Jonson, which we cite to afford some idea of the general character of the sacred poetry of the period. The very terms of the title indicate a confident belief, a most solemn conviction, a heartfelt reverence and craving.

Hear me, O God,
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave:
First made of nought
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me further toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

In the poetical hemisphere, as in that of nature, stars of the first magnitude are seen only here and there, with wide intervals. And yet between Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton, there are bright constellations which have been little noticed by the common observer. But we must not stop to count those which illumined more or less brightly the first of these spaces, otherwise most disproportionate would be our observations, for during the next long interval the claims upon our notice are too numerous to admit of that delay, seeing that starting from the era of Spenser, we have the satisfaction to find that at this stage a vast improvement in the art of poetry had taken place, and that thereafter the muse has never been silent; nay, that during even the most discouraging circumstances and the greatest depravity of national taste, sacred song had its wooers, and were not denied.

The remark is just, that it is hardly possible to disunite the consideration of sacred poetry from the general history of our literature; and certainly a happier illustration cannot be adduced than the Faery Queen; for besides its extraordinary merits and beauties as a work of imagination, presenting with a marvellous exuberance of fancy the loveliest and wildest visions of chivalry and romance, its purpose was didactic and moral; for the author's spirit was a sincere and pious one, and his desire was to awaken the best sympathies of his readers towards the good and the beautiful; indeed we are expressly told that Spenser's object was to represent all the virtues, assigning to each a knight to be its patron and defender, under whose heroic actions its spirit and doings should be shadowed out, and beneath whose potent arm the antagonist vices were to be beaten down and vanquished. It is true, that notwithstanding its universally acknowledged excellence, the Faery Queen is seldom read, and that it soon palls upon us, having been composed under circumstances and when manners and taste no doubt suggested a form and colouring which the poet would not have chosen had he written in our day. But the shape and garb in no respect affects the essence of the master-piece, or the great design of its author. It is quite manifest that he himself regarded the work as being pregnant with instruction; and no less unquestionable is it, that the greatest authorities in our literature have concurred in assigning to the poem a high moral character. It is worthy of remark that while Milton speaks of the "sage serious Spenser," John Wesley actually included the Faery Queen in the course of academical study. Then think of his Hymns, so admirable for the humble and devout feelings which they breathe, and which alone would entitle their author to no mean rank among our religious poets. Still, we regard the object and the strain of his greatest performance as affording the most forcible proof of his pervading and deep-grounded sense of the vanity of all earthly things

and of his looking upwards to the imperishable and the holy. It was Spenser who spoke—

Of that same time when no more change shall be
But steadfast rest of all things firmly staid
Upon the pillars of eternity,
That is contraye to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But henceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbath Night—
O! that great Sabbath, God! grant me that Sabbath's sight.

Among the sacred poets of the seventeenth century, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, two brothers, rank, if not on a level with the very greatest of our sons of song, yet as second to them only. The Purple Island by Phineas, is an allegorical poem, descriptive of the human body and soul. As a work of art it is far from faultless, if judged by the accepted laws of criticism, but it abounds with fine passages, and throughout testifies that its author must have been a genuine poet. We quote one of his hymns.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat,
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep flood
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

"Christ's Victory and Triumph," by Giles Fletcher, has been frequently subjected to a comparison with the "Paradise Regained." In some respects it merits preference, as will be admitted, we think, on considering its compass and *parts*, which are four. The first is Christ's Victory in heaven, giving the solemn consultation of Justice and Mercy concerning lost man; the second is Christ's Victory on earth, in the temptation by Satan; the third is Christ's triumph over death, giving the circumstance connected with the passion; and the fourth is Christ's triumph after death, being his resurrection, ascension, and glory in heaven. Now, in point of compass and completeness, has not Fletcher the advantage; for whereas the author of Paradise Regained concludes with Chsist's Victory over the Tempter, Fletcher carries us not only through the awful latter scenes of the Saviour's life, and till he triumphs over death, but accompanies the conqueror to heaven, being, one would say, a natural close? With regard to execution, the differences between the two parts are easily noted. Milton surpasses in simplicity of conception and dignity of

expression. But in respect of earnestness of devotion, beauty and fertility of fancy, and melody of numbers, there are few tokens of inequality. In short, Christ's Victory and Triumph is not great as a poem or as a whole, for besides its inferiority in the respects mentioned, it is deficient in unity and concentration of interest; but is splendid when taken as a succession of pictures, there being extraordinary vigour and beauty in detached passages. The following impersonation of the Deity, should be sufficient to send whoever reads the stanzas, to the poem itself.

> In midst of this City Celestial,
> Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,
> Lighten'd the Idea Beatifical:
> End and Beginning of each thing that grows,
> Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows;
> That hath no eyes to see, nor ear to hear,
> Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear;
> That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is everywhere.
>
> Changer of all things, yet immutable;
> Before and after all, the First and Last,
> That moving all is yet immovable;
> Great without quantity; in whose forecast
> Things past are present, things to come are past,
> Swift without motion; to whose open eye
> The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie,
> At once absent and present to them, far and nigh!
>
> It is no flaming lustre made of light,
> No sweet concert, or well-tuned harmony,
> Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
> Or flow'ry odour mixt with spicery;
> No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily;
> And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
> A harmony that sounds within the breast,
> An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

Our purpose throughout the latter paragraphs of our paper has been to convince our readers that the sacred poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which is treasured in the English language, is rich far beyond the surmise of the many who profess to be admirers of song. There are numberless quaint conceits, grotesque fancies, extravagant images, and harsh pieces of versification in these olden compositions. But the wealth, sweetness, and beauty of thought and fancy which are enshrined within their measures are for all time. Besides, let us repeat that the spirit of dearest feeling, the manly utterance of the soul's regard to eternity, and the full recognition of revealed truth, entitle their strains to a regard of a higher and graver nature than what will characterize the fragrant wers that have recently bloomed in the Muse's garden; and it

will now be our business to bring forward a variety of evidences in addition to those already cited, to make manifest that such is the fact, interrupting the series of extracts with as few and as brief notices of our own as possible.

How many, we should like to know, of our modern versifiers, even of those who would consider themselves affronted if not styled accomplished poets; of those who at least claim to rank with the *minors*, are in the slightest degree acquainted with the flowers and the fruits that are within the unvisited enclosures consecrated by such spirits as Barnes, Davison, Wither, Quarles, Crashaw, Herbert, and twice as many more that might be named. Take this sonnet of Barnabe Barnes, of whom hardly anything certain is known:—

Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest,
Where Paradise may me relieve oppress;
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice thy praise to sing,
Thy praise, my comfort, and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest,
Thy grace unto my wits: then shall the King
Of Righteousness that monster Satan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dared,
And like the Philistine stood breathing still
Proud threats against thy soul; for heaven prepared,
At length I like an angel shall appear,
In spotless white an angel's robe to wear.

Let it be remarked that the gayest spirit of those days,—that even a Ben Jonson, and others only quoted in our time for wit that was graceless in Barnes's sense, were not ashamed to own in verse their religion; nor mean and cold enough to give it a questionable and latitudinarian dress, as if it were a matter of indifference whether they praised "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." We quote now Francis Davison's paraphrase of the 23rd Psalm. He was the editor of the Poetical Rhapsody.—

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd kind and heedful,
Is my shepherd and doth keep
Me his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields which bin
Fresh and green,
Mottled with spring's flow'ry painting,
Through which creep murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirits fainting.

When my soul from heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For his namesake kindly He,
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

Yea, though I stray through Deaths' vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,
Deathless, having Thee for guide
Should I bide,
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

Landys, the well-known oriental traveller and a real improver of our poetry, versified the Psalms, and with a force, fire, and melody, that should have rendered them familiar to future generations. We extract Psalm c.—

All from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone:
In triumph bring
Your gifts and sing
Before his throne.

Man drew from man his birth,
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Fill'd with celestial flame.
His sons we are,
Sheep by him led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

O to his portals press
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! How pure!
His mercies last:
His promise past
For ever sure.

Donne left but few specimens of sacred verse, and his fame does not spring from these, but from his pulpit oratory. Take one sonnet with its thundering peal. Death is the theme.—

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet can'st thou kill me;

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more, must flow;
And soonest our best men, with thee do go,
Rest of their bones and souls delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy, or charms, can make us sleep as well,
And better, than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
Our short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more,—*Death, thou shalt die!*

Most people, recollecting the ridicule of Pope, may smile when they hear the name of Quarles mentioned. But prejudice will be unable to withstand the masculine power in the lines we next cite. They are harmonious and free. They are on Dr. Aylmer. They right stoutly march in company with those we have last quoted.—

I wondered not to hear so brave an end,
Because I knew who made it could contend
With Death and conquer, and in open chase
Would spit defiance in his conquer'd face—
And did! Dauntless he trod him underneath,
To show the weakness of unarmed Death.
Nay, had report or niggard fame denied
His name, it had been known that Aylmer died.
It was no wonder to hear Rumour tell,
That he that did so oft, once did so well.
Great Lord of Life, how hath thy dying breath
Made man, whom Death had conquer'd, conquer Death!

Crashaw, whom Cowley pronounced the "poet and saint," and the "bard triumphant," was one of the most picturesque of poets. We stop not to characterise him at any greater length, nor to account for the neglect into which he has fallen. The following paraphrase of the 23rd Psalm appears to us to be exceedingly graceful.

Happy me! O happy sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep;
On whose pastures cheerful spring
All the year doth sit and sing—
Pleasure sings my soul to rest;
Plenty wears me at her breast,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.

* * *

When my weary wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life;
When my simple weakness strays,
(Tangled in forbidden ways,)

He, my Shepherd, is my guide,
He's before me on my side;
And behind me he beguiles
Craft of all her knotty wiles;
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path as clean as day—
Where no churlish crab says, Nay—
To his joy conducts my feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new lays
Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.
Come now all ye terrors, rally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant Darkness hovers,
With a shady wing that covers
Brooding Horror. Come thou, Death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make Darkness' self afraid;
There my feet, even there shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still, my Shepherd, still my God,
Thou art with me. Still thy rod,
And thy staff, 'bove influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy word,
Crown'd abundance spreads my board,
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'erlooks her brims!
So, even so, still may I move
By the line of thy dear love;
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head.

Crashaw, however, for the most part followed glittering models, and ran away with conceits, without exhibiting judgment in the selection of his imagery, so as to be often, when most melodious and prodigal of colours, untrue to nature. Sometimes, however, harmony, tenderness, fancy, and force unite in his verses, having a consistent and beautiful lyrical character; and these instances distinguish the Hymn of the Nativity. Here is the image of the Virgin Mother:—

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
  Her tresses in thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
  That in their buds yet blushing lie.

And this for pastoral sweetness is perfect:—

To thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves:
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves.

It cannot escape observation, the idiomatic power with which these same sacred poets of a bygone time used the English language.

We next come to the poet of the Church of England, as he has been called, a genius of a very high as well as refined order, and who was as pious as he was poetic. One too who deserves to be studied, were it but for the purity and strength of his language. The first of our specimens will indicate how well he merits the title that we have said has been given to him.

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I joy, dear Mother, when I view,
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue,
Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place;
And dates her letter from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect, in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undress'd.

She, on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all, in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She, in the valley, is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears.

While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side,
And nothing wears.

But dearest Mother (what those miss,)
The mean thy praise and glory is;—
And long may be!

Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace;
And none but thee.

It was in perfect accordance with these sentiments that Herbert, when dying, said to a friend who inquired what prayer he would have read to him,—"O, Sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England; no other prayers are equal to them." It is necessary to read his poetry by this light, otherwise half of their character will be missed, and much of the religious feeling lost.

Herbert's fancy was extravagantly luxuriant; at the same time his enthusiasm was as warm as ever beat in human breast, but mellowed by the meekness of Christianity. We take stanzas from his poem on Sunday for illustration.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with rarities.
They are the fruitful bed and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose
And did inclose this light for his;
That as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his pardon miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wounds.

* * *

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

How deliciously sweet, how perfect in their melody, are the first three verses of the little poem entitled Virtue!

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box, a box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes:
And all must die.

Our limits are nearly exhausted, and yet we have but indicated in the slightest possible manner how wide and untravelled is the region to which we have pointed, and how abounding the riches, the sweets and the flowers which are strewn over it. Many devout people seem to imagine that our only religious poets, highly deserving the name, are Milton, Young, and Cowper. We have only mentioned a few out of a multitude who have sung in strains of genuine poetry the Saviour's praise, and poured out their souls in such verse as would comfort the mournful spirit, and mellow the joy of those who need the medicine which Christianity holds in its ample and teeming stores; and therefore we hope that something has been done in our pages to correct the common mistake.

We conclude with citing the words which Isaac Watts addressed to a friend relative to the insult offered him by Pope, who coupled his name with Wesley in the first impression of the Dunciad. "I never," said he, "offended Mr. Pope, but have always expressed my admiration of his superior genius. I only wished to see that genius more employed in the cause of religion; and always thought it capable of doing it great credit among the gay or the more witty part of mankind, who have generally despised it, because it hath not been always so fortunate to meet with advocates of such exalted abilities as Mr. Pope possesses, and who were capable of turning the finest exertions of wit and genius in its favour.

ART: IV.—*Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents.* By H. SCHLEGEL. Translated by THOS. S. TRAILL, M.D. Edinburgh.

LET a master-hand be put forth to glean from any one field or section of nature, and how abundant, how rich and affluent, is the harvest which he gathers in. The facts reaped grow the more surprising at every step, the truths evoked the more expanding and the more impressive. The proper interpretation of one thing opens

illimitable paths for the explorer; suggestion is endlessly generative of suggestion; the imagination soars and revels in the conscious strength of its wing; far brighter as well as clearer lights accompany the onward and enlarging course; while, wherever you arrive, the discovered truths and the ascertained facts, never do or can fail to point to the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Great First Cause. Ay, and wherever you arrive, be it at the highest or most outstretched stage to which human perseverance and sagacity of research have yet conducted the mind, the delightful conviction is never wanting,—strengthened in a ratio corresponding with the progress made,—that there lies beyond and around, and of the attainable, too, a multitude and wealth of wonders, quite in harmony with those already seen and understood, in comparison with which, however, the land gained and cultured is but narrow and meagre. One necessary consequence of this is that the man of real science acquires as he goes on, a spirit and habit of calmness, and of dignified simplicity, that become positively majestic; and another result deserves notice,—his modesty, candour, and love of truth for its own sake, are in proportion to his triumphs, or rather to his advances as an explorer, and his skill as an interpreter.

Now, we know not that these sentiments have ever been more forcibly drawn from us, than during the perusal of the Essay by the "Conservator of the Museum of the Netherlands," as set forth in the translation by the "Regius Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh." There are two main reasons for the conviction. First, the department of Natural History upon which the Conservator has adventured, was in a great measure new, or but very inadequately cultured, when he struck into it. It had special difficulties, and was much perplexed by the attempts that had been offered by his predecessors. The translator declares that previous to reading the present Essay, he had never found in any foreign work on Ophiology a satisfactory system; and that in the English language there certainly existed nothing of the kind,—scarcely even any descriptions of individual specimens and species. But secondly, a more able or zealous pioneer, one more fitted by constitution and accomplishment, never seems to have entered upon any untrodden, reluctant, or confused sphere. It can, indeed, require but an ordinary acquaintanceship with works of a similar class to satisfy any person that M. Schlegel's is a model worthy of adoption in almost every respect. Before you have got over more of his pages than the Introduction extends to, you cannot but be prepared to hear, should his name have been previously unfamiliar, that he is one of the most eminent and philosophical of the present race of investigators. The very first words of the book have promise in them. "The origin of the work I now publish, goes back to the first period of my studies." "Hoping to be useful to science, by

cultivating a branch of Zoology hitherto neglected, I directed my researches to the class of reptiles." Then the method which he adopted at the commencement, the difficulties in the course of his procedure, the way in which he encountered these, the aids that came to his hand, the use made of these, and a variety of points to test his talent, his tone, the character and value of his contributions to science, are stated and explained with such a manly and sincere feeling, as to afford one of the most striking examples possibly to be met with, of ardour, achievement, and success. To Professor Traill therefore the literature of his country owes obligations. And this we assert, not merely viewing the work as addressed to the students of Zoology, but to the general reader; for like some other works of scientific authority, the greater number of the pages before us, teem with interest and instruction to all.

The philosophy as well as the facts, the principles equally with the illustrations of the volume, have force and beauty, and not seldom a striking freshness. The author's reasoning, and also his criticism, without at all departing from the subject and purpose of the work, *tell* to a much wider extent, than would have been the case, had his observation and reflective powers been of a common description, or had his love of strict science, and his admiration of its incontestible trophies been cold or lightly borne. We might cite amply in proof of this; we might, for instance, exhibit him when dealing out his strictures relative to the *artificial* systems adopted by many naturalists; or again, where he complains of the way in which incompetent travellers and hasty writers have created entire species, or have introduced mere reduplications. But we shall eschew the drier and the more argumentative portions of the work, in order to cull a few things that will have attraction and information for every thinking reader. The following passage will answer our purpose, even although it contain an exposition of principles, and explain a method of science. The author is speaking of the employment of the term physiognomy, employed in the title of the book.

> The word Physiognomy is here used in its ordinary acceptation; it also signifies the total impression which the whole of any being makes on us,—an impression which we may feel, but which it is impossible to express in words: it is the result of the harmony of all the isolated parts, and their mutual relations, which is comprehended at a glance. We retain it as a whole, without being able to give an account of the properties of each of them taken singly. All the existences of Nature, be they animals, plants, or even inanimate objects, make on us this impression; but it is the more difficult to be analyzed, as the beings we examine are more complicated, for the more their nature is elevated, the more do the different characters lose themselves in the harmony of the whole. One of the most essential points of the mark at which the zoologist aims, appears to me to analyze this harmony, and to indicate each characteristic trait in relation to the whole.

In examining a series of living animals, the attentive observer will remark, that, in their features, in their looks, and even in their forms, he may trace the expression of certain dispositions, habits, and passions, which are still more directly than in man the result of organization. On reiterating his observations, he will not fail to recognise by their features the different species of animals; he will seize the relations which link the species to each other; he will bring them together, and in this synthetic process, he will arrive at a natural method. A series of beings thus grouped, will produce an impression of the whole similar to what he would receive from a single individual,—an impression which it is necessary to depict as a whole, to obtain a knowledge of its principal features.

In accordance with what is here stated, the author has conducted his examination, admitting into his work no species but what is known in a precise manner and by means of scientific tests, instead of adopting the narrow and misleading way common to the artificial methods, where some isolated characters of individuals are alone regarded, but in no department, he argues, with less success than in the case of reptiles. He insists on that kind of description which is comparative, and shows that his aim is much higher than to acquire the names of species. He thus expresses himself.

If it be true that a genus represents the assemblage of all the species it includes, it must be allowed, that we can never arrive at a knowledge of the latter but by comparing them with each other, and by stating what is peculiar to each, and common to them all. Assuredly, there will result but little benefit to science by the admission of species, of the whole peculiarities of which we know nothing but the name that has been imposed on them—of species, the multitude of which, continually increasing, confuses our systems. The study of nature consists not in a superficial knowledge of existences, but it views them under the triple aspect of zoology, anatomy, and physical geography. My principal object in publishing my researches being to expose the relations subsisting between animals and the places they inhabit, I have judged it proper to adopt no species of which the country is unknown, except when some conspiciuous feature in its structure might render it of real interest for zoology and for physiology.

Having laid down the principles of his plan and purposes, and the reason for their adoption, our naturalist proceeds to treat of the Ophidians generally, describing their principal characteristics, the various organs, their parts, processes, and functions; the most remarkable peculiarities to which the whole account of structure guides you, belonging to their mode of locomotion, and the manner of swallowing their prey; for the former determines the general form of their bodies; the latter, that of their internal parts. We quote what is said of the divers movements which serpents perform, the scales on the lower part of the animal fulfilling the office of feet.

In complete repose, these reptiles love to roll the bodies in a spiral, in such a manner that the head alone, which is in the centre, is slightly elevated above the other parts; but having the faculty of bending the body in a thousand different positions, they are often found simply extended on the ground with the body undulated in sinous contours. To produce progression, the serpent has merely to unrol his spires; resting himself afterwards on his tail, rebending his body in successive lateral undulations, and, applying to the ground the numerous points of contact which the anterior extremities of the ribs present, the reptile is pushed forward and transported with a celerity proportional to the efforts or power of the instruments of locomotion. We have already remarked on this head, that the progressive movements of Ophidians are almost all executed in the same manner, and that the tail but aids the locomotion differently, according to the modification which its form undergoes in the different tribes. Very often, in order to observe what passes around them, serpents raise themselves perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the tail, or on part of the abdomen; their trunk is then rigid, and perfectly straight; and most frequently the head is then bent and directed forwards: at other times they bend their bodies as an S, inflating their necks in this position. Suspended perpendicularly from the branch of a tree, the Boa resembles a stiff body without life. In descending from a tree or other tall object, serpents let themselves simply fall to the ground,—their form, and the elasticity of their parts, preventing any dangerous consequences from this fall; on attaining the ground, the shock they sustain, instead of proving hurtful, impels them forward, and serves as a stimulus to their subsequent movements.

We learn that speed of flight equal to that of a man will elude a chasing serpents of the fleetest powers; that most of them hiss strongly, as a prelude to the attack, but that it may be made so suddenly, and with such force, that the very description makes one shrink and shudder. "Several species throw themselves on their prey with huge bounds, and seize it generally with the mouth; others secure it by twisting the tail around it; and the Boas also embrace it with the convolutions of their trunk." The venomous snakes, whether to procure food, or to rid themselves of unwelcome visitors, knowing the power of their weapons, are content with aiming a blow, which seldom misses; and the preparation they make for this purpose, resembles the recoil of a spring,—the leap directing the stroke by a sudden, rapid, downward movement of the head.

In respect of swallowing their food, which consists of animals, the ophidians proceed upon a wholesale principle, taking the entire animal at a time, which, however, they never chew nor break with their teeth, which are simple dental organs, destined to inflict wounds, to detain the prey, and to assist deglutition. The process of swallowing is extremely simple. They always begin with the head, which they receive into their mouth; and while the teeth fasten themselves on one side of their prey to hold it fast, the opposite jaw has the free faculty of making advances, so that the

victim is drawn in gradually. The jaws therefore perform a double and an alternate office, the lower being the most active. They also dilate to render the swallow more capacious, while an abundant discharge of saliva affords the lubricating aid, rendering the process of gulping down more smooth and easy. But the prey may be too large after all, so that a considerable time elapses before the food reaches the maw. "Serpents found in this state offer a hideous spectacle; the disgust they thus inspire, augmented by the mephitic odour which the prey, already attacked by putrefaction, exhales, has given rise to numerous fables of which the poets have taken advantage."

The teeth of venomous serpents perform another duty, for they distil into the wounds a poisonous liquor which is secreted by glands lodged in the head. These teeth are always hollow, and perforated at both ends. Let no one fancy that the fell element resides in a sting, whether at the tail or in the mouth. The clefted tongue is a harmless weapon, being a true organ of touch and possessed of great sensibility. Nay, it neither serves as an organ of taste, nor in the matter of deglutition; for it remains within its peculiar sheath during the operation. Still it is only then when they are enraged that they dart it out with velocity. But with regard to the poison, which produces painful effects only when introduced into a wound, it operates upon human creatures in the following manner:—

Man speedily perceives an acute pain in the limb wounded by the fangs, which only make two minute punctures hardly visible, from which a few drops of blood flow: the wounded part afterwards swells, and inflammation declares itself with more or less rapidity; the absorption of the poison is announced by general debility, walking becomes painful, the respiration impeded and laborious; the patient experiences a burning thirst; nausea and vomiting quickly succeed, often followed by great distress and faintings, which, joined to the most violent pain, deprives the sufferer of his intellectual faculties. Livid spots surrounding the wound are the precursors of gangrene, which spreads to other parts of the body, and causes death after a longer or shorter interval. It is fortunate that the bite of serpents, even in tropical countries, is not always mortal; yet the individuals who have been bitten perceive after their recovery, even through their lives, periodic sufferings, or are affected with partial or complete palsy of the affected parts, or even experience a continual disturbance of their intellectual faculties.

M. Schlegel, of course, ridicules many of the fancies that have found currency in all ages relative to the antidotes against the bites of snakes, and offers these hints.

The first *precaution to use*, when one has been bitten by a venomous serpent, is to clean the bitten part, in order to prevent the poison adhering to the skin from entering the scarifications, which it is judicious to make immediately; we may either employ caustic or the cautery to destroy the

flesh in that part. After having again washed the wound, let it be pressed, and strive to prevent the absorption of the poison, by sucking the part, or, what is preferable, employing the cupping-glass. A ligature over the wound itself, and another tied above the wound, if its form will permit, to prevent the communication of the poison to other parts of the system, has been acknowledged to be of essential service, provided they be not too tightly drawn. We need not mention the various internal remedies that have been administered, except sudorifics, which have been stated to have good effects. M. Lenz has successfully employed chlorine, and recommended both its internal and external use; one may take daily, without inconvenience, an ounce or more of this chemical preparation. Frictions made with good olive oil have been recognised as efficacious in several instances. Some naturalists ascribe to ammonia qualities which others deny to it; it is the same with arsenic, and many other remedies, which should only be employed with caution, and after having administered ineffectually those which we have already mentioned.

There is in man an innate fear, and also, it would seem, in many of the inferior animals, of serpents great and small. Consequently they have numerous enemies. Yet not a few of the species are harmless and easily tamed to a mild state. Some, indeed, might be rendered serviceable in a domestic sense, and providentially the non-venomous greatly outnumber the poisonous. Inter tropical countries, and particularly the island of Martinique, are prolific of venomous species. In the latter region they are a serious plague, annually causing the death of a great number of men, and of domestic animals. Still, other kinds have been found useful in the destruction of vermin, and even it would appear in medicine, although they are now rejected by the more refined nations. However, the translator states that he found living snakes in the apothecarys' shops of Spain, as regularly as sarsaparilla is with us.

Science is a merciless disposer of prejudices, fables, and superstitions. It reduces every thing to its just proportion, and spares no sort of exaggeration. Listen to our author upon the subject of monstrous sizes; travellers, especially those of a more remote age, having often told marvellous stories about serpents of prodigious dimensions, some of them having been said to reach to forty feet and upwards.

In whichever country these great reptiles are found, they apply to them the name of Boa Constrictor, familiar to all, although the true boa constrictor of systems yields much in dimensions to other species of the Boa and the Python. The numerous researches of modern, well-informed, travelling naturalists, have belied many of the fables which have been promulgated on the nature of these Ophidians. We now know that the most gigantic do not surpass twenty to twenty-five feet in total length; that their thickness is not above seven inches in diameter; and that the received notions on the great size of some species, only repose on the vague surmises of the

natives. We must reckon in the first rank of all known serpents, in respect to its dimensions, the Boa murina, a native of the equatorial regions of America. The Python bivittatus, spread over intertropical Africa and Asia, is in the ancient continent the representative of that Boa, and attains nearly the same size. It is now found that the Python Schneideri, inhabiting India, has an elongated shape, and rarely surpasses fifteen feet in total length; the Boa Constrictor of the New World joins to an inferior length a very considerable thickness; as also do several other Boas, Colubri, &c. In our climate, serpents are rarely more than five feet in length, but in middle Europe there is one species of Coluber which arrives at the length of eight feet.

The habits and manners of serpents vary much. Although almost all of them are stupid, timid, and wild, they soon become tractable, unless it be the venomous species, which are naturally ferocious. "Yet there are serpents, both venomous and innocuous, that scarcely ever make use of their weapons, except to defend themselves." The majority of Ophidians exhibit great alertness, all their movements announcing "a surprising force and agility." But of the true venomous species, several have "a very sluggish and tranquil disposition." "Such as lead a nocturnal life are less numerous than those that prefer daylight to darkness."

We have alluded to the fables and prejudices which have attached to serpents. Our author has a section of his Essay on the subject, from which we gather a few notices. He thus remarks and philosophizes:—

A thousand different properties, which are successively detected in serpents, have opened to man a vast field of meditation, and, in furnishing ample materials to dress out his religious ideas, have presented him with an infinite number of mythic allegories. He has drawn from them symbols, and has ended in offering to those dreaded animals a worship founded on the most diverse and conflicting motives. It would seem to be natural to man to avail himself even of the animals which are noxious, for procuring the means of preservation from the evils which they cause: hence the practice, established from the most remote times, of extracting from serpents remedies against their bites; while, on the other hand, man sought to appease their fury by revering them as divinities. The ancients, employing often the most prominent characteristics of animals in their allegories, discovered in the habits of serpents, in their qualities, or even in their form, an inexhaustible fund for setting to work their own fertile imagination, which heated itself invariably in embellishing the observations they had made from nature. It is to these various causes, and to circumstances perhaps little known at this time, that we should attribute the fear, mingled with hatred and veneration, with which the serpent has inspired the human race.

Passing over the ancient and extinct legends concerning serpents, and the uses made of them in a religious belief, and by the poets, we extract a paragraph relative to the still-reported fascination of the dreaded creatures.

Every one has heard of the pretended magic power which serpents are said to exercise over small animals, when they wish to catch them: there are few works on natural history which have not treated of this phenomenon, contradicted by some, and defended by others, without their being able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. I shall not here repeat the absurdities which travellers have written on this head, and which are sometimes extremely curious: suffice it to say, that these tales, of which the traces may be found in several classic authors, are particularly in vogue in North America, while they are unknown in the East Indies and in Europe, countries rich in serpents of every species. This observation is too curious not to merit some attention, as it shews how a fact, true or supposed, may be so spread as to become popular. Many causes might have given rise to the origin of the pretended *power of fascination* of serpents. It is true that most animals appear absolutely ignorant of the danger which menaces them, when they find themselves in the presence of enemies as cruel as serpents; we often see them walk over the bodies of those reptiles, pick at their head, and bite them, or lie down familiarly beside them: but we need not also deny, that an animal, unexpectedly surprised, attacked by so formidable an adversary, seeing his menacing attitude, his movements performed with such celerity, may be so seized with fear, as at the first moment, to be deprived of its faculties, and rendered incapable of avoiding the fatal blow, which is inflicted at the moment when it perceives itself assailed. Mr. Barton Smith, in a memoir expressly written to refute all that has been advanced on the fascination of the rattlesnake, relates several instances which prove that birds do not shew themselves afraid, except when the serpent approaches their nests to seize their young. Then one may see the terrified parents fly around their enemy, uttering plaintive cries, just as our warblers do when any one stops in the vicinity of their nests. It may also be, that the animals which it is pretended had been seen fluttering around the snake, and at last falling into his mouth, have been already wounded by his poison-fangs; a supposition which perfectly corresponds to the way in which venomous serpents master their prey. Many tree-snakes seize their prey by twisting their slender tails around their victim: Dampier has several times been a witness of this spectacle: observing a bird flapping its wings, and uttering cries, without flying, this traveller perceived that the poor bird was locked in the folds of a snake, when he attempted to lay hold of it. Russel presented one day a fowl to a Dipsas, and the bird in a short time gave signs of death; not conceiving how the bite of a snake not poisonous, and so small, could produce such an effect, he carefully examined the fowl, and found the folds of the tail of the snake around the neck of the bird, which would have perished had he not disengaged it. Many birds of small size are accustomed to pursue birds of prey, and other enemies of their race, or to fly about the place where the object of their hatred lies concealed: there is reason to believe that this phenomenon, known in Europe to every observer, also takes place in exotic regions; and perhaps this is also one of the circumstances which have contributed to the invention of the stories which have been related of the power of fascination in serpents.

The conjurors of serpents meet with no gentler treatment at our author's hands than the believers in the *power of fascination* by

the creatures themselves. It is *training*, not magic that produces the extraordinary displays, the *art* having at all times and among various nations, been the occupation of a particular caste. The pretended conjurors employ only non-venomous species; but they have been known to pay dearly for their ignorance, instances having occurred where they made a serious mistake in the selection of the creature to be charmed. Naturalists cannot always readily distinguish the venomous from the innocuous. The error of an ignorant charlatan may be fatal.

But civilization and the propagation of scientific knowledge have not yet been able to destroy all the errors which have found currency with regard to the serpentine tribes. In the words of our author, "What shall we say on reading in modern works of great reputation, descriptions of the marvellous effects produced on serpents by music; when travellers tell us they have seen young snakes retreat into the mouth of their mother, every time they were menaced with danger!" "Unfortunately," adds the unsparing Conservator, "naturalists, in classing such fables with the number of facts, have often embellished with them their descriptions, and thus have contributed to give them universal acceptation. Who, for instance, will not be struck with the description which Latreille and Lacepede have drawn up of the habits of the boa, and of other serpents of great size! How many qualities have not those philosophers attributed to these beings, which have never existed, except in their own imaginations!"

M. Schlegel renders the *habitudes* and the *geographical distribution* of Ophidians fertile themes. As they approach temperate or frigid regions their number diminishes; for they prefer banks exposed to the heat of the sun, rather than elevated situations, or places covered with a thick and abundant vegetation. There are exceptions; but by far the greatest number inhabit low lands, either naked or bushy, dry or humid, and marshy. "The number of serpents which pass all their life in water is very small; and this mode of existence is especially natural to sea-serpents, which in vast shoals inhabit the most remote regions of our globe." Some species burrow in the earth, others usurp the dens of the quadrupeds; some resort to holes in trees, to houses, or wherever they find a refuge from cold and common attack; while others take to cultivated and open places, in order to give chase to insects and the small mollusca. Some live in society; but the greater number appear to court isolation, dreary solitude, and the noisome wastes far away from every sort of intrusion. Many have climbing powers and propensities, having the colour and livery which absolutely resemble the leaves of the trees which they affect; others resemble small naked branches; and others again simulate old mossy stems; while there are still others again whose region is the dismal waste

of the desert; and these are frequently scarcely distinguishable from the sand.

We have already seen that M. Schlegel's principal aim is to expose the relations subsisting between animals and the places they inhabit; and therefore he is particularly intent on tracing the geographic distribution of genera or of families; these viewed as representing the different principal forms, being a not less interesting study than that of the species; while the facts offered are of the highest importance to physical geography, to the science of geology, as well as to descriptive zoology. Our longest and most suggestive extract shall close the present article, being the introductory paragraphs of the author's essay on the geographical distribution of Ophidians.

In proposing to give, in the following pages, a sketch of the distribution of Serpents on the surface of the globe, I consider it necessary to enter into numerous details, with which I might have dispensed, if this part of the science had been previously cultivated, or if any one had already laid the foundations. I have occupied myself with considerable zeal in this study, which merits an especial attention—not merely because it regards the animals of which I treat in my work, but because it ought to lead, in my opinion, to results much more satisfactory than the study of the geographical distribution of the animals in the other classes of the Animal Kingdom, or even of Vegetables. The reasons in favour of this proposition are obvious. A thousand different agents contribute to disperse different species of plants over the surface of the globe: the seeds of plants are carried by the winds and the waves; man perpetually transplants a great number of vegetables from one country to another; and, by cultivation, he has so changed the face of nature which surrounds him, that the surface of the earth has, in some measure, lost its primeval features, and vegetation, at least, has experienced great modifications. Most animals have the means of spreading themselves on the surface of the globe. The element which saw their birth, offers no limits to marine animals. Certain mammals extend, constantly, the sphere of their habitation, and spread themselves by degrees over many parts of the world. Other species accompany man in his peregrinations, even beyond seas, dispersing themselves in divers regions, either when transplanted by man himself, or when, recovering their liberty, they form, as it were, colonies far from their mother country, where it sometimes happens that their race is totally destroyed, or that all the individuals have passed to the domestic state. Birds enjoy more than other animals the faculty of moving from one place to another; the element in which they move nowhere presenting obstacles to them; a large part of the inhabitants of the air lead a real nomade life, and often establish themselves in places where they were never seen before; a great number disperse themselves, in their periodic migrations, into countries the most distant, and become true cosmopolites; the same species inhabiting, at the same time, all parts of the earth. It is far otherwise with Reptiles. None of the circumstances we have mentioned can be rigorously applied to these animals. Deprived, for the most part, of the means of performing distant journies, they are, in some

measure, attached to the soil which gave them birth; and we do not recognise in them any instinct to flee the natal soil, when certain circumstances would seem to demand it. The cold which deprives them of the means of subsistence, causes them at the same time to fall into a profound lethargy; and Nature, in this simple manner, watches over their preservation during the winter. Man entertains an aversion for these animals, some of which are noxious, it is true, but many of them are innocuous, and even useful: he repels them all, and seeks not to tame them; still less is he inclined to transplant them, without a motive, from one place to another. It is true that there exist certain reptiles which form exceptions to what we have stated. Several species of Tortoises are dispersed over various parts of the globe; the Scinks and the Geckos are perhaps carried in ships from one region to another; the Sea Tortoises undertake voyages at certain periods of the year, and are known upon coasts which their race never inhabit; Crocodiles and Boas have been sometimes carried by currents far from their native regions; but these examples are very few in comparison of what we observe in mammals and in birds, and merely form exceptions, as regards serpents, to what we shall state in the following pages. It is evident, after what we have said, that the the geographic distribution of Ophidians should possess an interest altogether peculiar in this, that it presents the most certain means of knowing the relations which exist between the animals and the places they inhabit. This study will contribute to clear up the grand and important questions on the *Foci* of creation, and the immutability of species. In reposing on the facts which it presents to us, we shall more readily arrive at an idea of the face of Nature, such as she was in the primeval state, before the art of man had transformed the surface of the earth, before he had driven from their habitations a great number of animals, either destroying them totally, or reducing them to a state of domesticity, and changing or modifying their nature, by altering that of the places they inhabit. We cannot at all apply this to reptiles in general, and still less to serpents. The places of their habitation are forests, marshes, or even deserts, and these places have never perceived the influence of cultivation. Not multiplying, except rarely, so as to incommode man, and seeking to withdraw themselves from pursuit, by retiring to the uncultivated places which serve for their retreat, the war which is made on them is usually only directed against individuals; hence, the number of species, as well as of individuals, ought to remain almost at the point fixed by the general law of Nature from the beginning; and this is one of the facts which it is essential to establish in physical geography. Now, supposing that the animals of which we speak live still in the same places originally assigned to them; that they still live in the same climate, and under the same conditions, it is evident that they cannot have been subject to any change in the course of ages: they present, then, more than any other living creatures, bases to ascertain with precision what should be understood by *species*, by constant varieties, or by varieties produced by local causes, or by climate. The remarks which I throw out will suffice to shew how important is the study of the geographical distribution of reptiles, especially of Ophidians, and the influence which this study ought to exercise on that of the geographical distribution of animals in general, on zoology, on geology, and on physical geography.

most evident that the Bishop's Consistories are of great antiquity, and that they were erected when causes Ecclesiastical were removed from the *Tourne* (which is a court of record holden before the sheriff) to the Consistory. So that this law made by the Conqueror seems to give the original of the Bishop's Consistory as it now sits with us, distinct and divided from the Hundred or County Court, wherewith it seems probable, in the time of the Saxons, to have been joined! It is not meant that the mere antiquity of these courts should be set up as a reason why they should not be abolished, if their abolition were desirable—for the cause of just reformation sometimes requires us to

"Molest the ancient solitary reign"

of obsolete customs, and long-standing abuses, which, like the moping owl, have long tenanted "the ivy-mantled tower" of legal antiquity. But we attach much weight to the declaration of Blackstone, with reference to this question:—"And should any alteration be attempted, great confusion would probably arise in overturning long-established forms, and new modelling a course of proceedings that has now prevailed for seven centuries."* If the ecclesiastical courts are found to be efficient in the administration of the testamentary business of the country, or are capable of being rendered efficient, it would surely be unwise, for the purpose of exalting some theory or abstract principle, to uproot a system founded by our forefathers—the destruction of which, there is reasonable ground to anticipate, would be injurious to the whole community.

The discussion seems then to narrow itself into these two inquiries,—would it be desirable to apply the French principle of "centralization" to the jurisdiction now exercised by the Ecclesiastical Courts? If it is proved that centralization would not be beneficial, but on the contrary repugnant to the habits and manners of England, then does not the Lord Chancellor's bill of the present session cure many of the evils heretofore complained of, while it secures to the public many important advantages?

In England and Wales there are no less than *three hundred and seventy-two* Ecclesiastical Courts; comprising, according to the report of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the *Provincial Courts*, being in the province of Canterbury, the Court of Arches or the supreme court of appeal, the Prerogative or Testamentary Court, and the Court of Peculiars; in the province of York the Prerogative or Testamentory Court, and the Chancery Court: *the Diocesan Courts*, being the consistorial courts of every diocese, exercising general jurisdiction; the court or courts of one or more *Commissaries*, appointed by the bishop in certain dioceses; the court or courts of one or more *Arch-*

* Cam. B. III. ch. 7.

deacons or their officials, exercising general or limited jurisdiction, according to the terms of their patents or to local custom; the *Peculiar Courts*, royal, archiepiscopal, episcopal, deenal, sub-deenal, prebendal, rectorial, vicarial, and manorial. The advocates for "centralization" would at one fell swoop destroy these three hundred and seventy-two courts, and transfer the business transacted in them to a central court in Doctor's Commons; re-establishing one grand depôt for the custody of wills. As might have been expected, the bill introduced into the House of Commons in 1843 by Dr. Nicholl, which proposed to centralize the jurisdiction in the metropolis, was resolutely opposed by the provinces, which contended that it would introduce a new principle into the government of England, and deprive the people of rights that had descended to them from their ancestors. What could be more monstrous than to hazard (without any apparent necessity) the Wills which form the title deeds of the property of the country to the chance of destruction, in one such general conflagration as befel the House of Parliament, the Tower of London, and the Royal Exchange? On what pretence were men to be compelled to transact in London that business now transacted in their own neighbourhoods? On what principle would it be justifiable to oblige a resident of York, Durham, Lincoln, or Norfolk, who now can search for, or examine, a will at the cost of one shilling, to undertake a long and expensive journey to obtain the desired information? It is forcibly observed in one of the petitions presented to parliament on this subject,—

> We have for some time past observed with regret, that in improving the administration of the law, no reform has been attempted, even of the most obvious abuses, without accompanying efforts being made to centralize the whole of the business relating to the administration of the law, in London. Such centralization is not only injurious to professional persons in the provinces, but it is highly unjust to all classes of the community resident there, nd cannot be even in the smallest degree, for the public good.

Of late there has been a great deal said as to the propriety of taking justice to every man's door by means of LOCAL COURTS. The principle of centralization proceeds in an opposite direction, and would render justice still less accessible than at present. The importance of retaining local jurisdictions was very forcibly pointed out, by some of the witnesses examined before the commission already adverted to. The Reverend Chancellor Martin, in the course of his evidence made the following observations:—

> I feel convinced that if our court (Exeter) was made a good and efficient provincial court for executors and administrators' accounts, and enforcing payment of legacies, a good deal of fraud and injustice would be saved; and if I may be permitted to make the suggestion, I would say that it would be a improvement in the law of this country to procure good provincial

courts and dispense justice near home, than to draw all legal business to the metropolis: it would be much more beneficial to the public.

That the centralization of testamentary business in Doctors' Commons, would not be advantageous to the community at large, will appear pretty plainly, when the fact is stated, that the charges in London are considerably greater than they are in the country. The following case may be taken as an illustration:—Some time ago, probate of the will of A. B. was required to be taken out in Chester and in Canterbury. The effects in both jurisdictions were precisely the same. The charges in the respective courts were stated to be:—

	£.	s.	d.
In Canterbury, fees &c.	9	13	4
In Chester, do. do.	1	18	5
Difference	7	14	11

The deputy registrar of the Norwich court has published the following statement, the accuracy of which there is no reason to doubt:—

The charges on a country probate are notoriously very much less than on a London one. The difference in favour of the country probate is in all cases one third and in many one half.

It is of importance to remark, that this theory of centralization is at variance with the whole tenour and general spirit of the institutions of England. The sitting of the judges in the Assize courts of the various counties—the Quarter Sessions in shires and divisions of shires—the several Borough Sessions—the County Court, which in the Saxon times was established in order that legal redress might be at a distance from none—the Courts of Requst—Courts Leet—Courts Manor, Courts Baron, all recognise the wisdom of distributing justice over the face of the whole kingdom, administering it locally, and securing with as little delay, expense, and inconvenience as possible, those benefits which every man has a right to claim from the laws. "It is obviously of the highest importance that testamentary business, in which every family in the state possessed of or expecting property is interested, should be administered locally, with promptitude, and with regard to the feelings of the friends of deceased persons."

Her Majesty's Government have therefore wisely resolved not to countenance a course of policy, repugnant to the British constitution: instead of abolishing the Ecclesiastical Courts *in toto*, they have addressed themselves to the task of "consolidating the jurisdiction, and improving the practice of these courts." In the first instance, the whole of the peculiar and minor courts, now exercising contentious

testamentary, and voluntary jurisdiction, are to be suppressed; and henceforth the Ecclesiastical Courts will be placed on the following basis :—

ARCHBISHOPS' COURTS RETAINED.

Arches Court of Canterbury in London.
Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of his vicar general in London.
Court of the Master of the Faculty of the Archbishop of Canterbury in London.
Chancery Court of York.

BISHOPS' COURTS.

Bangor, Consistory Court at.
Bath and Wells, Consistory Court of, at Wells.
Bristol, Consistory Court at.
Canterbury, ditto.
Carlisle, ditto.
Chester, ditto.
Chichester, ditto.
Durham, ditto.
Ely, Consistory Court of, at Cambridge.
Exeter, Consistory Court at.
Gloucester, ditto.
Hereford, ditto.
Lichfield, ditto.
Lincoln, ditto.
Llandaff, ditto.
London, ditto.
Manchester, ditto.
Norwich, Consistory Court at.
Oxford, ditto.
Peterborough, ditto.
Ripon, ditto.
Rochester, ditto.
St Asaph, ditto.
St. David's, Consistory Court at Carmarthen.
Salisbury, Consistory Court at.
Winchester, ditto.
Worcester, ditto.

ARHCDEACONAL COURTS.

(which are to grant Probates, &c., but not exercise contentious jurisdiction.)

Cornwall.
Leicester.
Nottingham.
Suffolk.

By the eighth section of Lord Lyndhurst's bill, it is provided, that save and except the above mentioned,—

All Ecclesiastical Courts in England and Wales shall be abolished; and the functions of the Judges, Registrars, Deputy Registrars and other officers

thereof shall cease, save as to keeping custody of and preserving and allowing searches for and giving copies as heretofore of wills and other documents until her Majesty in Council shall otherwise direct.

And by the sixteenth section, it is enacted, that each of the Bishops' courts enumerated,—

May in all Ecclesiastical matters exercise in and throughout the diocese all such jurisdiction, contentious or voluntary, as ordinarily belongs to a Diocesan court, save in so far as such jurisdiction is expressly abolished or abridged by this act.

The government have been attacked sharply in both houses of parliament, in consequence of their determination to retain the Diocesan Consistories. We think they have been assailed unjustly. Much weight must always attach to the opinions of such men as Lord Cottenham and Lord Campbell on legal subjects; but in this instance we must respectfully submit, that the noble and learned lords in their anxiety to promote the cause of "Centralization," and in their hostility to the acknowledged evils of the old system, have somewhat too hastily concluded that it was impossible to render the Diocesan Courts efficient local tribunals.

Let us examine the specific objections against these courts: 1. The incompetency of the officers to decide who is entitled to probate, and the due execution of wills: 2. The difficulties in the way of search for wills, from the multiplicity of courts: 3. The insecure and unsatisfactory custody of wills from exposure to damp, fire, and rats: 4. The small proportion of business to be transacted by these Diocesan Courts. In opposing the second reading of Lord Lyndhurst's bill, in the House of Commons, Sir George Grey expressed the following opinion:—

This measure would not secure such JUDGES or such a BAR as the country had a right to require. The principle of the former bill, which concentrated the jurisdiction in one superior judge, was wholly abandoned in this, and the jurisdiction was to be distributed among 35 courts* and administered by as many inferior judges. These judges too were to he armed with large powers of a nature very dangerous in the hands of inferior judges, especially when *unchecked by the attendance of a Bar.*

Now we contend that there is no ground whatever to warrant the fears expressed by Sir George Grey; and we refer to the bill before us to justify us in meeting his assertion with a distinct negative. It is true that, the canons regulating the courts christian, chancellors, commissaries, &c. are charged to delegate their powers to no one "except he be either a grave minister and a graduate, or a licensed public preacher and a beneficed man, or a Bachelor of

* Sir George exaggerates a little. There will be but *thirty-one* courts exercising contentious jurisdiction.

Law, or a Master of Arts, at least, who hath some skill in the civil and ecclesiastical law, and is a favourer of true religion, &c." The present bill, however, declares, that no person hereafter shall be appointed chancellor of any diocese, except he be an Advocate of the Arches or Chancery Court, or a Sergeant or a Barrister-at-Law of five years' standing, at the least. Further, no person can be appointed a Judge in any of these courts by the Bishop, until the approbation of Her Majesty of such appointment shall have been signified through the Secretary of State. The Judges will be required to discharge their duties *in person;* and they will be paid such salaries as will secure the services of competent men. And if any additional security for the due administration of justice be necessary, it is to be found in the controlling power vested in the Court of Queen's Bench,—the extent of which is thus pointedly described by Sir Matthew Hale, in his History of the Common Law.

For as the laws and statutes of this realm have prescribed to the Ecclesiastical courts their bounds and limits, so the courts of Common Law have the superintendency over them to keep them, within the limits of their jurisdiction, and judge and determine whether they have exceeded those limits or not; and in case they do exceed their bounds, the courts of common law will issue their prohibitions to restrain them, directed either to the judge, or party, or both. And also in case they exceed their jurisdiction, the officer that executes the sentence, and in some cases the judge that gives it, are punishable in the courts of common law.

Sir George Grey has assumed that the Judges of the Diocesan Courts will be unchecked by the attendance of a Bar. But we see no reason why he should assume that barristers will not attend those courts. For several years past, barristers have been heard in the York Ecclesiastical Courts; and from the following suggestion which occurs in the Memorial of the Registrars, it seems highly probable that a Bar will be present in each of the Courts: "and by making the sittings of the Diocesan Courts correspond in point of time with those of Quarter Sessions and Assizes, the attendance of a sufficient Bar might at once be provided." On the whole, therefore, as far as the competency of the Judges, and the respectability of the several courts are concerned, we think no objection can be fairly urged against the Government measure.

With regard to the alleged difficulty in the search for wills by reason of the multiplicity of courts, it is only necessary to say, that it is put an end to by the present bill. The abolition of all the minor jurisdictions would of itself have very much diminished the difficulty; but for the future, copies of all wills proved in the Diocesan or Archidiaconal Courts must, twenty-one days after their approval, be transmitted to the London Court, and there

be filed and registered. A general INDEX of all Probates and Letters of Administration will also be kept at Doctors' Commons, so that all obstacles to the examination of wills will be completely removed.

In some cases it is not improbable that wills have been deposited in places not sufficiently secure; but surely it is preposterous to assert that proper registries could not be erected in the provincial cities. With reference to the project of a central depot for the custody of wills, the following statement is made by the Yorkshire Law Society:

> That the public have always had cheap and ready access to the wills and other public papers kept in the Registry at York, and such documents have been preserved with great care. That your petitioners are apprehensive that such documents will not be kept with equal care in London, and they are quite certain that the public will not have access to them at so little cost. Besides, in heaping together a mass of these public documents from all parts of the country, it is hardly possible that they can be so easily referred to as at present; and a general Registry of Wills is not unlikely to be an object of attack in times of popular commotion.

But after all, we are told that the judgeships of the consolidated courts will be mere sinecures. It is urged by Mr. Harvey Gem, in a pamphlet which he has published on this subject, that the amount of business is too insignificant to render the retention of the diocesan courts necessary. But it by no means follows as a consequence, that because there was but a small number of suits in the Consistories when all the peculiar and minor courts (upwards of 340 in number) were in existence, and when there were strong objections against the constitution of the diocesan courts, that there will be but a similar number when the business of the abolished courts will be concentrated in thirty-one reformed courts. Mr. Harvey Gem appears to take it for granted that the only business which will occupy the attention of the diocesan courts will be contentions: but why place out of view the testamentary and voluntary business? If the present officers are objected to as incompetent to decide who is entitled to probate and the due execution of wills, it is not unreasonable to assume that the new judges, who certainly will be competent, will be required to give their attention to these things; and will be called on to superintend the examination of executors and administrators' accounts, as well as the due payment of legacies. The duties of a judge of a diocesan court will never be light nor unimportant, and occasionally we have no doubt that they will be sufficiently onerous.

The Lord Chancellor's bill contains some provisions as to the value of which there can be no second opinion: it is provided that the Queen in Council shall have the power of establishing tables of fees, and, what is infinitely of more importance, of establishing rules of practice for all the Diocesan Courts. The proceedings in these

courts are now regulated by the rules of the canon and civil law—these rules, however, will be subject to the revision of the Queen in Council from time to time; and it may safely be taken for granted, that whatever rules of Roman jurisprudence are found inconvenient or mischievous will be altered.

The 21st and 22nd sections of the bill introduce a most wholesome innovation; providing that evidence may be taken before a commissioner, and in the various courts, *viva voce*, as in the courts of common law. According to the rules of the civil and canon law, witnesses are examined *privately*. The examination of witnesses in open court will, of necessity, involve the attendance of counsel; and as a consequence, the proceedings of the ecclesiastical courts will gradually assimilate to those in the other courts of law. Still we are far from wishing to see the code of Justinian banished from all these courts. It is most desirable that a bar of civilians should be maintained; and Doctor's Commons will, we trust, continue to be, what it long has been, a distinguished college of the professors of Roman law—to whom difficult questions on international law can at all times be referred.

But the bill takes another stride. It establishes TRIAL BY JURY in certain cases. In any contested suit it shall be lawful for the judge of the court, on the application of any party to such suit, if he shall think fit, to direct a trial by jury of any issue or issues on any question or questions of facts arising in any such suit; the issue to be tried before some judge of her Majesty's superior courts at the sittings of Nisi Prius in London, or before some judge of Assize at Nisi Prius. The effect of this arrangement will be still further to harmonize the proceedings of the spiritual courts with the common and statute law.

The jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts respecting tithes is abolished; and the laws enabling them to take cognizance of non-attendance at divine worship, of quarrelling in churches and churchyards, and of defamation, are wisely repealed. The power of the Spiritual Courts in matters of defamation, which was granted to them by statute in the reign of King Edward the First, was an exceedingly objectionable one. Suits were frequently brought for a hasty word spoken in momentary anger, or in jest.

> "The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
> As is the razor's edge invisible."

As might have been expected, therefore, we find several instances of proceedings for defamation, in which the defendants were of the feminine gender. In "Burn's Ecclesiastical Law," several cases are enumerated in which ladies, even against the expressed injunctions of their more peaceable and prudent lords, engaged in defamatory suits. Too frequently the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts in such

matters was made to minister to vindictive and malicious feelings and it can be a cause of regret to no one that it no longer exists.

The difficult question of *Bona Notabilia* still remains unsettled. The present bill leaves that and one or two other points, in an unsatisfactory position. But as far as the bill goes, it is a large and valuable measure of reform, calculated to remedy many evils, and at the same time to give general satisfaction to the country. Instead of destroying, it amends;—it renovates and improves, without subverting ancient institutions; and, while it refrains from violently turning things from the accustomed channel in which for ages they have run, conforms the jurisdiction and practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts of England and Wales, to the spirit of the more enlightened jurisprudence of modern times.

ART. VI.—*Lectures on Electricity, comprising Galvanism, Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Magneto- and Thermo-Electricity.* By HENRY NOAD, Author of "Lectures on Chemistry," &c. George Knight and Sons.

"There is perhaps no branch of experimental philosophy which is received by persons of all ages with greater pleasure than Electricity. The reasons are obvious. It is the science susceptible of the most familiar demonstration, and its phenomena, from the striking and ocular manner in which they are presented, are calculated to arrest the attention, and become fixed on the mind more powerfully than those of any other science. To this may be added its connexion with the most sublime and awful of the agencies of nature; its secret and hidden influence in promoting at one time the decomposition of bodies, and at another time their reformation; at one time, in its current form causing the elements of water to separate, and exhibiting them in the form of gases; and at another time in its condensed form causing these same gases to re-unite, and become again identified with water; now in its current form exhibiting the most wonderful, and sometimes terrible effects on the muscles and limbs of dead animals, and now in its condensed form moving with a velocity that is beyond conception through the living body, and communicating a shock through fifty or a thousand persons at the same instant; now exhibiting its mighty powers in the thunder storm, and now working slowly and quietly in the development of beautiful chrystals. With such varied subjects for contemplation and admiration, it is no wonder if electricity should be a favourite and fascinating study."

Such is the opening paragraph of Mr. Noad's "new and greatly enlarged edition" of his Lectures on Electricity, which are designed to give a popular account of the present state of the sciences on which they treat, and to shew their connexion with each other.

The progress of this department of science, and the recent applications of it to useful purposes, has been astonishingly great. The number of facts, indeed, which are constantly accumulating within its range, is so vast and valuable, as to render it almost impossible to keep pace with the progress by any series of editions! for even while the present work was going through the press, several important contributions to its study appeared, which the author has been obliged to throw into an Appendix, these having come at too late an hour to occupy their proper places in the work itself. In respect of rapidity of progress, Electricity bears a striking resemblance to Chemistry, a science in which what is new to-day may be superseded by some discovery to-morrow. We may instance amongst the latest and most important applications of electricity to telegraphic purposes on our rail-roads; while, as regards the practicability of employing electro-magnetism as a moving power, a field is offered for the most interesting speculation and beautiful experiment. Mr. Noad cites the remarks of the editor of the Engineer's Magazine on this subject, and we copy out the greater portion of the passage.

Should it (electro-magnetism,) ever lead to the results anticipated from it as a prime mover, there are many advantages which it will possess over steam. The clash, din, and concussion occasioned by steam-engine machinery—the dread of explosions—and the smoke, dust, and danger of fire, would all be got rid of. The only noise in an electro-magnetic locomotive, or boat, would be that of the wheels, and the batteries could be charged in such a manner as to avoid all disagreeable smell. But even if the method of exciting them should be such as to produce hydrogen gas, this, instead of being permitted to escape and annoy passengers, could be collected and rendered available as a means of producing light and heat when required. So far, however, as light is concerned, it could be obtained otherwise, at no additional expense; for a piece of charcoal being interposed at a small breach in the wires connected with the batteries, would, by its ignition, afford the most intense and brilliant light imaginable, and furnish the means also of communicating signals to an immense distance. We are inclined, however, to think that the application of this new prime mover to navigation, particularly on the ocean, holds out better hopes of success than its application to locomotives on the land. Iron vessels have now been proved well adapted for duty at sea: and since that metal and salt water constitute two important elements of the voltaic battery, may not some means of introducing a *third* element be suggested, so that a great part, if not the whole of the surface of the ship, may be called into action for the purpose of furthering her progress; thus making the ocean so far her propeller as well as support, while her own body also performed two important offices? Much less weight would also require to be carried by an electro-magnetic boat, than by a steamer, and she could therefore undertake much longer voyages.

Mr. Noad's Lectures, which profess merely to be a compilation of a series of topics that embrace those points of electrical science most interesting to the general reader, may be recommended warmly as a judicious selection, and as handled with all the clearness and ease of which the subjects and the occasion are susceptible. Although properly a compilation, it yet presents such a gathering and disposal of facts, and such a pertinency of observation, as no one but a master of the science, so far as it has hitherto been carried, could have produced. A happy combination seems to take place throughout of the amusing and the instructive, of the satisfying and of the stimulating to study. We look upon the volume to be an excellent elementary book. A few paragraphs, and such as do not require any of the wood-cuts—nearly three hundred in number—for illustration will be acceptable, at the same time affording both samples of the work, and inducements to become acquainted with the discoveries of philosophers in this grand and glorious region of scientific inquiry.

It appears, that according to Wheatstone's experiments, Electricity travels at the enormous velocity of 576,000 miles in a second. A note about this velocity, and also relating to the motion of light, which is similarly rapid, shall be cited in order to exalt, if possible, the conceptions, and to point attention to the marvels with which the material world teems.

Light is about eight minutes thirteen seconds in passing from the sun to the earth, so that it may be considered as moving at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two miles in a second, performing the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eye-lids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride. . . . . Such is the velocity of light, that a flash of it from the sun would be seen in little more than eight minutes after its emission; whereas the sound evolved at the same time (supposing a medium like air capable of conveying sound between the sun and earth) would not reach us in less than fourteen years and thirty-seven days; and a cannon ball proceeding with its greatest speed, in not less than twenty years. The velocity of Electrcity is so great, that the most rapid motion that can be produced by art, appears to be actual rest when compared with it. A wheel revolving with a rapidity sufficient to render its spokes invisible, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if it were in a state of absolute repose; because however rapid the rotation may be, the light has come and already ceased before the wheel has had time to turn through a sensible space: the following beautiful experiment was made by Wheatstone: — A circular piece of pasteboard was divided into three sections, one of which was painted blue, another yellow and a third red; on causing the disc to revolve rapidly, it appeared white, because a sunbeam consists of a mixture of these colours, and the rapidity of the motion caused the distinction of colours to be lost to the eye: but the instant the pasteboard was illuminated by the electric spark, it seemed to stand still, and each colour was as distinct as if the disc were at rest.

By a beautiful application of this principle, Wheatstone contrived an apparatus by which he has demonstrated that the light of the electric discharges does not last the millionth part of a second of time. His plan was to view the image of a spark reflected from a plane mirror, which, by means of a train of wheels, was kept in rapid rotation on a horizontal axis. The number of revolutions performed by the mirror was ascertained by means of the sound of a siren connected with it, and still more successfully by that of an arm striking against a card, to be 800 in a second. The angular motion of the image being twice as great as that of the mirror, it was easy to compute the interval of time occupied by the light during its appearance in two successive points of its apparent path; when thus viewed, it was ascertained that the image passed over half a degree (an angle, which being equal to about an inch seen at the distance of ten feet, is easily detected by the eye) in 1,152,000th part of a second. The result of these experiments, as regarded the deviation of the spark, was, that it did not occupy even this minute portion of time: but when the electric discharge of a battery was made to pass through a copper wire of half a mile in length, interrupted both in the middle and also at its two extremities, so as to present three sparks, they each gave a spectrum considerably elongated and indicating the duration of the spark of the 24,000th part of a second. The sparks at both extremities of the circuit were perfectly simultaneous, both in their period of commencement and termination; but that which took place in the middle of the circuit, though of equal duration with the former, occurred later by at least the millionth part of a second, indicating a velocity of transmission from the former point to the latter, of nearly 288,000 miles in a second, —a velocity which exceeds that of light itself.

From what is said of the physiological effects of common electricity we extract the following paragraphs:

It is stated by Mr. Morgan, that if a strong shock be passed through the diaphragm, the sudden contraction of the muscles of respiration will act so violently on the air of the lungs, as to occasion a loud and involuntary shout; but that a small charge occasions in the gravest persons a violent fit of laughter: persons of great nervous sensibility are affected much more readily than others.

A small charge sent through the spine instantly deprives the person for a moment of all muscular power, and he generally falls to the ground. If the charge be very powerful, instant death is occasioned. Mr. Singer states that a charge passed through the head gave him the sensation of a violent and universal blow, which was followed by a transient loss of memory and indistinctness of vision. A small charge sent through the head of a bird will so far derange the optic nerve as to produce permanent blindness; and a coated surface of thirty square inches of glass will exhaust the whole nervous system to such a degree as to cause immediate death. Animals the most tenacious of life are destroyed by energetic shocks passed through the body. Van Marum found that eels are irrecoverably deprived of life when a shock is sent through their whole body: when only a part of the body is included in the circuit, the destruction is confined to that individual part, while the rest retains the power of motion.

The bodies of animals killed by lightning are found to undergo rapid putrefaction; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that after death the blood does not coagulate.

There can be no doubt that Electricity is very materially concerned in the economy both of animal and vegetable life, but we possess no precise information on the subject. It is not improbable that it may have something to do with the rise of sap, from the fact that Electricity always increases the velocity of a fluid moving in a capillary tube. On vegetables strong shocks have the same effects as on animals, namely, produce death: a very slight charge is sufficient to kill a balsam. It may further be observed that living vegetables are the most powerful conductors with which we are acquainted. Mr. Weekes found that a coated jar, having 46 inches of metallic surface, was repeatedly discharged by the activity of a vegetable point, in 4 min. 6 sec.; while the same jar, charged to the same degree, required 11 min. 6 sec. to free it from its electric contents by means of a metallic point: the points in both cases being equi-distant. The same gentleman also found that the gold leaf electroscope is powerfully affected by a jar at the distance of nearly seven feet, when the cap of the instrument is furnished with a branch of the shrub called butcher's broom; though the same instrument, when mounted with pointed metallic wires, is not perceptibly affected until the charged jar approaches to within two feet of the cap.

If a blade of grass and a needle be held pointing towards the prime conductor of a machine, while the person holding them recedes from the instrument, a small luminous point will appear on the apex of the grass long after it has vanished from the apex of the needle.

The paragraphs which we next extract concern the Gymnotus, a fish resembling an eel, and possessed of electrical properties. A specimen was for some time in the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide-street, where it remained in a healthy and vigorous condition from August 1838, till March 1842. "The length of this fish was forty inches. At first it was fed with blood, which was nightly put into the water, which was changed for fresh water in the morning; subsequently it was supplied with small fish, such as gudgeon, carp, and perch, one of which on an average it consumed daily." Numerous experiments were instituted by Dr. Faraday and others with this fine specimen; and the following are a few of the observations and results that were noticed.

The Gymnotus can stun and kill fish, which are in very various positions to its own body. Dr. Faraday describes the behaviour of the eel on one occasion when he saw it eat, as follows:—a live fish about five inches in length, caught not half a minute before, was dropped into the tub. The Gymnotus instantly turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it: a shock passed, and there in an instant was the fish struck motionless, as if by lightning, in the midst of the water, its side floating to the light. The Gymnotus made a turn or two to look for its prey, which having found, he bolted, and then went searching about for more. Living as this animal does in the midst of

such a good conductor as water, it seems at first surprising that it can sensibly electrify anything; but in fact it is the very conducting power of the water which favours and increases the shock, by moistening the skin of the animal through which the Gymnotus discharges its battery. This is illustrated by the fate of a Gymnotus which had been caught and confined for the purpose of transmission to this country. Notwithstanding its wonderful powers, it was destroyed by a water rat; and when we consider the perfect manner in which the body of the rat is insulated, and that even when he dives beneath the water not a particle of the liquid adheres to him, we shall not feel surprised at the catastrophe.

The Gymnotus appears to be sensible when he has shocked an animal, being made conscious of it, probably, by the mechanical impulse he receives, caused by the spasms into which he is thrown. When Dr. Faraday touched him with his hands, he gave him shock after shock; but when he touched him with glass rods, or insulated conductors, he gave one or two shocks felt by others having their hands in at a distance, but then ceased to exert the influence, as if made aware it had not the desired effect. Again, when he was touched with the conductor several times for experiment on the galvanometer &c., and appeared to be languid or indifferent, and not willing to give shocks, yet, being touched by the hands, they by convulsive motion informed him that a sensitive thing was present, and he as quickly showed his power and willingness to astonish the experimenter.

In these most wonderful animals then we behold the power of converting the *nervous* into the *electric* force. Is the converse of this possible? Possessing, as we do, an electric power far beyond that of the fish itself, is it irrational, or unphilosophical, to anticipate the time when we shall be able to reconvert the electric into the nervous force? Seebeck taught us how to commute heat into Electricity; and Peltier, more recently, has shown us how to convert the Electricity into heat. By Œrsted we were shown how to convert the electric into the magnetic force, and Faraday has the honour of having added the other member of the full relation, by re-acting back again and converting magnetic into electric forces.

Electro-magnetism and Œrsted:

In the year 1819, the famous discovery of electro-magnetism was made by Œrsted, and since that time, nearly all the telegraphs that have been brought before the public are based on the deflection of the magnetic needle by the voltaic current. It was Ampère who first suggested this application, and Mr. Alexander of Edinburgh who first took advantage of the suggestion. His telegraph consisted of thirty-one wires, for the purpose of showing the alphabet in full, with stops, &c., in all thirty signals, which were shown upon a distant dial. A voltaic battery was provided, and a series of troughs of mercury to which were attached keys, to be pressed down by the finger of the operator, by which the voltaic circuit was completed; thirty magnetic needles, each carrying a screen which concealed a letter, were fixed on the dial, and each needle had its corresponding key. When no electricity was passing, these screens remained stationary over the several letters, and consequently concealed them from view; but when the current was made to

flow, by the depression of a key, the corresponding needle in the distant instrument was deflected, carrying the screen with it, and uncovering the letter, which became exposed to view.

Atmospheric electricity, and some of its phenomena :—

A great difference will be observed, in the appearance of the flashes of lightning during a thunder-storm. The scene is sometimes awfully magnificent by their brilliancy, frequency, and extent; darting sometimes, on broad and well defined lines, from cloud to cloud, and sometimes shooting towards the earth; they then become zig-zag and irregular, or appear as a large and rapidly-moving ball of fire—an appearance usually designated by the ignorant a *thunderbolt*, and erroneously supposed to be attended by the fall of a solid body. The report of the thunder is also modified according to the nature of the country, the extent of the air through which it passes, and the position of the observer. Sometimes it sounds like the sudden emptying of a large cart-load of stones; sometimes like the firing of a volley of musketry: in these cases it usually follows the lightning immediately, and is near at hand: when more distant it rumbles and reverberates, at first with a loud report, gradually dying away and returning at intervals, or roaring like the discharge of heavy artillery.

Again :

A person may be killed by lightning although the explosion takes place twenty miles off, by what is called the back stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud highly charged hang down to the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface if it be of the same kind as their own, and will attract the other kind: if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though this back stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shock.

When a building is struck by lightning, the charge is generally determined towards the chimney, owing to its height, and to the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; for it has been demonstrated experimentally, that the electric fluid will pass with facility to a considerable distance over a surface of carbon.

The directions to be given as to the best positions of safety during a thunder storm are few and simple. If out of doors, trees should be avoided; and if from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is the most secure. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts, or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge: the distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for, should a discharge take place, these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighbourhood are more likely to escape. It is right also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor; and the height of a human being near a stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are perfectly safe if in the

middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearth-rug. The chimney, for reasons above stated, should be avoided: upon the same principle gilt mouldings, bell-wires, &c., are in danger of being struck. In bed we are tolerably safe, blankets and feathers being bad conductors, and we are, consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in the basement stories.

The fate of Professor Richmann:

In the year 1753, a fatal catastrophe, from incautious experiments upon atmospheric electricity, occurred to Professor Richmann, of St. Petersburg. He had erected an apparatus in the air, making a metallic communication between it and his study, where he provided means for repeating Franklin's experiments. While engaged in describing to his engraver, Tokolow, the nature of the apparatus, a thunder-clap was heard, louder and more distant than any which had been remembered at St. Petersburgh. Richmann stooped towards the electrometer to observe the force of the electricity, and "as he stood in that posture, a great white and blueish fire appeared between the rod of the electrometer and his head. At the same time a sort of steam or vapour arose, which entirely benumbed the engraver, and made him sink on the ground." Several parts of the apparatus were broken in pieces and scattered about: the doors of the room were torn from their hinges, and the house shaken in every part. The wife of the Professor, alarmed by the shock, ran to the room, and found her husband sitting on a chest, which happened to be behind him when he was struck, and leaning against the wall. He appeared to have been instantly struck dead; a red spot was found on his forehead, his shoe was burst open, and a part of his waistcoat singed; Tokolow was at the same time struck senseless. This dreadful accident was occasioned by the neglect on the part of Richmann, to provide an arrangement by which the apparatus, when too strongly electrified, might discharge itself into the earth, a precaution that cannot be too strongly urged upon all who attempt experiments in atmospheric electricity.

Having cited a few passages from Mr. Noad's compilation, which are calculated to arrest the attention, and excite the curiosity relative to many of the most marvellous and astounding phenomena in nature, even supposing the reader to be previously altogether unacquainted with the tritest facts of the science of electricity, we shall now throw out such observations and sentiments as may serve to point for a moment to some of the noblest strides that have yet been made in human advancement, and also to encourage glorious anticipations in regard to the achievements of the future.

The knowledge of Electricity, like that of most other branches of science, has arisen from very small beginnings, and arrived at its present state by slow and sometimes almost imperceptible gradations. Thales of Miletus, who flourished A. C. 600, was acquainted with the property which amber possesses of attracting light substances, and he thence concluded, that it must necessarily be animated; but the

first person who expressly mentioned this substance in his writings was Theophrastus, A.C. 300; and he also notices the electrical power of the *lincurium* or *tourmalin*, at least as far as this stone has the power of attracting light bodies. Pliny, who was suffocated in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79, also occasionally mentions the attractive property of amber, which was of course not unknown to later naturalists; but they all seem to have confined the property to amber, jet, and perhaps agate, till the year 1660, when Dr. William Gilbert, a physician of London, published his treatise De Magnate. In this work we find that a considerable accession had been made to the list of electrics, as well as to that of the bodies on which they act. He is supposed to be the first who discovered the electrical property of excited glass; but his discovery seems to have extended scarcely any further than to the attraction and repulsion of light bodies, as in amber; and for this purpose, he found that transparent glass answers the best.

Compare the infantile condition of electrical science in the time of Dr. Gilbert with its position now, as this is exhibited briefly in the volume before us. And yet it merits remark that authors of discoveries of the first magnitude have remained unknown, notwithstanding the earnest endeavours of historians to rescue from oblivion names, which should never have been obliterated from the book of fame. He who first discovered the property which belongs to a magnetic needle when floating on the surface of a fluid, of pointing towards the north, should be esteemed the genuine inventor of the mariner's compass.

As far back, at least, as the middle of the seventeenth century, the action of the magnet upon iron and steel, the properties of artificial magnets, and in fact all those notions upon magnetism which are to be found in works on natural philosophy published prior to the discovery of electro-magnetism, appear to have been prevalent. The science, indeed, remained stationary during ages, and seemed exhausted, until a new fundamental discovery showed it to be but in its birth. At a period when superstition reigned in full force, when the dead stalked by night among the tombs, and visited the scenes of their past actions, and when angels or demons were the spirits of men's sleeping and waking dreams,—at such a period it was natural to imagine a kind of soul in the magnet, and to endow it with many a virtue which, since people have become greater materialists in their notions of natural science, it no longer possesses.

To exhibit its directing faculty, the magnetic needle was passed through a cork ball, or a straw, so as to float upon the surface of water, and obey the horizontal force of the globe. At times it might be that the lighter body was of such dimensions as to give to the little apparatus the specific gravity of water, when the needle, in the place of floating on the surface, sank beneath it, and remaining sus-

pended in the liquid, obeyed not only its northward tendency, but yielded to the force which urges downwards; thus pointing in the very direction of the magnetic force, like the *dipping needle* of modern observers. And hence, perhaps, a clue may be afforded to the mode in which the *dip* was discovered.

At a period when views of considerable comprehension prevailed respecting magnetism, the science of electricity was truly but in its infancy. That simplest of electrical apparatus, the electrical machine, was not then known; substances had not been classified into good and bad conductors, nor had it been ascertained that, by means of certain precautions, the metals may be electrified.

Electricity is so closely allied to magnetism, and at each new discovery the two orders of phenomena expressed by the terms so tend to converge more and more towards a single cause, that one of the most interesting and important surveys which it is possible to make within the range of natural philosophy, is to glance over the progress of electrical science, to which that recently realized in magnetism may in a great measure be ascribed. We have no intention of enumerating the names of all who have contributed to the discovery of facts in the two branches of physics, or of sketching in rapid and connected outline the progress achieved; it seems sufficient for our purpose to state that in 1727, Gray and Wheeler detected the difference in the electrical properties of metals, and soon after Dufay began to employ isolating bodies; and to him also we owe the discovery of the two electric fluids. If we add to the apparatus then known to natural philosophers, the famous Leyden jar discovered in 1746, we have before us all the material elements of the progress made in electricity proper, and of the instruments by which it has been accomplished.

About the period just now mentioned, when large sparks were first obtained, speculative philosophers were naturally led to conclude that the phenomena of thunder and lightning, and those engendered at will with the Leyden jar, were of the same nature. Vivid flashes, followed by reports, and the destruction of animals struck by the fluid without any visible wound, were effects which evinced a resemblance that could scarcely be overlooked. In the year 1750, Franklin detected the attractive power of points; and in 1752 demonstrated to the world, by his famous kite, what he himself had long felt, namely, that storm clouds are charged with electricity. Not resting satisfied with having discovered one of nature's great secrets, he proceeded to bestow upon the human race the benefits of this new triumph of his genius, by the invention of that protecting rod, to which, amidst the crash of heaven's artillery, cities and monuments trust for safety.

It was towards the close of the last century—of the era which had been adorned by the brilliant discoveries of Franklin, that Galvani lit upon that new and fertile field of research with which his name

has long since been identified. From the science of *Galvanism*, turn to the period when it became popularized by Volta, the year 1800, the most memorable epoch in the history of electricity and magnetism, when the last-named philosopher made known his powerful apparatus—the germ of all subsequent discoveries; for not one of the forty-four years elapsed since the invention of his famous battery, has sped, without physical science having been enriched with some notable discovery to which this has proved instrumental. During that brief interval have been witnessed the brilliant applications of the pile to the decomposition of the salts and of the alkalis; the reduction of natural bodies to their true elements; the discovery of the most remarkable substances known in chemistry; the action of an electrical current upon the magnetic needle, ascertained by Œrsted; the multiplicator of Schweigger; the science of thermo-electricity by Seebeck; the art of magnetizing by galvanic action, and reciprocally, the production of electricity by the magnet. To the names cited, there need only be added those of Arago, who discovered the action of moving bodies upon the magnetic needle; of Becquerel, who shed so much light upon the hidden phenomena that occur within the bowels of the earth, and accompany the natural formation of minerals; of Nobili and Melloni, whose numerous experiments made with the aid of the thermo-electric pile, bring the phenomena of light and heat nearer the scope of a common cause; of Faraday and of Professor Henry of Princetown, the authors of such valuable discoveries respecting the electrical currents and induction; of Ampère, who has been designated the "many-sided *savant*," who first constructed artificial magnets without the aid of any magnetic substance, &c. &c.

Can there be offered a more impressive and glowing image of the destiny and progress of man, than the rapidity with which such a science is created, cultivated, and made to bear fruits, becoming again themselves the germs of future discovery? The transition from the obscurity of ignorance to the light of knowledge is dazzling; and truly hath this age the power of furnishing materials to posterity which, by their richness and variety, will one day compensate for the darkness that enshrouds the early history of our race. Upon its cradle, Egypt, with its crumbling monuments and impenetrable hieroglyphs, how much learning and ingenuity have been bestowed! How often have the learned inquired whether those gigantic tokens of physical power, and the symbols of an extinct civilization which they enshrine, are not demonstrations that modern humanity has advanced less than it fondly hopes, or, mayhap, retrograded! But let such monuments sink beneath their native sands—while those erected in our day, the spiritual ones adorned by trophies of genius, and reared by the monarchs of thought, arise in all directions around us, and none more proudly than that living monument, the art of

printing, which records in uneffaceable characters each event, the minds by which it was achieved, and the processes they invented. The forgotten machinery which raised up the obelisk and built the pyramid, vain memorials of potentates and nations more perishable far than they, illustrate the folly of wasting the feeble strength and brief span of mortality upon such objects; and thus humbling man's pride, they point out nobler channels for his ambition. But future ages will know, nor ever forget, the founders of a noble science, and read in their lives the grandest lessons of bold and sagacious energy.

Such has been the rapidity with which one discovery has followed another, that the simple spectator of the march of science could not have kept pace with them, had they not forced themselves upon the public attention. It cannot have escaped the reader, who is at all acquainted with the progress made, that every modern discovery of the first order, from that of the weight of the atmosphere, down to the more recent steps in electro magnetism, has been popularized by some machine. The barometer and the modern balloon have immortalized the discoveries of Torricelli, and the clock perpetuates Galileo's well-known observation which he made while in church, of the isochronous swinging of the lamps; the mariner's compass attracts the attention of the many to the phenomena of magnetism, and the electrical machine to those of electricity; the lightning rod commemorates the sagacity of Franklin, and the voltaic pile has ceased to be a mere instrument of philosophic experiment, having been skilfully adapted as a motive power of a number of more or less ingenious machines; whilst very recently, the magnetic telegraph has signalized at the same time the multiplicator of Schweigger, and the discovery of Œrsted already mentioned. And then were we to pass into the region of the fine arts, and to note what has been but of yesterday achieved towards the multiplication of pictures, and contributed in the department of visible illustration, the survey would become still more imposing, and the promise illimitable; carrying us far beyond the space allotted to this paper, and indeed further than our main design requires, — which was merely to glance at the ramifications into which the science of electricity, so simple at the beginning, has spread out, the fruits already borne, and the healthy blossoms which crowd upon every branch.

ART. VII.—*Manual of Medical Jurisprudence.* By ALFRED TAYLOR, Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Chemistry, in Guy's Hospital. 12mo.

IN the whole cycle of the sciences there is not one of more pertinent importance both to the individual and the mass, than medical Jurisprudence. It is a science which has existed from the earliest periods of time, nay from the very eve of the era of man's history,

as the murder of Abel must have elicited the spontaneous inquisition of his distracted parents; for as Gesner *(Death of Abel)* has so beautifully represented, if a dead bird first taught Eve what a cessation of vitality was in the common course of nature, the violent death of Abel must have opened her eyes to a knowledge of the contrary, and that this kind of demise was not what an All-wise Being had determined; hence the inquisition. Subsequently we find that in Egypt, cognizance was taken of the violent death of an individual, and punishment awarded to whom it was due, if it could be proved that the defunct met his death by the hands of a fellow creature, for Moses fled after he was charged with having killed the Egyptian. Other nations followed the example, though in most cases a pecuniary fine was considered equivalent to the life of a man. At length—for it would be tedious to trace, and wearying to follow out what must be so self-evident—the present maxim and practice of the law as regard the coroner's inquest were engrafted upon the old usage and crude proceedings of our ancestors. Still, however, much remains to be done, for there is no law, or no practice of law, which requires so much modification, and so much alteration.

As coroners' inquests are generally conducted, the construction of the jury, the examination of witnesses, and the inspection of the body, taken together, is as complete, and to one of those fiends of the Mephistophiles cast, the most complete, farce that was ever represented. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, three fourths of the jury are not competent from avocation, ignorance, natural disqualifications, and local prejudices, to offer any opinion upon the cause of the death of the individual whose exit from the state of being to which it had pleased God to call him, they are assembled to inquire; and consequently the foreman takes refuge in the established stock of verdicts, as "died by the visitation of God," "found drowned" "the deceased came to his death from exhaustion, and the jury are of opinion that the master of the workhouse (or the relieving officer, as the case may be) is much to blame" or, as in the case of Sellis, they come to no decision, and another jury less political, more partial, or totally indifferent is empanelled, who settle the matter, and empower the coroner to demand his fees, and the parish officer to bury the body. The whole of the proceeding throughout is unscientific, clumsy, hurried, almost brutal, and what could not at first sight have been expected from a nation essentially commercial, unbusiness like. The coroner takes his seat—the jurymen, after their names have been called over, the book—and the oath follows as a mere matter of course. The *manner*, too, in which the oath is usually put, is anything but likely to lead to that deep sense of the nature of the obligation of an oath which we hold is absolutely necessary to ensure a proper and conscious discharge of the duty

imposed upon the jurymen. All is *huddled*—many of the jurymen are averse to the spectacle of a dead body—and who is not?—and can scarce be induced to look at, or as they call it "view" the corpse, much less examine it; others glance at it hurriedly, and dream of it afterwards; others again have a morbid pleasure in looking on dead bodies,—these gaze on and "take their fill" —but do no more. There may, occasionally, be found upon these coroners' juries, however, a man who really does know something of the duty which the law imposes on him, and which he endeavours to discharge to the best of his ability. But such men are rare, and if a coroner finds such a person on the inquest, he is by no means pleased, for his searching questions, patient investigation, and above all, determination to sift the matter to the bottom, embarass and perplex him; and he takes very good care to instruct the constable not to warn Mr. So-and-So again, for he is a troublesome fellow.

They meet for the most part unwillingly, combine reluctantly, act without concert, speak without reflection, and decide without judgment.

They have submitted to a painful, at best, ungracious office, and the recollection of previous cases of fractured skulls, severed throats, and bloated features, or—as in those frightful rail-road accidents, when men's limbs are collected from adjacent, and sometimes distant localities—headless, limbless, bowelless clods, which rise in dead of night to scare them from a sleepless couch, is not of that nature to induce them to enter upon their duties with anything like the spirit which they demand. Can we wonder then, that, in the absence of every inducement, reward, honour, fee,—men are unwilling to perform duties so responsible, disagreeable, and even disgusting? And it is for these reasons, that we think some alteration in the law, or practice of the law, as it now stands, is required.

It is, we believe, admitted, that the election of a coroner depends altogether on the number of his friends, and not on the measure of his abilities, and with all due respect to the respectable body of coroners, we have no hesitation in saying, that a more incompetent or garrulous class of incapables (taking them as a whole), is not to be found in any other office, avocation, or calling in this country. This opinion must be taken in connexion with the responsible, onerous, and even sacred duties which the office of coroner naturally supposes. For the most part, coroners are elected because they have failed in some one or another of the ordinary professions or callings of life, and their friends, solicitous to provide for, elect them without the slightest inquiry, or question as to their fitness for the office. As gentlemen, and as honourable members of society, with some few exceptions, we cannot charge anything against them. But our business is not with character, but ability—our inquiry is directed to

qualification for office, not fitness for society—our question is not if they be good, but if they be proper men,—and the reply is, that they are not. Their whole stock of ideas seem limited to the swearing of the jury, entering the names of the witnesses, procuring the foreman's signature to the document of inquisition,—and pocketing their fees. We know one coroner at this moment, who will let no one within ten miles of him be consigned to his narrow home, without trying to collect together a ragged regiment of a jury, who go through the farce of empanellment with all possible gravity, submit in solemn silence to all the twaddle he pleases to inflict, and then separate again. His inquisitions are conducted in the most extraordinary manner, like no business in fact under the sun; yet no one has complained of him,—"he is such a good fellow," which means nothing more than that to a total disregard of all the nobler and more exalted attributes of our nature, he unites a settled and determined consciousness of the duty of taking care of himself. No one ever heard him speak an ill word of any one, or ever knew him do a generous act. Nay, even with the doctor he is on good terms, though he looks upon him as his bitterest enemy. He thinks no man should die on his bed, and believes an apoplectic stroke, or a sun-stroke, the most fitting exit for a Christian. He has a morbid horror of epidemics, and when the cholera almost depopulated the district, he went about telling people, that "it was very hard upon him now adays, for there had not been an inquest for the Lord knew when." He has a great respect for Morrison and Holloway, and never travels without a packet of their hand-bills, which he distributes right and left, at the same time saying, "that great cures have been made with these medicines, but they require much care in the administration;" and so sure as any one of the parties to whom he should have happened to give a bill, dies within any reasonable period after, and he can possibly make it appear that he has either taken Morrison's pills, or rubbed himself with Holloway's ointment, he holds an inquest, at which he expatiates at great length on the poisonous nature of the pills, or the dangerous qualities of the ointment, declaring that the present inquest is the hundred and eleventh he has held on the bodies of persons who had killed themselves with these medicines, and that they were evils which he was determined to put down. He has no opinion whatever of a post mortem examination, as it takes up time, and adds nothing to his fees. Upon one occasion, we were present when an inquest was held upon a man who had died suddenly in a fit. He instructed the jury to return a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God;" but one of them, more enlightened than his brethren, or as they said, wishing to serve "the doctor," to whom he was indebted, insisted that he was not satisfied with the evidence, and that the body must be examined by the surgeon. This was a nuisance. The coroner

wished to hold another inquest that day; besides, the jury were hungry, and the constable's wife was in labour. These were circumstances, which, it may readily be supposed, weighed very heavily against autopsy, or examination of the brain. However, the juryman was firm, either in his knowledge, or his desire to benefit his doctor, and the autopsy was ordered. On the reassembling of the jury, the operator was asked "if he had discovered the cause of death?" He replied, after the usual medical and technical indecision, with the concomitant "ifs" and "buts," that the patient had died of "meningeal apoplexy," or apoplexy, or engorgement of the blood-vessels of the meninges, or coverings of the brain. The verdict was recorded.

It is our opinion that the office of Coroner should always be filled by a medical man—by one who is both physician and surgeon, and indeed a man of general information—one of sagacity, independence, and talents. He should be paid by a fixed salary, to which mile-money however might be added. In no case should an inquest be held without a *post mortem* examination, and the person officiating as operator should be attached to the coronership, and enjoy a fixed salary also; but in every *post mortem* examination, either the surgeon who first saw the deceased, if the death was caused by an accident, or attended the deceased, or is the longest established in the neighbourhood, provided no practitioner had seen the deceased, or all the surgeons practising within a convenient distance, if in the country,* should be in attendance. The autopsy should be carefully and patiently conducted; and as it proceeds, should be noted by some one or other of the medical witnesses in attendance, and read afterwards to the jury; the coroner in summing up, pointing out the various facts connected with the morbid appearances in or on the body, which should guide them in returning their verdict. And such of these *post mortem* examinations as tended to elucidate the peculiar effects of poison, or cold, or hunger, or disease, should be published in the medical journals, for the benefit of future inquirers.

Were such a plan as this adopted, and the details carried out, a very great change would speedily take place in the feelings of the relatives of deceased persons, on whom inquests are held, and in the conduct of the jury who make the inquiry; the first convincing themselves that it was a duty the country was doing to posterity, and the latter appreciating the nature of the really responsible duties which they are called on to fulfil, when empanelled to examine and inquire into the cause or causes of the death of a fellow creature. Besides, such a mode of conducting inquests would tend to increase the

* In London the attendance of any one surgeon or physician of eminence, at the option of the jury and coroner, would be sufficient.

means of preserving life, and that large class of persons to whom, more in sorrow than in scorn, we must apply the stinging sentiment of the poet, *nati consumere fruges*, would learn to regulate not only their diet and general system of living, but what is of infinitely more importance in a highly civilized and artificial condition of society, their passions also at the same time; while the additional importance which would be attached to such investigations and inquiries, would compel many to study the principles of that science, the title to a treatise on which, forms the heading to this article.

We have, it is true, one surgeon coroner in the metropolis, but he has not, to the extent he might have gone, (though we cannot deny but that he has introduced some improvements in the mode of conducting his inquisitions,) carried out those principles upon which he was elected to the chair. On some occasions, with a view, we believe, to economy, he dispenses entirely with the evidence of the medical attendant, so that the jury are entirely led by his opinion. This we hold vicious in principle, and objectionable in practice,—but we cannot enter so fully into the discussion of the merits of the question, as its importance demands, and we think our readers would desire,—for we have 663 pages of close print to wade through, before we can bring our present labours to a close.

In limine we dissent from the author,—but as this is the only dissent we shall have to record, and, with one or two exceptions, nearly the only occasion where even his memory will require to be refreshed; we shall, at once, proceed to mention and dismiss it. "Medical jurisprudence," says the author "whereby we are to understand that science which teaches the application of every branch of medical knowledge to the purposes of the law, is now so well known as to render it unnecessary for me to enter into any explanation of its objects." (Preface, p. 1.) Now, so far from medical jurisprudence being "well known," we think that even the profession are only *just beginning* to learn its true nature, and the application of its principles to medico-legal investigation,—but that this ignorance need not continue now that Mr. Taylor has published his "Manual," there can be but one opinion. In fact, we have no other English work but this on the subject, consequently this, of itself, is a sufficient proof that medical jurisprudence is not "well known," or if known, it could only be to the profession, and we contend even to a very limited number of them; when, it is our impression, that every attorney, barrister, and juryman, should, more or less, be acquainted with the leading facts and principles of the science.

As might be expected, the author commences with "poisons;" first considering "what is a poison?" The usual definition that "poison is a substance, which, when administered in a small quantity, is capable of acting deleteriously on the body," Mr. Taylor thinks, as we do, is too restrictive for the purposes of medical juris-

prudence. It is a matter of little importance in a medico-legal view, whether a man dies from the effects of an ounce of cream of tartar, or five grains of arsenic; he says, and in this we concur also —

> Each substance must be regarded as a poison, differing from the other only in its degree of activity, and perhaps in its mode of operation. The result is the same; death is caused by the substance taken, and the quantity required to kill cannot therefore be made a ground for distinguishing a poisonous from a non-poisonous substance. If then a medical witness is asked, "What is poison?" he must beware of adopting the common definition, or of confining the term poison to those substances only that operate in small doses. (p. 2.)

To frame, therefore, a definition of poison, so as to meet all the objections of the toxicologist, at the same time that it should convey to the unprofessional a correct notion of the nature of a poison, or what is a poison, is not in the present state of our knowledge feasible, or possible. *Quod cibus est aliis, aliis est acre venenum*—"what is one man's meat, is another man's poison,"—a very old and very true adage. Some persons cannot eat almonds without being attacked with an efflorescence on the skin,—another cannot eat pork without inducing diarrhœa, and it is remarkable, that the Africans and their descendants in the West Indies believe that a free use of the flesh of turtle, predisposes to coco-bay or king's evil, in its most aggravated form; and some cases which have fallen under our notice would seem to corroborate the idea. On this view of the question, though we think many of these cases may be referred to idiosyncracy, —a poison may be defined to be—anything which introduces into the system of the human body, either by means of the mouth, the lungs, the skin, the rectum, the veins or arteries; that causes a cessation, or even disturbance of the vital functions, is a poison, no matter whether mineral, vegetable, animal, or simply gaseous,*—and this may be, whether the particular substance causing disturbance be taken in a large or small quantity, as we shall very shortly see. Nitre and cream of tartar, both of which are not only not hurtful, but positively valuable remedies when judiciously exhibited, become deadly poisons if taken in doses sufficiently large to develope their toxical properties,—so it is with common salt, (muriate of soda, or chloride of sodium). A young lady swallowed, it is conjectured, about half a pound of salt, for the purpose of destroying worms, as from its daily use it was considered a harmless remedy. In the course of about two hours however, alarming symptoms supervened. Me-

* As the best chemists consider the atmosphere *metallic*, it is perhaps not necessary to mention gaseous bodies. But we are not writing for professing, much less professed chemists, but for the public.

dical assistance was invoked, and the practitioner, who was sent for, found her in a state of general paralysis. That most efficient remedy the stomach pump was immediately applied, and every alexiteric that could be procured exhibited; nevertheless, she died in the course of a few hours, and a post mortem examination discovered the general appearances in the alimentary canal to be indicative of the action of a violent irritant*. (p. 2.)

Mr. Taylor correctly observes, that this case is not only worthy of attention from its novelty, "but from the evidence which it furnishes of the fallacy of the popular doctrine, that what is taken so freely in small quantities, without mischief, may be taken with equal impunity, in large doses." There is another substance also in very common use, and particularly by young females, who are anxious to have a "clear complexion"—this is sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts. A trial took place at Huntingdon Autumn Assizes, 1842, in which two men were indicted for killing a man by giving him a large quantity of Epsom salts in beer. The deceased was an elderly man and a confirmed drunkard; and on the day in question, it was proved that he had drank several pints of beer, which had been drugged with Epsom salts. At some period of the day, possibly two or three hours after drinking the beer, he was attacked by severe purging, and died within forty-eight hours. The *post-mortem* examination left no doubt that death had been caused by the salts (p. 3). Dr. Christison also mentions a case, quoted by Mr. Taylor, of a boy ten years of age, to whom his father gave *two ounces* of Epsom salts for worms. The salts were taken partially dissolved, in half a tea-cup-full of water. Immediately after the boy staggered and became unwell. An hour after a medical man examined him. "His pulse was imperceptible, his breathing slow and difficult, the whole frame in a state of great debility, and in ten minutes more the child died without any vomiting."—(*Treatise on Poisons*, p. 491.)

Here Mr. Taylor appends a very important remark, which we shall give in his own words:—

> It is remarkable that in this case there does not appear to have been any purging, and after death no morbid appearance was found in the body. It has been suggested that substances of this kind connect the true poisons with those which are inert in regard to the economy: but they are assuredly to be regarded by the medical jurist as irritant poisons, and as to the dose administered, it is of little importance in medicine or in law, whether one grain of one substance or one ounce of another substance be taken, provided the fatal effects be clearly traceable to the action of the particular substance on the body. This is the point to which a medical jurist must direct his inquiries. (p. 3.)

* See "Monthly Review" for May 1844, p. 78, for a case which fell under our notice. Also a case by Dr. Christison, where a man swallowed a pound of salts and died within twenty-four hours.

These are examples of poisoning, or deaths from substances taken by the mouth.—Instances of death from substances taken by the lungs may be adduced to almost any extent. In these cases, death is generally produced proximately by asphyxia. Thus Berthollet, the younger, shut himself up in a room, having secured all the air passages, so that no fresh air could enter. He then lit a pan of charcoal, and sitting down, calmly awaited his death, noting on a sheet of paper his feelings as the poison slowly entered his system. When found he was in a sitting posture; the pen had dropped from his hand, and he was quite dead! Mr. Collambell (in the *Med. Gaz.* xxvi. 693) records a case, where a man, who was engaged in January 1841, to clean the windows of three small rooms on the basement story of a house, met with his death from the fumes of burning charcoal.

The first room had a door opening into a court yard—the others merely communicated with each other by a central door, and there was no fire place in any one. A brazier of burning charcoal had been placed in the outer room for the purpose of drying it, but it appeared that the deceased had shut the outer door and had removed the brazier into the inner room of the three, leaving the communicating doors open. In two hours the man was found quite dead, lying on the floor of the middle room.

Of course an inquest was held, and the jury came to a verdict without a *post-mortem* examination. The man was examined however afterwards privately by Mr. Collambell, and the vessels of the brain were found highly congested, and filled with dark fluid blood.*

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* Dr. O'Reilly, of Dublin, furnished the author with the following case of aerial arsenical poisoning:—"A gentleman, for the sake of experiment, wished to respire about one hundred and fifty cubic inches of hydrogen gas. It unfortunately happened that the sulphuric acid, which he used for making the hydrogen, was largely contaminated with arsenic; and immediately after respiring the gas, he was seized with giddiness and fainting, constant vomiting of a greenish coloured matter, and dull pain in the epigastrium. There was also complete suppression of urine. He died in about six days. On dissection, the liver and kidnies were found of a deep indigo colour,—the mucous membrane of the stomach was easily separated; and there were two distinct patches of inflammation in the greater curvature. There was a quantity of reddish coloured fluid diffused in the chest, and it is an interesting fact that Dr. O'Reilly, on examining about ten ounces of this fluid, was enabled to detect in it arsenic by the use of Marsh's test. From experiments made on the sulphuric acid, it is supposed that the deceased must have inhaled a quantity of arsenic equivalent to about twelve grains of arsenious acid," (p. 160), or about four times as much as would cause death under ordinary circumstances. Gehlen, a German chemist, was accidentally killed by inhaling a small quantity of arsenious gas. He was seized an hour after inhaling the gas with shivering, vomiting, and great prostration of strength.

In cases of poisoning by the stomach, we omitted to notice perhaps one of the most extraordinary cases on record. It was related by Dr. Johnson, at a meeting of the Westminster Medical Society, in October 1836. It is as follows:—A person swallowed two ounces of concentrated sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol. After suffering the most indescribable torments he rallied, and to all appearance recovered. A fortnight afterwards, during a violent fit of coughing, he brought up a quantity of the acid in its pure state! It produced severe inflammation of the larynx in its passage upwards. Of this he died; "and on inspection, it was ascertained that the acid had been surrounded by a cyst, formed by secretions from the stomach, which burst during the fit of coughing. This is a most extraordinary case, and so far as I know unexampled in the history of poisoning."* (p. 87, 88).

Poisoning by the skin is so familiar that we may dispense with examples or cases—that caused by the varioloid or syphilitic virus is the most familiar, but these poisons are not in the majority of cases necessarily fatal. †

It is laid down as a rule by our Author, that "in poisoning, the symptoms appear suddenly while the individual is in health," for it is the character of most poisons when administered with

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On the 9th day he died. In Dec. 1836, a young man inhaled gas evolved from a mixture of arsenic, zinc, and sulphuric acid. He died on the 24th day after the accident.

* Our author does not seem to have consulted Schurig's "Chylologia Historica Medica." 4to. Dresdd. We do not remember if there is any mention of a similar case to this, but there are others nearly as curious. *Vide* the article in this number of the "Monthly Review" on "Swedenborg's Animal Kingdom."

† Many preparations, apparently harmless, affect the system when applied to the skin. This is the case with the oxide of lead, which mixed in certain proportions with lime, forms the common hair dyes. Dr. Brücks, of Hanover, met with a case where a lady was attacked with violent opthalmia from using a hair dye called *poudre d'Italie*, which on analysis was found to be composed of lead and lime.

With regard to deaths from poisons introduced into the absorbent or vascular systems they are very rapid—a small quantity of phosphorous injected into the vein of a dog kills it in a few minutes, and if the experiment be conducted in the dark flames will be seen to issue from his mouth; a grain or even half a grain of strychnia thrust into a wound will kill a man in a quarter of an hour. A surgeon in London killed a donkey in this way in a very few minutes—and the application of quinine to a blistered surface has cured an obstinate intermittent. This is called the "dernal treatment." Mercury may also be introduced into the system by friction in the inside of the thigh, and salivation rapidly produced.

a criminal intent, to act almost immediately, for their operation under such circumstances cannot be suspended, and then manifest itself.

It is said, however, that poisonous mushrooms may remain in the stomach for twenty-four hours without sensibly affecting the body, but this is an exception to the general law. The same remark holds good of the animal irritants, as sausages, particularly the German, which are frequently extremely poisonous; for, as Mr. Taylor informs us, Dr. Peddie has shewn that mushrooms may produce symptoms in half-an-hour, and a case fell under the author's own observation, where the symptoms from noxious food came on within as short a period after eating, as is commonly observed in irritant poisons of the mineral class, (p. 32.) It is also remarkable that the action of some of the most deadly poisons are retarded, obstructed, or sometimes totally arrested under certain conditions of the system.

Intoxication retards the operation of opium, and *sleep* the action of arsenic; and *disease* will sometimes neutralize the most active remedies. In dysentery and tetanus, we have ourself seen such doses of opium administered with impunity as would have killed an adult. Nay, we have exhibited, and with decided advantage, the acetate of morphea in *eight-grain* doses every four hours, in a case where the patient had been blown up by gunpowder in blasting rocks—and what is more extraordinary, he recovered. Now here was poison enough in each dose, if not to kill, at least seriously to injure four adult men.* And with regard to calomel, it has been given in tea-spoonfuls every quarter of an hour!† But again, there are certain diseased states of the system when the action of opium seems to be increased in a surprising manner—as in apoplectic diatheses; and the virulent nature of arsenic to be augmented, as in bowel complaints. It is a knowledge of these important *facts*, that separates the scientific practitioner from the empirical routinist, and by barriers always insurmountable—for there can scarce be in medicine—the practice of it we mean—any middle course. A man must be either wholly or entirely a physician, or he must be wholly and entirely a quack. No one can be a physician without close attention, much patience, quickness of perception, sensibility of mind, and great powers of generalization, but more "than this, than these, than all"—without incessant application.

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* Habit also much modifies the action of poisons. See the Opium Eater and the "Anatomy of Sleep," p. 112, also Elliotson's Physiology.

† See Dr. James Johnson's Work on Tropical Diseases; Chisholm's, Jackson's, and others.

It is this latter element in the constitution of all great physicians, from Hippocrates to Sydenham, that has distinguished them above their less industrious and less studious competitors. Hence then the perusal of medical facts and the comparison between those we read of, and those that fall under our immediate observation, may be said to be the true mean of practice.

Another rule laid down by the author is, that "in poisoning, the symptoms appear soon after a meal, or soon after some food or medicine has been taken." And he adds, with great truth, that this is by far the most important character of poisoning in the living body; for it has been observed, that most poisons begin to act about an hour after they have been swallowed (p. 34). But supposing many hours have elapsed since any solid or liquid food has been taken, and symptoms of assumed poisoning occur—what is the practitioner then to do? He may safely determine—provided he keeps in mind what we have already said relative to the action of opium and arsenic—nay, he may be justified in determining, that the symptoms are due to some other cause. The following case will shew how ignorance of this fact among the people of an entire nation, and we see no reason for exempting from the charge the medical men also, led to the most unjust accusations, ending in the ruin of a court physician. The crown prince of Sweden, in the midst of a review, in 1812, was observed to fall suddenly from his horse, and notwithstanding the promptest medical aid, died in about half an hour after. As is the case with the vulgar, when any person of importance or figure dies suddenly, it was rumoured that he had been poisoned. Suspicion, probably instigated by malice and envy, pointed to Dr. Rossie, his physician, and he was accused of poisoning him; and such was the popular odium excited against him, that for his own safety he was compelled to fly his country.

A review of the case will shew, that Dr. Rossie was not only innocent of a most atrocious crime,—perhaps the most atrocious, if we take the connexion of the murderer and his patient into consideration, which can be committed by one human being upon another;—but that the prince did not die of poison, but of apoplexy. It was ascertained beyond question, that he had neither taken liquid nor solid food for *four hours* previous to his death. Now, no poison with which we are acquainted, to produce such sudden death, could, after being swallowed, have remained that length of time inactive in the stomach. Dissection corroborated this view of the case, and established the fact that death was the consequence of apoplexy. Another instance will be found in Christison.—A man living on bad terms with his wife, retired one day much fatigued, about two o'clock, P.M., to rest himself. In about one quarter of an hour, a workman discovered him in *articulo mortis*. He was

gasping, and rolling his eyes, and was quite insensible. It was immediately suspected that his wife had poisoned him, and consequently, the body was submitted to a post mortem examination, which shewed tuberculation of the septum and parietes of the ventricles of the heart, which, in all human probability, was the proximate cause of death. But even if this morbid appearance had not been discovered, the evidence proved that he could not have died of poison, for he had not taken anything either liquid or solid since his breakfast at nine, a period of nearly five hours.

In the following case, it will be seen how very important a knowledge of these facts becomes, when the life of an innocent person is endangered. A woman, aged sixty-five, accused her husband, an old man, of having administered arsenic to her, and in corroboration of the charge, handed a vessel to the authorities containing arsenic coarsely powdered, and some food, which she said the prisoner had prepared for her. On analyzing the food, it was found to contain a large proportion of arsenic, and the husband, who denied the accusation, was immediately conveyed to prison. The woman was known to be ill-tempered, passionate, eccentric in her habits, and subject to attacks of hysteria;* but no account seems to have been taken of these facts. In the meanwhile, she left her bed, apparently unaffected by the poison, and remained quite well for *eight* days, no symptoms of poisoning being present. On the *ninth* day, she was seized with a fit of mania, and after committing many extravagant acts, died the following day. A *post mortem* examination was made, and it was satisfactorily proved that she had died from the effects of arsenic, for the poison was found in large quantities in the alimentary passages; and the usual morbid appearances which present themselves after the exhibition of arsenic, were observed in the stomach and intestines. The husband, notwithstanding this, denied that he had at any time administered arsenic to her; but his denial would not have availed him, but for the medical skill and medico-legal knowledge of the professional witnesses, on whose testimony was suspended the thread of his life. As the man had been *eight* days in prison, and had had no means of communicating with her during that period, supposing that the wife died from arsenic administered by him, the administration must have taken place *eight* days before; consequently the question was, could arsenic remain so long in the body without producing death? Or rather, could the action of arsenic be suspended, and then be renewed in the body? The witnesses decided that it could not, and the man was acquitted. (*Annales D'Hygiène*, 1836, ii. 391.)

The case mentioned above, of sulphuric acid remaining in the stomach a fortnight without producing any apparent evil conse-

* In England this would have been called occasional insanity.

quence, will very probably occur to the reader's mind, as being one somewhat similar to this; and he might indulge in the hypothesis, that it might be possible that a like defence had been prepared by nature in this case, and the virulence of the arsenic arrested. The cases at first sight would perhaps startle even a medical jurist, but not when he came to consider the evidence on both sides. The sulphuric acid had been shut up in a sack or cyst, and therefore was cut off from connexion with the body, but the arsenic was found scattered throughout the alimentary canal—namely, the stomach and intestines. This makes all the difference in the cases.

We quote the following as a warning to apothecaries, and a hint to chemists:—

I may here remark, that the practice of substituting poisonous mixtures for medicinal draughts or powders, is by no means unusual, although it might be supposed to indicate a degree of refinement and knowledge not commonly to be found among the lower class of criminals. . . . . The case is related by one of our present judges, Mr. Baron Alderson. An apothecary prepared a draught, into which another person put poison, intending thereby to destroy the life of the patient for whom the medicine was prescribed. The patient, not liking the taste of the draught, and thinking there was something suspicious about it, sent it back to the apothecary, who knowing the ingredients of which he had composed it, and wishing to prove to his patient that he had done nothing wrong, drank it himself and died. In this case he was the unconscius agent of his own death; and although the draught was intended for another, the party who poisoned it was held guilty of murder. The case contains a serious warning to medical witnesses. It is not very unusual on trials for poisoning, when the poison is conveyed through medicine, to find a medical witness offering to swallow his own draughts in a court of law, in order to furnish the court and jury with a practical illustration of the innocence of the medicine. I need hardly observe that an exhibition of this kind is never required of a medical witness. The court will receive his deposition without compelling him to swallow his own medicine, even supposing it not to have been secretly poisoned. If any doubt be raised of the innocent properties of the draught, a chemical analysis of its contents will be far more satisfactory, and attended with no kind of risk to the practitioner. (pp. 37, 38.)

The next case will very probably be remembered by many of our readers, but nevertheless we shall condense it here with a view to corroborate what we have elsewhere said upon the lamentable conduct of coroners' juries.

A gentleman labouring under rheumatism, or what was supposed to proceed from rheumatic affection, applied to an eminent London practitioner for advice. He prescribed a draught for him, containing iodine of potassium in the proportion of six to eight grains for each dose. The draughts were prepared by the medical attendant, and administered by himself—the patient being in his usual health.

He had, however, scarcely swallowed it, when he complained of its being too strong, and declared that he was poisoned. A person present tasted a portion of the liquid, and said it had a very strong taste. Upon this the medical attendant put the remaining draughts in his pocket, saying he would dilute them, and left the house. In half-an-hour, the patient feeling extremely ill, sent for two medical men, but as one hour and a half had elapsed before they arrived, they found him dead. A strong suspicion of poison was aroused, though it is not distinctly stated under what symptoms the deceased laboured. An inquest was held, and the medical attendant who had administered the draught was examined, but nothing was elicited from him, or anything else that could or did throw light upon the inquiry. Neither were the draughts analyzed, nor the body examined, but the jury returned a verdict, "Died by the visitation of God!" During the course of the inquisition, one medical witness was asked if eight grains of iodine of *potassium*,* or even *twice* that quantity, would cause death? He replied, it would not; and upon his evidence it would seem the jury grounded their verdict. Mr. Taylor says the investigation of this case seems to have been so disgracefully conducted, that it is impossible to speculate upon what could have been the cause of death, whether poison or disease.

But it must not be forgotten that in certain diseased conditions of the stomach, the exacerbations generally come on immediately after a meal. This is the case in perforation of the stomach, when

* The iodine of potassium, or hydriodate of potass in large doses is a very energetic poison of the irritant class, but in smaller doses it exercises a very general stimulative influence on the mucus membranes. It seems to attach itself however more especially to the glands, which it attacks with singular energy, causing even the largest, as the mammæ, to be absorbed. In bronchocell or goitre it is a specific. In indurations of the testes, inguinal and cervical glands, it has been found especially efficacious, and in all scrofulous affections it may be relied on: *Its use however requires the greatest caution.* The dose is from one grain to 20 grains. Dr. Elliston says he gave 3 drams 3 times a day with scarce any effect. The doctor, however, generally prescribes 3 grains 3 times a day in diseases of the heart. Dr. Ryan says, 1 *Pract. Form*, that he has seen cases of diseased heart, (atrophy of the ventricles) which yielded to Majendie's "atrophic solution," the active ingredient of which is Hydriodate of Potass. Coindet used it largely, as also Lugal, and the "London Pharmacopœia directs 10 grains of the Hydriodate, and 5 of pure Iodine, in one pint of water. From 10 to 20 drops of this mixture three times a day are directed to be taken. It seems therefore not very probable that eight grains would have caused death. Was the medicine or poison taken, really the Hydriodate of potass—or was it some other preparation? This question we are afraid will not be readily answered.

all the symptoms strongly resemble those produced by arsenic. Our author adduces a case of this description. In affections of the brain also, death has sometimes suddenly taken place after a dose of medicine or a meal:—

An elderly lady took three grains of a white powder prescribed for her by her medical attendant. In about ten minutes after, she was seized with coma, and died in the course of an hour. In such a case morphia might have been predicated, but the medicine was quinine, and a *post mortem* examination proved that she had died of apoplexy. Mr. Taylor does not hint it, but there can be little doubt but that the quinine was the exciting cause of death, since that alkaloid acts very powerfully on the brain. In another instance, a woman thirty seven years of age, in good health, with the exception of a slight head-ache, eat her breakfast, and was immediately after attacked with vomiting, which continued for half-an-hour, when she fell down and died suddenly. Here again, poison might have been suspected—but she had died of diseased brain. (p. 39.) So that it will be seen that though we have reason to suspect that poison has been administered to a person who is seized with violent vomiting or griping, immediately after meals, nevertheless we should give no premature expression of opinion. Analyzing the contents of the stomach, or a *post mortem* examination, is the best evidence in these cases.

The third rule with regard to poisoning is, "when several partake at the same time of the same food or medicine, (mixed with poison,) all suffer from similar symptoms." This character of poisoning, Mr. Taylor says, cannot be always procured, but when it can, it is good evidence.

In general this evidence of poisoning may be surely relied on, but it is sometimes liable to error. So is that in which one person may have eat more of the poisonous food than another. There is a case well known to the profession, recorded by Bonnet, where several persons partook of a dish which was poisoned with arsenic—those who eat little and did not vomit, died—those who eat a great deal, and vomited, recovered. There is another case which occurred during the prevalence of cholera, in 1832, in London, which shews plainly that though as a general rule, when several persons are attacked with sickness immediately after meals, poisoning may be inferred, still circumstances may so fall out that poisoning will have been only apparent.

Four of the members of a family living in a state of great domestic unhappiness, sat down to dinner in apparently good health; some time after the meal, the father, mother, and daughter, were suddenly seized with vomiting and purging. The stools were tinged with blood, while the blueness of the skin, observed in cases of malignant cholera, was wanting. Two of the parties died. The son, who was known to have borne ill will against

his father and mother, and who suffered no symptoms on this occasion, was accused of having poisoned them. A strict investigation took place before the coroner; but it was clearly shewn by the medical attendant, that the deceased persons had really died of the malignant cholera, and there was no reason whatever to suspect that any poison had been administered to them. (p. 40.)

Such are the primary and most stringent rules which should guide a jury in the investigation of facts connected with any cases of supposed or real poisoning, and a juryman who masters only so much of the science of Medical Jurisprudence as is involved in them will have made no unimportant advance towards a right comprehension of the terrible responsibility which awaits him for allowing ignorance, haste, prejudice, or popular clamour to interfere between him and the execution of his duty.

And before we proceed to speak of child-murder, which as coming as frequently before coroners' juries for investigation as cases of poisoning we shall deem it a duty to examine into, we shall notice the disappointment which we have experienced in not being able to discover throughout the volume any mention of the case of Madame Laffarge, except the slight allusion at p. 146. Mr. Taylor's opinion on this very extraordinary case we should have very much liked to have had. Can it be that he is not satisfied with the conduct of Orfila in that case, or that he is of opinion that the *fact* of the arsenic being found in the body of Laffarge is questionable? We forget at this moment of time the exact objections urged against Orfila's analysis, but they seemed to us very strong.

And here, by the way, it seems proper, before we dismiss the consideration of this portion of the "Manual," to mention that Mr. Taylor does not place any reliance on the boasted antidote for arsenic, the oxide of iron. According to his view of the case it is almost inert. The following account of Reinsch's test will be found interesting.

Reinsch has lately discovered a very simple method of determining the presence of arsenic in fluids. We should add to the suspected solution a few drops of pure muriatic acid, and place in it a slip of bright copper. There is no change until the liquor is brought to the boiling point, when, if arsenic be present even in a small quantity, the copper acquires an iron-grey coating from the deposit of that metal. This is apt to scale in the water, if the arsenic be in large quantity. We remove the slip of copper, wash it in water, dry it, and gradually heat it in a reduction tube, when arsenious acid will be sublimed in minute octahedral crystals; if these should not be apparent from one piece of copper, several may be successively introduced. This test succeeds perfectly with powdered arsenic, the arsenites, arsenic acid, the arseniates and orpiment. It will even separate the arsenic from the arsenite of copper and from common lead shot. When the quantity of arsenic is small, the copper acquires a faint violet or blue coat, and the deposit is materially

affected by the quantity of water present, or in other words, the degree of dilution. But one great advantage is, that we are not obliged to dilute the liquid in the experiment, and there is no loss of arsenic, except, as it may be removed by the introduction of successive portions of copper. The test failed to detect the 4,000th part of a grain of arsenic in thirty drops of water, the dilution being equal to 120,000 times the weight of the arsenic. The deposit on copper commenced with a violet coloured film, when the quantity of arsenious acid was equal to the 3,000th part of a grain in thirty drops of water, or under a dilution of 90,000 times its weight. It was also very decided with the 2,000th part of a grain in the same quantity of water, but in neither of these cases could octahedral crystals of arsenious acid be obtained by heating the copper. The following experiments will shew how this test is liable to be affected by dilution; the copper was coated in a few seconds, when boiled in a solution containing the 4,000th part of a grain in ten drops of water, although the test had failed to detect the same weight of arsenic in three times that quantity of water. So again, the 2,160th part of a grain in thirty drops of water gave an arsenical deposit on copper; while the same weight in half an ounce of water did not produce any effect upon the metal.

Certain objections may be urged to this test. Thus, it may be said, that arsenic was present in the muriatic acid: This is at once answered by boiling the copper in a portion of the muriatic acid before adding the suspected liquid. A more important objection is, that other metals are liable to be deposited on copper under similar circumstances. Thus this is the case with antimony, whether in the state of chloride or tartar emetic; nor is it always possible to distinguish by the appearance, the antimonial from the arsenical deposit. Should the quantity of antimony be small, the deposit is of a violet tint; if large, of an iron-grey colour exactly like arsenic. Tin and lead become tarnished under the same circumstances, but there is no decided metallic deposit. Bismuth produces a deposit very closely resembling that of arsenic.

With respect to mercury and silver, a metallic deposit takes place in each case without boiling. In a salt of nickel or cadmium, the copper undergoes no change; hence this is another important distinction between cadmium and arsenic. Lastly, if an alkaline sulphuret, or sulphuretted hydrogen be present in the liquid, the surface of the copper will become tarnished; but this effect takes place on contact without boiling, and without rendering the action of muriatic acid, necessary. There is one answer to all these objections, namely, that from the arsenical deposit, octohedral crystals of arsenious acid may be procured by slowly heating the slip of copper in a reduction tube. If while heat is applied to the copper, in a long piece of tube drawn out at one end, a current of air be gently blown through it, a ring of white arsenious acid will be obtained; this may be filed off, boiled in water, and tested by ammonio-nitrate of silver and sulphuretted hydrogen.

Of all the methods of detecting arsenic, there is none so simple or so easy of execution as this; and it is probable in a short time, it will supersede most of the other more complex processes of testing for this poison. (pp. 155, 156.)

We concur entirely in this opinion; and as the method of detecting

arsenic is now rendered so easy and so simple, we earnestly recommend all those who are by any chance likely to be called to serve on coroners' juries,—and who is not?—to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the very clear and very concise formula of Mr. Taylor, on Reinsch's test.

Infanticide is also a crime which frequently comes before juries; and, as is the case with arsenic, jurymen are shamefully ignorant of even an outline of the facts which it is necessary to know, and which should guide them in their decisions. We read every day the most absurd verdicts, and are shocked with the vast amount of stolid ignorance in the mass of the community upon this one point of medical jurisprudence. Indeed, we do not think there is another which requires, even from medical witnesses, more careful analysis than evidence of infanticide. In nine cases out of ten, juries take the fact of death for the deed of the mother, and it is needless to add, are as likely to be wrong as they are to be right. It is ususally half guess even with the surgeon. If we consider the helpless condition of an infant just born, the chance that the pressure of the cord round the neck may have injured it in its exodus from the womb, the possibility of congenital malconformation of the lungs, the permeation of the liquor amnii through the nostrils or mouth into the lungs, or that some mental emotion may have operated injuriously—and when is it more likely to happen than in cases of illegal conception?—on the fœtus in utero, and so have retarded the development of organization, or caused it to take place imperfectly, we shall rather be surprised that there are not more infants destroyed at birth than judging from the bills of mortality there appear to be.

Observe how very trifling a thing it is to cause the death of an infant! These circumstances should be well weighed by jurymen before they give their verdict. A short time since, a great outcry was raised about some bones which were found in a dust hole in the Borough, we think; or, at any rate, on the Surry side of the river. Murder was predicted; but the bones proved to have belonged to an anatomist. There is at this present moment much speculation about the limbs of an infant found in the river, in the vicinity of Hampton Palace. It is very possible they will prove to have been in the possession of a surgeon. So we think that many bodies of new-born infants which have been found, and are assumed to have been murdered, were only exposed to avoid the expense of the funerals.

It is not to be presumed that we can go even through an outline of the usual tests, and means employed by surgeons, to determine whether an infant has met its death from violence or from natural causes. Such an attempt naturally presupposes a treatise, which we are by no means inclined to inflict upon the reader. All that we can do therefore is, to recommend all men to read what Mr. Taylor has most elaborately, most impartially, and most scientifically laid down upon

the subject of infanticide, and we feel assured in our own mind, that he who reads with industry and records with judgment, who sifts the evidence and questions the character of the testimony, will come to the same conclusion that we have; namely, that there is not one single physiological or medical fact adduced, which *per se*, can be taken unreservedly as a proof, that a child that has been found dead came to its death by violence. The presumption is, that a child found dead has been murdered, we admit; but that is all that a philosophical mind can admit. For proof we must go further. Mr. Taylor almost seems of this opinion, or we think he would not have bestowed so much pains, and thrown so much doubt upon the question.*

John Hunter, than whom a shrewder practitioner, a wiser man, or a greater physiologist never existed, says, "when a woman is delivered by herself, a strong child may be born perfectly alive, and die in a very few minutes for want of breath, either by being on its face in a pool formed by the natural discharges, or upon wet clothes; or by the wet things over it collapsing and excluding air, or drawn close to its mouth and nose by the suction of breathing. An unhappy woman delivered by herself, distracted in her mind and exhausted in her body, will not have strength or recollection enough to fly instantly to the relief of her child."

On the subject of homicidal and suicidal hanging, Mr. Taylor has collected a mass of medical and legal evidence incomparably valuable. They should be studied again and again, for there is no form of suicide so little understood. Among the number of cases cited, that of the suicide of the Prince de Condé is not the least interesting. It

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* A primiperous female may faint or become wholly unconscious of her situation; or, if conscious, she may be ignorant of the necessity of removing the child, and thus it may be suffocated without her having been intentionally accessory to its death. In such cases, however, there should be no marks of violence on the body, or they should be of such a nature and in such a situation, as to be readily explicable on the supposition of an accidental origin. A young infant is very easily destroyed by suffocation. If the mouth and nostrils be kept covered for a very few minutes, as by its being closely wrapped in clothes, asphyxia may come on without its being indicated by convulsions or any marked symptoms. Suspicion of murder may arise in such cases; but the absence of marks of violence, with an explanation of the circumstances, will rarely allow the case to be carried beyond an inquest. Sometimes the body is found maltreated, with marks of strangulation about it, concealed, or cut up and burnt. This kind of violence may properly excite a suspicion of murder, and lead to the belief that the allegation of death from accidental suffocation was a mere pretence. This, however, is purely a question for the jury and not for a witness. Unless the case be of a very glaring nature, the violence is considered to have been employed for the purpose, rather of concealing the birth of the child, than of destroying it. (p. 482.)

is abbreviated from the Ann. D'Hyg. 1831, p. 157. At the Château Leu in August 1830, the Duke was found suspended to the top of the window sash in his bed-room, by means of a linen handkerchief attached to another which completely encircled his neck. The head was slightly inclined to the chest—the tongue protruded from the mouth—the face was discoloured—a mucous discharge issued from the mouth and nostrils—the arms hung down—the fists were clenched—the extremities of both feet touched the ground—the heels were elevated, and the knees half bent. The death was considered suicidal, until the nature of his will was known. This being made in favour of the Baroness de Feuchères, a lady with whom he was intimate—to the exclusion of the immediate heirs—an action was brought before the Civil Tribunal of Paris in December 1831, and it is impossible in perusing the minutes of the evidence of the medical witnesses for the prosecution, but to blush for the disgraceful ingenuity to which they resorted to secure a verdict to the effect, that the Duke had been murdered. However, the Tribunal decided otherwise, and there can be little doubt but that the Duke did suspend himself.

On the subject of gun-shot wounds, our author has not failed to bring together a considerable mass of information, chiefly of a negative character, and, of course, glances at the case of Mr. Drummond, who was shot by M'Naughten in January 1843. He advances, however, no opinion upon the case, which at the time attracted so much attention, not only in a legal, but a medical point of view. Now, it is quite clear, from all we know of the case, that it was not treated with that activity which the event proved had been necessary, and viewed in the mildest form—*it was a blunder.** This we say advisedly, for, in the case of Mrs. Magnes (not Magnus, as printed in the papers,) shot at by the pot-boy, in Bartholomew-lane, the wound was in every respect similar to that of Mr. Drummond, yet, by judicious treatment, the patient recovered. She was treated by Mr. Adams of Broad-street, and the patient was examined by the writer of this article, in the presence of Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Elliotson, and Mr. Adams, senior, and, we think, some other gentlemen. There could be no doubt that the ball had passed through the lung, and made its exit just below the sternum—yet she recovered. It is not necessary to refer to the particulars of the case here, and we have only mentioned it to attract Mr. Taylor's attention.

Before concluding this review, we must notice one or two omissions of rather important poisons, namely, phosphorus, *Bryonia*† *Dioica, Jatropha Manihot, Hippomane Mancenella, Œnanthe Apiifolia,*

* See a pamphlet by Dr. Dickson,—"Did Mr. Drummond die of the Lead or the Lancet?" 1843.

† The Red-berried Bryony, is an acrid poison, best counteracted by pecuan, irritation of the fauces, demulcents and opiates. Poisoning from

(unless included with the *Crocata*,) Conger-eel, Baracoota, &c., &c. Deaths from the Jatropha—the bitter Cassava, are by no means unfrequent in our West India colonies, especially in Jamaica, where the root constitutes a considerable portion of the food of the negroes. It is, however, only the *bitter* Cassava that is poisonous—and the juice only of this. It acts entirely upon the nervous system. Convulsions, vomiting, and purging being frequently present. On inspection of the body after death, the stomach appears contracted to one half. The best remedies are mint-water and salt of wormwood —conger-eel, as well as Baracouta, are also frequently poisonous; and deaths from phosphorus we think by no means uncommon in London, where it is not seldom administered as an aphrodisiac, from the eighth of a grain, to even a grain,—a practice attended with great danger. It is also exhibited in paralysis; and in one case in Piccadilly, to our certain knowledge, where the patient died, and an inquest was held upon the body, and the jury returned the verdict of "Died by the visitation of God,"—death was caused by the free use of phosphorus.

We must now conclude, as we have no space to devote to any more lengthened consideration of the merits of this volume. Besides, the important subjects of hanging, poisoning, infanticide, and gunshot wounds, to which we have alluded, it treats of superfœtation, sterility, impotence, criminal abortion, paternity, period of gestation, and the forms of insanity. The rules for determining insanity, however, we cannot consider conclusive—and do not believe that any can be framed which will be applicable in all cases. The recent case of Crouch, who murdered his wife in Marylebone, by cutting her throat, shews this so fully, that we are relieved from the toil of working out the assertion. If the evidence of the two surgeons who attended Crouch, had had the weight which it ought to have had

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Bryony roots has taken place generally from mistake. Impostors used to sell them about the country for mandrakes, which were greedily eaten by the women to prevent barrenness. The method which these impostors practised was to open the earth round a young thriving Bryony plant, carefully avoiding to disturb the lower fibres of the root; to fix a mould, such as is used by those who make plaster figures, close to the root, fastening it with wire to keep it in its proper situation, and then to fill in the earth about the root, leaving it to grow to the shape of the mould, which is effected in one summer. (Loudon, *Encyclop. of Plants.*) The root grows to a vast size. Gerarde says "the Queene's chiefe chirurgeon, Master William Goodorous, shewed me a roote heereof, that waied halfe an hundred waighte, and of the bignesse of a childe of a yeere old." (*Herbale*, 1597.) The true mandrake is the *Mandragora Officinalis.* See Box, quoted by Loudon (*Encylop.* p. 155); Miller, (*Gardener's Dict.*) also *Flora Græca*, by Sir James Smith, where there is a very ingenious, but indelicate plate of the Mandrake.

with the jury, the man should have been acquitted, though from the confinement for life which would necessarily have followed, a philosopher might argue, that he has been very fortunate in escaping so dreadful a punishment. This, however, is not the question. M'Naughten, with not one-tenth of his aberration of intellect, escaped death—and when we compare these two cases, it cannot fail to impress upon the reader the urgent necessity for some change in the manner and means of testing the insanity of criminals. As the matter stands, it appears a complete speculation, whether a criminal escapes or is condemned. We allude particularly to the case mentioned at pp. 632, 633, which the jury and Mr. Taylor both considered as feigned. Now, with due deference to all parties, we think according to the very evidence given by Mr. Taylor, that the case was *not* feigned—especially when proof was tendered of hereditary insanity pre-existent in her family. In recently reviewing Dr. Gavin's work on Feigned Diseases, we alluded to the case of a soldier, who was repeatedly flogged for "shamming madness," but having killed himself with sulphuric acid one morning, the regimental surgeon seemed to be convinced, when too late, that he had been mad. We recommend to the deep consideration of our medical readers, what Mr. Taylor says on this subject at p. 636, for they cannot be sufficiently impressed with the awful responsibility which they lie under when offering an opinion, which may let loose a furious maniac upon the public, or what is worse, immure a harmless individual for life, in the cells of a lunatic asylum, merely because he may have a fancy for killing butterflies, or flying kites. An individual, perhaps somewhat "touched," and placed either under the care of Dr. Conolly at Haslam, or Dr. Browne at Dumfries, has not only every chance of recovery tendered him, but it is ten to one will recover, and be again restored to his friends,—but whoever knew a "patient," (with the exception of Mr. Paternoster, Mr. Perceval, and lately, Mr. Dyce Sombre, all of whom made their escapes,) get out of the hands of the keeper of a private asylum? In conclusion, we strongly recommend this Manual of Medical Jurisprudence to all who are desirous of making themselves acquainted with the principles of that important science.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire de La Fronde.* Par M. Le Comte DE SAINTE-AULAIRE, Membre de l'Académie Française, etc., etc. Nouvelle edition. 2 tom. Paris: 1842.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND has well discriminated the different styles of history which have been prevalent in France—the philosophic species of the past and present centuries, and the pictorial of the present; and he wisely contends for their junction. He insists with great judgment and correctness, on the inadequacy of a history

which does not combine thought and philosophy, with ardour and description. "Is not philosophic thought, when employed with caution," he asks, "necessary to give gravity to history, in order that it may pronounce the sentence which belongs to its judgment as the last and supreme tribunal? Considering the degree of civilization to which we have arrived, is it possible that the history of the *species* should entirely disappear from the history of the *individual*? Is it right that truths, the eternal bases of human society, should be lost in those *tableaux* which represent only private manners? On the other hand, he maintains that history as a work, is not a work of philosophy, but a picture;—that is, the true historian must design and paint. He must not transport present feelings and notions back into the past, and refer all ages and forms of life to the standard of that in which he himself lives,—a great fault too commonly committed by past writers of history,—but must give to his personages the language, the sentiments, the modes of action and thought, common to their times.

If, [says he,] taking for our rule what *we* believe respecting liberty, equality, religion, and political principles, we apply that rule to the ancient order of things, we falsify the truth; we demand of men living under such an order of things that of which they had no idea. Nothing has been so bad as we are apt to think; the priest, the noble, the citizen, the vassal, had other notions of justice and injustice than ours; it was another world, a world doubtless less impregnated with the generous principles which are so natural, than the present world, but still it was deficient neither in grandeur nor in power, as its acts and its duration testify. These are principles which, we think, cannot be controverted. They strike us as being at once just and true. The writer of history should undoubtedly exhibit at the same time the distinguishing characteristics of each separate epoch that comes under his cognizance, and the feelings and passions and actions of the just and true, common to all epochs. When delineating the man of the twelfth century, and the man of the nineteenth, he should know that both were men, possessing similar propensities, subject to the like failures, susceptible of kindred virtues, though living under different circumstances; in short, he should be so far a psychological artist as to show what nature is, and what is her costume—"her costume that is ever varying; her naked figure, which is always the same."

Consistently with the principles here laid down, France has of late produced many distinguished writers of history, and may be said to be, at the present moment, superior to all other nations, with perhaps the sole exception of Germany, in historical composition. The old chroniclers, bold and vigorous in their way, were succeeded by a crowd of memoir-writers, who pourtrayed the courtly times of France. The range of observation and description which these latter took, was necessarily narrow; but still they gave us some idea of the region they described. Not so the historian of the old school.

He passed over in contemptuous silence the character, the customs, and the arts of the people, and gave you little else than battles, sieges, victories, defeats and invasions. Voltaire was the first to rescue history from such writers as these. The "*Essai sur les mœurs*" is a surprising combination of wit, research, and philosophy; but, as a history, it is more than imperfect. It has no pictorial imagery—it wants the life and power which shall transport the reader to distant regions, and to remote times. It does not bring antiquity before you plain and palpable. As you read you are not forced to look upon the things, and to mingle with the men that are described. That which you behold in such a history, is the author himself, it is a mirror reflecting Voltaire's own image, and with his image, his times, the feelings of his own age, and country, and clique. It must hence be admitted, that how great soever the industry, and how brilliant soever the genius which Voltaire exhibited in most of his historical works, he was yet not a good historian. A late able and popular writer on the literature of France, says of the philosopher of Ferny, with great neatness and truth,—

The chief portion of that public for which Voltaire wrote, was a knot of philosophers, who imagined the time in which they lived a golden climax in civilization; who really thought that they could measure all things past, present, and to come, by the ideal standard they had set up in their own minds; who looked back to history, not to form their opinions but to illustrate their doctrines, and who, when the facts which they read clashed with the theories they believed, denounced the facts to cherish the theories. These men had no idea of a virtue that was different from their virtue; of the power and the force of a genius which was not cast in the mould of their own minds. They were at once too speculative to be struck by a picture, and too proud to think that the darker ages were worth portraying; all they wished for was reasonings similar to their own—the description of other times, which did not take them from theirs;—and the writer who pleased them most was the one who took a lesson from the artist, and drew Hercules in the costume of Louis XIV. Such were the men who formed the chief part of that public for which Voltaire wrote, and to these men were joined others equally cold and equally fastidious—courtiers, whose ideas were in rows, stiff and trim like the trees at Versailles; who were easily shocked, who could not be astonished, who liked to fancy they were being instructed, and who only wished to be amused. The popular writer of the day mirrored forth the taste of the popular critics of the day, and wit and dissertation were the combined materials to please the two classes of these critics.

The example set by the writers of the Voltarian school, was not, however, without its utility and beneficial effect. It led their followers gradually out of the beaten track of formal routine and cold common-place. And at length was originated a new school which drew more especially from the stores which their predecessors had cautiously neglected. In England, it is true, we have not as yet

profited much by the example thus set; for, with the exception of such authors as Hallam, Arnold, and Carlyle, there is but little appearance in our own country, of any new system of composing historical works; a system, we mean, as distinguished in its essential characteristics from the ancient modes. But abroad, in France and Germany, a host of writers have of late sprung up, whose works are designed to give to history a perfectly novel aspect. It argues well for the taste of our countrymen, we think, that the labours of these authors are becoming as well known, and as extensively read in England, as in their native countries. It is even said, that the work of Niebuhr has obtained more purchasers in England than in Germany. The productions of Guizot, Thierry, Schlosser, Ranké, and D'Aubigné, have also enjoyed a considerable circulation here. These writers have adopted a plan in direct opposition to that of the Encyclopedists, who maintained that time was too precious, and the space of history too immense, to give the reader ridiculous fables and absurd theories of ignorant men."* "Without crediting the fables of ancient writers," says M. Michaud in his *Exposition de l'Histoire des Croisades*, "I have not disdained to make use of them; for what these writers said, their contemporaries believed; and in so much they show the manners and the ideas, and the knowledge which prevailed at the period they describe! The modern historian does not employ himself solely in reasoning upon, nor yet in coldly stating, the acts of your ancestors; but he would in a general way bring you, as it were, into their presence, so that you may observe their demeanour and their costume, and mark the passions and prejudices of olden time. M. Michaud himself does not merely and coldly inform his readers that the religious adventurers who poured into Palestine were a set of superstitious soldiers clad in mail; but he paints the scene before you in such living colours that you fancy you see the sun shine on their glittering harness, and you hear them shouting their battle-cry as they rush to the combat. And so it is with M. de Barante in his History of the Dukes of Burgundy, a work, the model of its kind, in which the author, as he tells us, has endeavoured to restore to history the charm of romance, which romance had, in fact, borrowed from history. The age with which M. de Barante concerns himself in this admirable work, may be said to speak to you in its own language, and express its own ideas. The personages brought on the stage the reader becomes so intimately acquainted with, that he seems to look upon them as they existed in flesh and blood, and to learn their very manners. The same, or nearly the same, may be said of the historical writings of MM. Thiers, Mignet, Chateaubriand, and above all of M. Thierry.

* Art. "Histoire." First edition Encyclopedie.

But though we have mingled these writers together in the few general remarks we have made, they are doubtless susceptible of a nicer classification than we can exhibit in the compass of a short article. They all, undoubtedly, belong to the modern school, but as to the rank and position they hold therein, the decision must be left to the individual judgment of the reader, assisted, it may be, by the few subsequent observations which we feel will not be unappropriate on the present occasion.

It has been said, that among the French writers now labouring in the historical field, there are three that stand pre-eminent at the head of their respective classes,—namely, Thierry, Guizot, and Michelet, and that, moreover, there are three distinct stages of historical inquiry. A few words on each of these may assist us in a just estimate, not only of those writers to whom we have now particularly already alluded, and of the altered and improved views on historical writing in general, but also enable us in some measure to ascertain the degree of merit, and to assign the just place and rank belonging to the author of the work placed at the head of this article; a work exhibiting a very attractive picture of the most interesting times in all the annals of France, of a time so replete with the grace and the energy of the French character, so remarkable for uniting the chivalry of an age gone by with the grace of an age advancing.

The character of the historians who may be said to be the types of the first stage in historical inquiry, is, that they measure the past by their standard of the present, referring all feelings, and notions, and circumstances to it. With them, whatever has no modern exponent or equivalent, has therefore no attraction, and calls up in their minds no ideas at all. They have no power to imagine anything at variance with their own every-day experience. They antedate modern ideas, and the essential characteristics of modern thought and opinion. In matters wherein controversy may take a side, they apply to them in the crudest form the canons of some modern party or creed.

But even such authors as these are superior to another order of writers who preceded them, and who may be regarded as copyists or translators of the ancient authorities, while they refrained from applying to the subject on which they happened to be engaged any thought or reflection of their own. Of this unenquiring credulity in historical matters, the works of Rollin, and perhaps of our own Goldsmith, are among the most striking instances.

The second mode of historical investigation attempts to look upon former times and circumstances, not with the eye or the prejudices of a modern, but, so far as is consistent with the nature of things, with the eye of a contemporary; to bring before the view

of the reader an exact and living picture of the past time, with its attendant circumstances and peculiarities.

Now it will be seen at once, by any one who has the least penetration, that this requires something beyond an every-day qualification: it is no easy task: the ordinary endowments of an average historian are not equal to it. To these general qualifications the more than usual force of the imaginative faculties needs to be superadded. The writer must be something of the poet as well as historian. —And yet he must not let the former predominate: he must not let historic truth be sacrificed to poetic fiction. And herein lies the difference between the historian and the romance-writer: between a Thierry and a Sir Walter Scott. Possessing, as he ought to do, the gifts of imagination, the historical writer must be especially careful not to indulge them to an abuse. Dwelling on the individual fact handed down to him in some chronicle or monument of past times, he must yet have the conscience and self-command to assert no more than sober conviction will vouch for, or legitimately infer from other recorded and ascertained facts.

Undoubtedly it is a difficult thing to realize this combination of talent; and seldom or never has it been entirely accomplished. Still, some attempts have been made towards it with various degrees of success by different writers in France, England, and Germany. As, belonging to the latter country, may be named Niebuhr, who, from the various and sometimes conflicting evidences scattered here and there in the classic writers of antiquity, has constructed an imperishable history of Rome. In England, Mr. Carlyle has succeeded admirably in depicting to the very life, the complex and horror-moving scenes of the French Revolution. As yet, this of Mr. Carlyle's is about the only attempt made in this country to reproduce the events of a past epoch in that life-like colouring answering to our second stage of historical study. If we wish to consult a school of such writers, who systematically direct their aims to the realization of the ideal of history, we cannot do better than turn to the French historians. At the head of those who may be said to remain in this second region of historical inquiry, M. Thierry, we repeat, stands pre-eminent. As a sample of his manner and that of his class, we may cite the following simple but very admirable passage from that part of his "*History of the Roman Conquest*" which relates to the descent upon England:—

And now there arrived from Rome the consecrated flag, and the bull which authorized the descent upon England. The eagerness increased. Every one contributed to the enterprise as best he could, and even mothers sent their favourite children to enlist, for the sake of their souls. William published his war-ban in the countries adjacent: he offered a large sum, and the pillage of England, to every man of tall and robust stature, who would

serve, either with the lance, the sword, or the cross-bow; and a multitude poured in from all parts, from far and near, from north and from south; from Maine and from Anjou, from Poitou and from Brittany, from France and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and from Burgundy, from Piedmont, and the borders of the Rhine; all the adventurers by profession, all the brave and vagabond spirits of Europe, came eagerly and gladly at his call. Some were knights and captains of war; others, simple foot-soldiers, and "servants at arms,"—such was the phrase of the time. These demanded money in hand; those, their passage, and all the booty they could gain. Many wished for an estate in England, a domain, a castle, a town,—or simply bargained for a Saxon wife. William refused no one.... And during the spring and the summer, in all parts of Normandy, workmen of all kinds were employed in constructing and in equipping vessels. There were the blacksmiths and the armourers fabricating lances and coats of mail—and there were the porters incessantly carrying arms from the workshops to the ships,—and during these preparations William presented himself at St. Germain's to the king of the French, and, saluting him with a deference which his ancestors had not always paid to the kings of France,—"You are my seigneur," said he, "if it pleases you to aid me and that God give me grace to obtain my right in England, I promise to do homage to you for that realm, as if I held it of you." Philip assembled his council of barons and of freemen, without whom he could decide no important affair, and the barons were of opinion that he could in no wise aid William in his conquest. "You know," said they to their king, "how little the Normans obey you now—they will obey you less if they have England. Besides, it will be a great expense to aid the duke in his enterprise; and if it fail we shall have the English for our mortal enemies." William, thus treated, retired ill contented from Philip.

What happened at the rendezvous is painted in equally as picturesque and forcible, and yet easy and interesting a manner:—

The rendezvous for the vessels and men at arms was at the mouth of the Dire, a river which falls into the sea between the Seine and the Orme. For a month, the winds were contrary, and the Norman fleet was retained in the harbour. At length a southern breeze carried it to St. Valery near Dieppe. There the bad weather recommenced, and it was necessary to cast anchor and wait for several days. During this delay, the tempest shattered several vessels, and many of their crews perished. And at this accident murmurings arose among the troops, already fatigued with their long encampment. The soldiers, idle in their tents, passed the day in conversing upon the dangers of the voyage, and the difficulties of the enterprise they were undertaking. "There has yet been no battle," they say, "and already several of your companions are no more;" and then they calculated and examined the number of dead bodies which the sea had thrown upon the sands. And these reports abated the ardour of the adventurers who had enlisted with so much zeal; so that some broke their engagement and retired.

In the meantime William, in order to check a disposition so fatal to his projects, had the dead buried secretly, and increased the supply of victuals and strong liquors. But the same thoughts of regret and discouragement

still recurred. "Very foolish," said the soldiers, "very foolish is the man who pretends to conquer another's land! God is offended at such designs, and now he shows his anger by refusing us a favourable wind! At last, perhaps from real superstition, perhaps for the mere purpose of distracting their followers from unwelcome thoughts, the Norman chiefs conducted the relics of St. Valery in great pomp, and with a long procession through the camp. All the army began to pray; and the following night the fleet had the wind they wished for. And now, four hundred ships, with large sails, and upwards of one thousand boats of transport, started from the shore at the same signal. The vessel of William took the lead, and he carried at his mast's head the banner sent from the Pope, and a cross upon his flag. The sails were of divers colors, and in many parts of them were painted the three lions, the arms of the Normans; and at the prow was carved the face of a child carrying a bent bow with an arrow ready to fly forth. This vessel, a better sailer than the rest, headed the expedition during the day, and at night was far in advance. On the following morning the Duke bade a sailor climb to the top of the main mast and see if there were any other vessels coming. "I only see," said the sailor, "the sky and the sea,"—and thereupon the anchor was cast. The Duke affected a gaiety that was to put down any appearance of care or fear among his friends, and he ordered a sumptuous repast and wines highly spiced. Anon, the sailor mounted again; and this time he said he saw four vessels, and presently afterwards he cried, "I see a forest of masts and sails."

In this passage we find all that we wish to know characteristic of the time and event described, told in a very easy and graphic style. We learn the disposition and temperament of the Norman conquerors, as well as the character of William their leader; we see at once their manner of enrolment, the hopes and fears they cherished of succeeding in the enterprise, their tactics, and their superstition. The publication of this work, the History of the Norman Conquest of England, forms an epoch in historical writing. And yet the genius of the author is perhaps more conspicuously displayed in his more recent production, the "Récits des Temps Merovingiens." The narrative is singularly attractive; while the mode of barbarous life which it unfolds, is described in so graceful and pleasing a manner, as to rivet the attention and interest of the reader as remarkably as any collection of charming fictions. Enough, we think, has now been said of Thierry to prove that he is justly placed at the head of the pictorial school.

We have said that M. De Chateaubriand has contended for the combination of the philosophic with the purely descriptive modes, and this is the third and highest stage of historical investigation; its object being not simply to narrate historically, but to construct a science of history. Neither France nor Germany are deficient in writers aiming at this point. They have endeavoured to look at the events that have happened in the world, the revolutions and vicissitudes, and fluctuations of which it has been the scene, as so many

moral phenomena capable of being explained. By a certain section of this school of writers all history, indeed, is conceived as a progressive chain of causes and effects: or (to use a more fitting metaphor) "as a gradually unfolding web, in which every fresh part that comes to view is a prolongation of the part previously unrolled, whether we can trace the separate threads from the one into the other, or not. The facts of each generation are looked upon as one complex phenomenon, caused by those of the generation preceding, and causing, in its turn, those of the next in order." This then is the theory; how to explain it in detail is deemed the essential province of history. To discover on what principles, moral, political, or physical, one state of society or of the human mind produces another; and whether there can be traced any order of production sufficiently definite and distinct, to indicate the character of future states of society from actual and existing circumstances, is the aim of historical philosophy in its third and highest stage. This, it must be confessed, is a very high endeavour, and, in the present comparatively low state of historical inquiry, a thing rather to be hoped for than realized. The French writers who have made the nearest approaches towards its realization, though each has adopted a mode of explanation peculiar to himself, are in our view, MM. De Touqueville, Chateaubriand, and Guizot.

The two first can hardly, however, be termed historians so well as philosophical writers, at least in the sense here intended to be understood. We shall therefore pass them by. M. Guizot is undoubtedly the first philosophical historian of France; he is both scientific and speculative, and hence possesses a genius of a different mould from M. Thierry. The one is a highly gifted artist, the other a profound thinker. M. Guizot approaches nearer than any French writer with which we are acquainted to the more judicious of German speculatists. He is indeed the best fitted of any of his Continental contemporaries to please an English reader. Still M. Guizot is not merely a philosopher; he is also endowed with a fair share of the qualities so characteristic of the picturesque school. He does not, as already observed, confine himself to the mere narration of facts, or make the age tell its own story; he goes much further than this; he amplifies as he proceeds; and thus makes frequent and bold incursions into the third region of historical inquiry. His principal productions are; first, "Histoire générale de la Civilization en Europe, de puis la Chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'a la Révolution Francaise; second, De la Civilization en France, depuis la Chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'a 1789, four vols.; third, Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre, depuis l'Avènement de Charles I. jusqu'a la Restauration de Charles II., 2 vols.; fourth, Essais sur l'historie de France, ouvrage adopté par le conseil royal de l'Instruction publique; fifth, Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration, et du Ministère actuel; sixth, De la Peine de Mort en Matière politique;

seventh, Conséils de Morale, ou Essais sur l'homme, les mœurs, les caractères, le monde, les femmes, l'education, &c., 2 vols.; eighth, Des Moyens de Gouvernement, et d'opposition dans l'Etat actuel de la France." The first-mentioned of these works is introductory to the second, and probably owes its version into English, and its popularity in England to its title, which is the "History of Civilization in Europe;" and from the same cause, likely enough, the larger work has hardly met with a reception in this country, and as far as we are aware, has never been translated. And yet who is so ignorant as not to know that civilization in France *is* virtually that of civilization in Europe? Almost any one country in the nations west of Europe might be adopted as the representative of the rest, as regards the march of civilization; but no better type than France could be found, as representing the average circumstances of Europe. England certainly could not for this very reason, be assumed to typify these circumstances so aptly and faithfully; for in this country there have been many secondary and modifying agencies to disturb and interfere with the general tendencies of modern society. In France, on the contrary, those tendencies have been left to settle themselves down in comparatively undisturbed progression. The history of France, therefore, is a part of the national history of every European. And M. Guizot has been aware of this in the treatment of his subject; though the theme be his native country, and hence partial and local, his principles are universal. "The social conditions and changes which he delineates, were not French, but European. The intellectual progress which he retraces, was the progress of the European mind."

In the works above referred to, M. Guizot not only inquires into the character of our ancestors, but what made and formed that character, what originated and caused the peculiarities of the mediœval states of society, and how these states became amalgamated, and gradually transformed into the present existing one. Of course it is not to be expected that in the actually almost nascent condition of historical science, such an attempt would be at once completely successful; but it is a great step made, and as far as was in accordance with the main design,—as much, perhaps, as could be done with the data afforded. M. Guizot has been termed the Kepler, and something more, of historical science. He has theorized with much happiness, the great results of history, which admit indeed a more ready explanation and generalization; but to give a full analysis of the innumerable minor causes which influenced the local or temporary development of some section of mankind, is a task much more difficult. M. Guizot unfolds at least the proximate causes of social phenomena: not exaggerating the influence of some one cause or agency, sacrificing all others to it, he is singularly considerate and impartial; unlike, in this respect, most of his countrymen. He takes into his calcula-

tions as modifying egencies the requisite quantum of wisdom and virtue, as well as of vice and folly which prevailed at any particular period, and influenced the general circumstances of society. He has no favourite ideas; and hence is careful not to ascribe everything to political institutions, nor to men's mental and moral convictions; but he shows how they co-operate, as well as how they react upon one another. He looks upon European civilization as the complex result of numerous counteracting influences, which it really is. Being made up of various elements, the Teutonic, Roman, and Christian, European society owes its present position to the peculiar manner in which these were brought to act upon one another. Though M. Guizot's speculations may probably be capable of being added to in a more advanced state of historical science, what he has already done will not require, we think, to be undone and recast as essentially erroneous. The ground so far gone over by him is, therefore, so much clear gain to the cause of an enlightened and truly philosophical method of historical composition.

One of the most important works that have of late appeared on the Continent, is the "*History of France*" by M. Michelet. He is altogether a different writer from M. Thierry and M. Guizot. What they left undone, he appears to have supplied. There is one drawback, however, to his excellence; and that is, that he is not always to be relied on as regards accuracy of facts. But this naturally flows from his peculiar qualities of mind, and the mode in which he has essayed to treat history. Man is the subject of M. Michelet's speculations, rather than society, though the latter is not overlooked by him. He gives a loose rein to his imagination, and becomes at once both poetical and religious. He regards the internal life of men rather than their intellectual or social life; his chief interest is for the collective every-day mind, the ordinary convictions, and strivings, and enthusiasms of humanity. He individualizes mankind, and then makes us sympathise in their joys and sufferings, and identify ourselves with their varying fortunes and feelings. Nor does M. Michelet neglect to make us acquainted with the external condition of men during the middle ages; but, on the contrary, while he throws new light upon it, he expatiates *con amore* on their internal convictions and workings. He has been termed, and very justly so, the subjective historian of the middle ages.

But it is time that we should say something of the author whose work stands at the head of this article. M. St.-Aulaire has chosen a very interesting portion of French history, and one to which Frenchmen are accustomed to look with satisfaction as developing the commencement of those workings of the national mind which, once set a-going, do not stop without eventuating in further demands for constitutional freedom. The subject being aptly chosen, M. St.-Aulaire has handled it in a way calculated to win towards it the

attention of his countrymen. He has treated it not only as a pictorial, but as a philosophical historian. He has combined in a great measure the manner of Thierry with that of MM. Mignet and Guizot. He makes those interestiug times to which his history refers, tell their own story. He introduces much documentary evidence in the very words of the different writers to whom he is indebted for his authority,—and hence he has contrived to make a most charming story of many stirring and important events. There is no heaviness, no sleepiness in his narrative, but all is light, attractive, and continuous, as well as picturesque. You see at once from a perusal of his pages the characters of the two monarchs, Louis XIII. and XIV., of the two celebrated cardinals, Richelieu and Mazarin; Anne of Austria, and the other chief personages that figure in these volumes.

By giving a very brief summary of some of the most interesting portions of the Count de St.-Aulaire's work, we may consult the amusement and instruction of our readers better than by any other process. The events which happened about the period of the death of Richelieu are especially interesting.

The King (Louis XIII.) and the Cardinal approached their end with equal constancy; the latter determined to relinquish power only with life, concerted measures to possess himself of the Regency after the King's death, to the prejudice of the Queen and the Duke of Orleans. The provincial governors, and the generals of the armies were either his creatures or his particular friends. There were but few grand-seigneurs whom he had any reason to fear, remaining in France; the Parliament had submitted; and the noblesse and the people seemed to bow with resignation to the present order of things. The enfeebled king gave his consent to this project of his minister; on hearing which, Anne of Austria, too courageous to be thus despoiled without resistance, united herself with the Duke of Orleans in the endeavour to form a party for the defence of their common rights.

The Queen selected for her counsellor a man, who, by the extent of his acquirements, the agreeableness of his manners, and the elevation of his sentiments, had obtained general esteem and confidence. M. de Thou, on his part embraced her cause with ardour, and soon enlisted therein the Duke de Bouillon, the man of all France best able to serve her, being a person of high capacity, and brother of the great Turenne. The Duc de Beaufort also, when informed of the dangers which threatened Her Majesty, promised her every assistance which the reduced state of his house and resources would enable him to afford.

While the friends and partizans of Anne of Austria were thus preparing to maintain her rights, another conspiracy was formed against Richelieu, and strange to say, the king himself was one of the accomplices.

Louis, in abandoning the conduct of his affairs unreservedly to his minister, found incessant cause to complain of him, and to make known the hatred which he cherished towards him. Richelieu was aware of the feelings of his master, and disdaining for himself the post of King's favourite, had imposed it upon a certain subaltern courtier, who, by his inexperience and slender capacity, might not be inclined to take umbrage at it. This was the young Cinq-Mars, grand-écuyer, who, weary of the monotonous life to which he was committed, and having no other diversions than hunting and hawking, suffered himself on one occasion so far to betray his inward feelings as to to be reproached by the King for his ingratitude. Whereupon, though forbidden to quit Saint-Germain, except for the Cardinal's residence, he hastened on horseback late one evening to the abode of the celebrated Marion de Lorme, in the *place Royale*. Early in the morning he returned to Saint-Germain to attend upon the King at his rising; but being overcome with sleep and weariness, he evinced such carelessness and inattention to the royal discourse as caused Louis to send a written complaint of his conduct to the Cardinal, who treated his unfortunate protégé henceforward with extreme harshness. Soon, however, Cinq-Mars altered his line of conduct; became more serious and complaisant to his master; sought great employments and high dignities; solicited the command of an army, which the Cardinal sternly refused; and at length requested to be made a duke and peer, and was no longer listened to. These rebuffs and other indignities of a more humiliating nature so disgusted the grand-écuyer that from that time he swore a mortal enmity to his former protector, and resolved to ruin him with the king. He studied to ingratiate himself more than ever with his royal master, and succeeded beyond all preceding favourites. Louis in the meanwhile warned Cinq-Mars to be on his guard in respect to his conduct, intimating that if the Cardinal should require his sacrifice, he (the King) could not save him.

This admonition only tended to embolden Cinq-Mars; and one day, when the king was complaining with more than usual bitterness of the state of bondage to which he was reduced, he ventured to reply, — that the shortest and safest way to get delivered from his tyrant, was to cause him to be assassinated as he entered the council-hall, whither his body guard did not attend him. The King, more surprised than displeased, objected to the proposition; but the grand-écuyer did not let the matter rest, hoping eventually to wrest from him a formal consent to the plot. M. De Thou, the friend of Cinq-Mars, and admitted into his confidence, repudiated with horror the idea of assassination. He encouraged, however, the efforts that were making to ruin the Cardinal with the King, and proffered his counsels to further

them. Thus enjoying the confidence of the Queen, of the Dukes of Orleans and Bouillon, and of the *grand-ecuyer*, De Thou found himself the rallying-point of the intrigue, and formed the bond which united its different parts. Always hostile, nevertheless, to any alliance with foreigners, and as his resolution to oppose it appeared to his friends not to be shaken, they concealed from him their overtures to the court of Spain for assistance. To that court they despatched M. de Fontrailles, who found easy access to the Comte-Duc d'Olivarés, the minister who then governed Spain as absolutely as Richelieu governed France. A treaty was arranged, in which his Catholic Majesty agreed to furnish the Duke of Orleans with men and money for the purposes specified; at the same time, according to the first article of the treaty, nothing was intended to be undertaken against the Most Christian King, to the prejudice of his States, or against the rights of the Queen regnant.

Fontrailles, carrying the document sewed up in the lining of his clothes, entered France and joined the court at Narbonne. Great changes had taken place during his absence. Richelieu had fallen into disgrace, and Cinq-Mars enjoyed more than ever the royal favour. The state of the Cardinal's health, moreover, was become alarming, insomuch that he was thought to be near his end. The King testified so little concern for him that without sending to inquire how he was, he set out from Narbonne with his favourite, for the camp before Perpignan. The Cardinal Mazarin and others neglected no means of recalling towards him the confidence of the monarch,—and the imprudence of the grand-écuyer aided them not a little. Thoughtless and presumptuous, and believing himself certain of success, he no longer observed any mystery, and imprudently made a parade of what it behoved him above all things to conceal.

The treaty with Spain was known as Paris as soon as it was signed at Madrid. The Queen apprised M. de Thou of its details, who disquieted at the news, hastily quitted Paris to join the court at the camp before Perpignan, and there remonstrated with Cinq-Mars respecting the negociation, conjuring him to break off this fatal alliance, and exhibiting a determination to proceed to Rome, that he might be no witness of the evils he foresaw.

In the meantime Richelieu believed himself lost. Fearing to remain where he was, he resolved to withdraw from the court and the army, and, having made his will, set out without knowing where he should find an asylum. He at length found a retreat at Tarascon, offered him by the Count d'Alais. Here he received letters announcing the return to him of the royal confidence through the intercession of Mazarin and de Chavigny. The king, having been informed on unquestionable testimony of the treaty with Spain,

quitted the army to return to Narbonne where, with tears, he signed the order to arrest Cinq-Mars, De Thou, and the Duc de Bouillon. Gaston, Duc d'Orleans, on finding that the plot was discovered, and that measures were taken for his own apprehension, avowed himself guilty, sought for pardon, and offered to reveal the whole matter; whereupon he drew up two declarations, in which he respected none but the secrets of Anne of Austria. These declarations of Monsieur were received by the Cardinal with great joy:—to their testimony against Cinq-Mars was subsequently added that of Louis himself, that his grand-écuyer "had formed the detestable project of assassinating his benefactor." Through the evidence of the Duc d'Orleans and that of the king, the condemnation of Cinq-Mars was certain, but that of M. de Thou seemed at least doubtful, if not impossible. Richelieu, indeed, argued for the condemnation of the latter by virtue of an ordonnance of Louis XI., but the chancellor Séguier hesitated at first as to its validity. The accused were arraigned before the tribunal at Lyons. The Duc de Bouillon had obtained a conditional pardon through the influence of the Prince of Orange, his uncle, and the Vicomte Turenne. M. de Thou, having confessed that he was not ignorant of the treaty with Spain, though he disapproved of it, was condemned under the ordonnance before mentioned; and he and Cinq-Mars suffered death with the greatest resignation and piety.

Richelieu immediately after the execution set out for Paris, whither he arrived in an exhausted state of body, (for his maladies had increased upon him,) but still bent on braving and humbling the queen and even the king himself. Towards the former he studiously contrived to show many open marks of direct affront;—and Louis, becoming more incapable day by day, refused nothing to the demands of his minister:—he even caused a declaration to be drawn up in which he pronounced the Duc d'Orleans incapable, in case of minority, to take any part in the government of the state, determined as he was to leave the regency to Richelieu. Anne of Austria was threatened with a similar degradation. The account of the cardinal's death we give in the words of the Count St.-Aulaire:

> For a considerable time this extraordinary man, supported only by the strength of his mind a body emaciated by sufferings. Death must triumph at last; it surprised but did not astonish him in the midst of his ambitious projects. When reminded that he had not more than twenty-four hours to live, he requested the king might be called to him, and made arrangements for the future administration of the state, as if he had been transacting his own domestic affairs: de designed for his successor the cardinal Mazarin, "whose zeal and ability he had proved, and who, he believed, was more capable than any other person to fill the post he was about to quit." The king promised to conform in all things to the last wishes of his minister, and appointed the Cardinal Mazarin as chief of his council.

Richelieu went through his religious duties with decency, performed acts of humility, protested that he had never had any other enemies than those of France, and recommended himself with a firm voice and a serene countenance to the prayers of some bishops who edified themselves by the spectacle of so much calmness and indifference. One of them, perhaps better inspired than the rest, received from it a different impression. "In truth," said he, "so much security somewhat appals me." *Profecto nimium me terret magna illa securitas.*

The news of the death of the cardinal, was received with general satisfaction. The king himself exhibited more than his usual gaiety. A change in the system of government, it was now thought, would take place; the exiles approached the frontiers of France, and the prisoners calculated on a speedy liberation; but all these fond hopes were destined to vanish. Louis having got rid of the person, was for preserving the policy of his late minister: happy to escape from despotism himself, he was yet not willing that his subjects should partake of the enfranchisement.

The successors of Richelieu, called upon to reap the fruits of the inheritance of power and hate which he had bequeathed to them, found support from the court party only in the house of Condé, who had an interest through marriage in defending the family and memory of Richelieu. The house of Vendôme, on the contrary, having suffered a long persecution, had claims of indemnity to urge and of vengeance to pursue. Many princes and seigneurs, united by the same interests, made common cause therewith. The court was thus divided, into two parties; that of the ministers supported by the house of Condé, and that of the malcontents, at the head of which were the Duc de Vendôme and his sons. The latter party, in proportion as the ministers relaxed their system of severity, became more numerous and formidable. Many princes and nobles that were exiled, proscribed, or condemned, reappeared publicly at Paris. These were all adherents of the queen, who, being now freed from her great enemy, and encouraged by the declining health of the king, openly adopted measures to maintain her rights to the regency. To the Duke of Beaufort, second son of the Duc de Vendôme, she principally confided the management of her cause. The seigneurs of the party of which he was chosen chief, were named the "Importants," from their broaching maxims of state, declaming against the new tyranny, and pretending to re-establish the ancient laws of the kingdom. Persecuted and despoiled by Richelieu, the basis of their policy was to re-possess themselves of the posts and employments they had lost, and to regain the influence they had enjoyed. The success of the "Importants" would have led to the abandonment of the new modes of administration and the re-establishment of feudal independence.

The aversion of Louis XIII. for his own family was unchanged.

Against the Duc d'Orleans, his brother, he entertained a hate and distrust still greater than against his wife. The Cardinal Mazarin contrived, however, to induce the dying monarch to concede to the queen the title of regent, to the Duc d'Orleans that of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, on conditions that the real authority should remain with the ministers formed in the school of Richelieu, and imbued with his principles. A declaration was accordingly drawn up constituting a council of regency composed of the queen, the Duc d'Orleans, the Prince de Condé, the Cardinal Mazarin, the chancellor Séguier, and MM. de Bouthillier and de Chavigny. The king wished this declaration to be irrevocable, and obliged the queen and the duke to sign it. Against this forced signature her majesty did not fail secretly to protest; and the movement in her favour becoming general, the ministers at length conveyed to her their renunciation of all the rights assigned to them by the declaration, and Mazarin prepared to depart for Italy.

On the death of Louis, which happened on the 14th of May, 1643, the Duc de Beaufort conducted the queen regent and the young king to Paris. Their entrance was one of triumph; all those princes and great men, who had so long been degraded and persecuted by Richelieu, being now freed from their state of humiliation, proudly raised their heads and regarded with complacency a woman and child consigned to their protection. Three days after the arrival of the queen at Paris, a new declaration was given forth, abolishing the dispositions of the former one; and full powers attached to the title of regent were, by this new declaration, conferred on Anne of Austria. It was accepted with unanimity by the parliament, happy to see the new reign commence by a due regard rendered to its political power. The magistrates, who had been exiled and deprived of their offices by the ordonnance of 1641, triumphantly took their places, and showed their eagerness to revive the principles for which they had been the martyrs.

It was not, however, for its tyrannical principles that the former administration had been odious to the queen; this may be inferred from the fact, that having gained all she wanted, she immediately offers to Mazarin the very post which the declaration of the king had awarded to him; after some demur, he accepts the office of president of the council, and repairs to the queen, followed by the other ministers who resumed with him the administration of affairs. The news of this transaction came like a thunder-clap upon the party of the "Importants." "Nothing, in fact," says M. de St.-Aulaire, "was more unexpected than to see the queen so haughty, so implacable, so constant hitherto in her friendships and her enmities, adopt an administration towards which she had shown the most constant opposition, give her confidence to men from whom she had received grievous outrages, and separate herself from proved friends in misfortune, uni-

ted to her by the ties of a common adversity; and from whom she had but the very moment received such important services.

Into the motives of this decision of the queen we need not enter; doubtless they are to be found sufficiently explained by the interests and the duties of her new situation. While she thus favoured the successors of Richelieu, it was far from her intention to renew persecutions. She took care, on the contrary, to assure the Duke of Beaufort, and her other friends, of the continuance of her confidence and affection. She even endeavoured to bring about a union between her new ministers and her former adherents; but her conciliatory intentions encountered daily insurmountable difficulties. In this critical situation in which she found herself, Anne of Austria gave her confidence wholly to Cardinal Mazarin, whose versatile mind assisted her in eluding the difficulties of her position, and at the same time, alienated those old friends who importuned her with their complaints. The Importants, as surprised as they were disheartened at the loss of their influence, yet preserved one hope in the Duchesse de Chevreuse, an old and faithful friend of the queen, her companion and confidant. Through her intercession, several of the chief noblesse of the party anticipated, as they strove for, the restitution of their ancient rights and territorial possessions. To the urgent entreaties of this lady on their behalf, a certain indispensable condition involved in any concession that might be granted to them, and insisted on by her and her friends,—was the occasion of eliciting at length a peremptory refusal. The Duc d'Orleans, moreover, was persuaded to side with the ministerial party: and a circumstance, trivial in itself, which occurred at this time, gave a new stimulus to the animosity subsisting between the houses of Condé and Vendôme, and caused a revolution at court. The incident alluded to, it may suffice to say, was some private quarrel that happened to spring up between the celebrated Duchesse de Longueville, (formerly Mademoiselle de Condé,) and Madame de Montbazon, mother-in-law of Madame de Chevreuse. The Importants seized this opportunity of openly defying the Condé party, and fourteen princes hastened to present to Madame de Montbazon the offer of their swords and honour, in maintenance of her cause. The house of Condé assembled likewise their friends and retainers. The queen took the side of the latter, and a series of mutual petty indignities and affronts, in which the ladies of the court were the chief actors, brought matters to such a pass, that at length Madame de Montbazon received an order to quit the court altogether, and the other leaders of her party, male and female, were either imprisoned or obliged to flee into exile.

Thus, four months after the death of Louis XIII., Anne of Austria now all-powerful, persecuted her late friends, those who had been her companions and supporters in her former adversity. She

replaced them in the situation in which they had been left by Richelieu, and employed against them those violent and despotic measures which had rendered the administration of that minister so odious.

The Count De St.-Aulaire is, however, unwilling to admit that the queen sacrificed her ancient adherents, to avenge the quarrel of Madame de Longueville, or to deliver herself over unreservedly to the influence which the Cardinal Mazarin might have gained over her; if one is willing to believe that the energy she exhibited at a later period in his defence was not then wholly inspired by political considerations, it must be allowed at least, that at the commencement of the regency, the Cardinal had not yet acquired the ascendant he afterwards enjoyed. "If," continues the Count, "instead of wishing to explain the conduct of Anne of Austria by the puerile motives of caprice or of coquetry, we examine well her political interests, we shall acknowledge that her resolution was directed by considerations of the gravest character. The Duke of Beaufort and his friends had conducted matters to that point, that all conciliation between them and the minister was impossible. It was necessary that the one or the other should quit the court. Now, the question was not solely between the Duke of Beaufort and the Cardinal Mazarin; but whether the conquests made by the Cardinal de Richelieu for the advantage of royalty, should be preserved or lost; whether the sovereign authority should remain concentrated in the hands of the monarch, or should be partitioned a-new among a small number of princes, her grand vassals of the crown, under the patronage of whom the French noblesse should preserve their spirit of independence, the remains of the feudal constitution, and who would perpetuate its traditions. Such had been the controversy between the Cardinal Richelieu and the French aristocracy, and such it continued to be.

If the Cardinal Mazarin continued at the head of affairs, and entrusted the government of the provinces and the great offices of the crown (following the maxims of his predecessor) only to men dependents of the minister by character and position, the royal authority would be left without restriction, and go on towards despotism; if, on the contrary, the Cardinal Mazarin was overthrown by the Princes of Vendôme and Lorraine, and if these latter should divide between themselves and their friends the governments and the great offices, the State would retrograde towards the ages of feudality."

During the first years of the regency, an uninterrupted series of victories and conquests obtained by the French armies under Condé, Turenne, Harcourt, and Gassion, in Spain, Flanders, Germany, and Italy, and the sentiment of national glory thereby created or strengthened, compensated for the loss of liberty and the public tribulations. The rage of faction ceased for a time. Mazarin showed

himself well fitted for his age and position. He strove to conciliate the malcontent noblesse by largesses, and the magistracy by flattery and caresses, repeating to them on every occasion "that he wished to govern only in accordance with the counsels of the Parliament, that he regarded the magistrates as the guardians of the King during his minority."

The embarrassments of the treasury became at length the occasion of a revolution in the government. To make good a deficiency in the public finances, an old edict was discovered and acted upon; by this edict of 1548, it was forbidden "to build any new houses in the faubourgs of Paris on the pain of the demolition of the said houses, the confiscation of the materials, and arbitrary fines." In the interval of a hundred years this edict had fallen into desuetude and oblivion; the city had been considerably augmented, new streets had been marked out, their *alignements* given by the administration, and the proprietors compelled to pay certain sums for the paving of the streets. What, then, would naturally be their surprise and discontent when they saw this ordonnance about to be put in force? Threatened with the demolition of their houses, or a tax in lieu of it, calculated upon every *toise* of construction, they assembled in menacing groups, the soldiers were called out to aid the commissaries, and confusion and resistance were the eventual consequences. Mazarin interposed, and obtained, at first, a suspension of the measure, and, subsequently, a reduction of nine-tenths of the sum demanded of the proprietors. The success thus obtained by resistance was an encouragement on another occasion to pursue the same means of redress.

The deficit caused by the excess of the expenditure over the receipts, rendered it necessary to have recourse still to some extraordinary measure to supply it. The *edit du toisé* being abandoned, another financial scheme nearly as stringent was hit upon by the comptroller-general d'Emery, namely, the forced sale of a certain species of state *rente*, which the rich and notable inhabitants of Paris were constrained to receive at a fixed and determined price. To this project the assembly of the chambers threatened a violent opposition. With the hope of inducing compliance, Mazarin offered to leave to the Parliament the care of distributing the *rentes* in the way it might deem fittest, thus investing it with the exorbitant right of arbitrarily taxing the citizens. Seduced by the love of power, the Parliament accepted this untoward mission, and without any demur registered the edict erecting the aforesaid *rentes*. It was not long, however, before protestations from all quarters, loud and long-continued, arose against this proceeding; and the resistance to it, on the part of the *Chambres des Enquetes* more especially, became so fierce and determined, that four of its most refractory leaders were imprisoned or exiled. At the news of this *coup d'état* the whole Parliament

was in commotion; the members in a body repaired to the Palais Royal, and demanded the deliverance and return of the four magistrates. Thus, then, was the Parliament fairly at issue with the court party. Mazarin, wanting the irresistible firmness of Richelieu, yielded to the demand, and recalled three of the exiles. The president Barillon alone remained a prisoner, for the queen would not consent to his liberation. His death, which took place soon afterwards, simultaneously with that of the president Gayant, another of the four, gave rise to suspicions of their having been poisoned, so vehement had become the animosity against the government.

From this time forth, the disputes between the *grand Chambre* and the *Chambres des Enquêtes* were forgotten; all the members of the Parliament, united in one common interest, were animated with equal ardour against tyranny. Mazarin, not daring to oppose them, and averse to submitting to free discussion the financial measures necessary to provide for the yearly expenditure, had recourse, as a last shift, to the solemnity of a bed of justice. He conducted the young king to the Parliament, and there caused to be registered nineteen fiscal edicts, with the peculiar clause usual on such occasions. The magistrates allowed the force of solemn custom to prevail, but the act brought into public discussion the abuse of beds of justice. The comptroller-general, finding himself in great perplexity the following year, bethought him of another expedient for raising supplies, namely, the exaction of a duty on all merchandise entered for consumption in Paris. The imposition of this tax occasioned a warm and long dispute as to whose province or jurisdiction it belonged, whether to the Parliament or to the Court of Aids; from which controversy, carried on with great warmth for a year, the former obtained some powers and advantages; its conferences with Mazarin on the subject of the tariff initiated it in the administration, of which its leaders became the regulators. The project of the tariff was a great and useful innovation. It accorded with the progress of civilization, and obeyed its impulse. There was one objection to it; it was not just that it should be confined in its application to Paris; but it was a first step, and the measure was afterwards to be extended to the other cities and towns of the kingdom.

Unfortunately, [says our historian] the knowledge of magistrates, in matters of finance, was not on a level with their good intentions. The tariff ordinance was rejected with ignorant obstinacy. It became necessary to recur to the old methods, to create new offices of judicature and finance..... Discouraged by the ill success of the preceding discussions, Mazarin decided on conducting the king to Parliament and attempting another bed of justice. Nothing was omitted to bring the refractory spirits to obedience; the queen sent for the *avocat-général* Talon, assured him that the edicts were mild and reasonable, and required of him an express declaration that he would signify his satisfaction with them; the austere magistrate replied that he would do his duty.

The King repaired to the Chambers with the accustomed pomp. The chancellor, in his explanation, insisted on the security of the new ordinances from the insufficiency of the annual resources to continue a war, the glorious success of which was, he said, a brilliant recompense to the nation for all its sacrifices. The first President in reply spoke strongly against the war, and endeavoured to show that no wish existed to put a stop to it,—that it was made a pretext of by those who abused the royal authority in order to seize upon the remaining property of individuals. The *avocat genéral* asserted that the victories alleged to be gained by it by no means diminished the misery of the people; that there were entire provinces in which the common food was bread made of oats and bran, and little of that, and in short, all the provinces were impoverished and exhausted. He then launched out against the abuse and absurdity of beds of justice. The next day the general assembly of the chambers being called to deliberate upon the ordonnances brought in by the king, were led to protest against their validity; at which proceeding the court party flew into a violent rage, denouncing it as a thing unheard-of and revolutionary; being no less than to set up authority against authority, power against power, and to change the form of the monarchy. The queen suffered herself to be overcome by the most violent transports of passion and menace. In the hope that the Parliament dared not avow such a design, she called upon it to answer clearly and frankly this question:—whether it considered itself as having a right to limit the authority of the king? The deliberation upon this question was opened conformably to the queen's order, and, after a long and somewhat embarrassing debate, concluded with yielding certain concessions to her Majesty. The Count de St.-Aulaire here observes:—

This discussion, imprudently provoked by the queen, was productive of important consequences. "It lifted the veil which ought always to conceal whatever is capable of being said as well as whatever is capable of being believed, of the right of nations and that of kings, which never rest in such amicable accord as in silence. The palace-hall profaned these mysteries." If, by way of reply to the question of the queen on the limits of the royal authority, the Parliament had demanded to know, in its turn, at what epoch this authority had existed in France without restraint, the council would doubtless have been puzzled to answer.

In fact, the royal authority had ever been counterpoised, at one time by the great vassals, at another by the princes and chiefs of the noblesse, and at all times by institutions more or less in harmony with the state of society. The course of centuries had put aside the institutions of the middle age, and upon the ruins of the ancient social fabric, the Cardinal de Richelieu had just established a central and regular government, which was bound to provide some guarantee for the public liberties in exchange for the aristocratic

privileges. The princes and chiefs of the noblesse having no longer any part in political power, Parliaments were destined to receive this inheritance, and their right was founded upon the horror which despotism inspired in all classes of society.

Considered in this point of view, the pretensions of the Parliament became legitimate and reasonable; but judged of solely by the analogy of historical criticism, they were, it must be confessed, indefensible. Magistrates, however, did not thus comprehend their rights. They examined old registers and attached much more value to some obsolete charters than to all the just and weighty reasons dictated by the interest of the present time. But when a theoretical discussion had once laid bare the basis of government; when, after vain researches made to discover and explain the fundamental laws; the conviction remained that they no longer existed in France, every one concluded that it was necessary to make some. The transition was natural. Thus, from this day forth, the word reformation was in every body's mouth; everyone was desirous of taking part in this glorious and necessary work, and the Parliament saw itself outstripped in the career of reform by the other sovereign companies who had been until then more submissive than it.

We are here compelled to pass over many interesting topics till we arrive at the period when the Cardinal Mazarin quitted Paris to take the command of the army in Champagne. He had flattered himself that the successes obtained against the enemies of the State would give him great advantages over his personal enemies; but he did not contemplate that the union was so near as it was of the old with the new *Frondeurs*. The next day after the departure of the minister, the first president opened the parliament. A petition from the Princess of Condé was now introduced,—and received without any debate. It related to the imprisonment of the princes de Condé and de Conti and the Duke de Longueville. Since their imprisonment many attempts had been made in their favour without the reclamations of their friends becoming the object of any special deliberations. This time, however, a decision could be put off no longer, and a solemn parliamentary decree went to pronounce judgment between the principles of legal liberty and those of an arbitrary government. Anne of Austria, confined by illness, sent for the king's councillors, and having admitted them to her chamber, ordered the *garde des sceaux* to explain to them her wishes:—"that the detention of the two princes of the blood was an act of royal authority, which could admit of neither remedy nor change, but from the same hand which had produced it, and it did not belong to the parliament to take cognisance of such matters, or to interfere with the government of the State." Thus did the queen forget the declaration so often ratified by oath, and the conditions which alone could insure to her the alliance of the magistrates. Only forty councillors, among the most determined of the supporters of Mazarin voted for the conclusion to which the *Frondeurs*, both new and old, now arrived; namely, that "remonstrances should be made to the queen touching the liberty of MM. the Princes, and that all the parliaments of the

kingdom should be written to, to invite them to co-operate with that of Paris."

The majority from that time was assured, [says M. de St.-Aulaire] and the discussion, which had continued twelve days, was about being brought to a close, when an unexpected event revived the hopes of the Mazarins, and seemed likely to change the face of affairs. Fortune had been so favourable to the Cardinal, that in three days he had taken Rhetel and gained a complete victory over M. de Turenne and the Spanish General, Don Estevan de Gamarre. All the enemy's infantry was taken or killed, the cavalry dispersed, and the artillery and baggage had fallen into the power of the conqueror. . . . . At the news of successes so brilliant, so rapid, so unexpected, the consternation was great among the old and the new Frondeurs; their opponents took courage, and the councillor Menardeau, returning to the opinion he had given the day before, dared to proclaim, "that the Cardinal Mazarin was the whole happiness of France; that he was the cause of gaining the battle of Rhetel, as he was of all the other victories obtained in the preceding campaigns. He praised the wisdom of his conduct, the goodness of his heart, and concluded to keep the princes in his custody, because he would exercise a very particular care over them as he did over the rest of the State."

The Cardinal Mazarin immediately returned to Paris; but an *arrêt* of parliament being passed against him, he again quitted that city. The queen was desirous and about to follow the minister, but was detained as a prisoner in the Palais-Royal. The Cardinal made the best of his way towards Havre de Grace, where the princes were confined, accompanied by three hundred horsemen under the conduct of the Count de Palluau; many seigneurs joined him in his route; as they proceeded they announced the near approach of the queen, and exaggerated the dangers they had escaped. All, however, manifested their impatience to brave new perils in the service of their patron, and swore to remain inviolably attached to his fortune. By and by the news from Paris abated this ardour. The courtiers, informed that the queen was a prisoner in the Palais-Royal, and the Frondists all-powerful, left the Cardinal for the most part to pursue his journey. Those who still accompanied him, instead of besetting him as heretofore with their officious attentions, approached him with a mournful visage and reproaches. The soldiers, after the example of their chiefs, losing all respect for the fallen minister, observed no kind of discipline, pillaged the farm-houses on their road, and threatened to abandon their standards.

Reduced to this extremity, Mazarin did not despair, and pressed forward towards Havre. He had reckoned on presenting himself to the princes, as the arbiter of their liberty, to restringe their bonds should they despise his alliance, and to shut himself up in the place, there to defend himself against his enemies, in awaiting the chances of the future. The unexpected defection of the Sieur de Bar, governor of Havre, for the Duchess d'Aiguillon, threw an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the execution of this design.

When the cardinal arrived with his escort at the gates of the town, de Bar signified to him, that he was ready to give up to the queen the prisoners that she had entrusted to him, but that he would not permit the entrance of an armed man into the citadel, without the orders of Madame d'Aiguillon. In vain did Mazarin have recourse to prayers, and then to menaces; de Bar was inflexible, and whilst they were disputing together, they learnt that the Duke de la Rochefoucalt, MM. Arnault and Le Vrillière, bearers of the *arrêts* of the parliament of Paris, would arrive in a few hours. There remains then no longer any pretext for prolonging the detention of the princes; wishing at least to have the credit of announcing to them good news, the cardinal consented to be separated from his escort, and entered the chateau alone. When introduced to the princes, he informed them that they were free, exhorting them to forget what they had suffered, and solicited for himself their protection and good services. The Prince de Condé replied, "that he was grateful for the queen's expressed desire to render justice to him, that he would serve her faithfully, as he had always done, and would cherish no resentment for the past." Afterwards, at dinner, he made the cardinal sit next to him, drank civilly to his health, and entertained him with indifferent subjects during the repast. The Prince de Conti, and the Duc de Longueville, more anxious to abridge compliments, departed from the citadel as they rose from the table, and, stepping into a carriage which had been got ready for them, set off in haste for Paris.

Remaining alone with the Prince de Condé, Mazarin spared nothing to convince him that it was to his interest to enter into an intimate alliance with the queen; he repeated to the prince the arguments of de Lenet and of the Duc de la Rochefoucault, "on the reciprocal advantage of an alliance against the Frondists: a party whose republican maxims threatened the royal authority, and the legitimate influence of the great men of the state."

The prince let him talk a long while without answering a word;—and at length leaving the room, he descended the stairs without appearing to notice the profound obeisances of the Cardinal. His voiture rolled rapidly through the streets of Havre, amidst the loud acclamations of the people, and salvos of artillery, and pursued the route to Paris.

The princes enter the capital in triumph. The power and influence of the house of Condé become by these events still more aggrandised; but in the quarrel which now happened between the noblesse and the parliament, M. le Prince contrived to displease both parties. He now therefore enters into a negociation with the queen, who deceives him and becomes reconciled with the Frondists to compass his ruin. M. St-Aulaire most vividly describes the dangers of the prince at this juncture, his flight from Paris, and subsequent return. But omitting these

topics, we hasten to the conclusion of this ably and stirringly written story, when, at the instance of Mademoiselle the gates of Paris are open to the army of the princes, the massacre of the Hotel de Ville follows, and there is an end of the Fronde.

This intrepid princess [Mademoiselle—says our Historian,] hastened to the Hotel de Ville, followed by Mesdames de Nevours, de Châtillon, de Rohan, and many other ladies of the court. An immense crowd, collected on the Place de Grève, saluted her on her arrival and showed themselves ready to obey all her orders. Mademoiselle entered the Hall of Counsel where were assembled the marshal de L'Hôpital, the governor, and the mayor of Paris, the échevins and other officers. She harangued the assembly and endeavoured to induce them to give the order for receiving the Princes' army into the city. Obtaining nothing by her exhortations and entreaties, she had recourse to more efficacious means, and declared "that if they persisted in refusing, their lives were in jeopardy." The Marshal de L'Hôpital and some other officers of the city, terrified by these menaces, at length signed the order to the colonels of the citizen companies, and to the Governor of the Bastile, to conform in all things to the instructions that might be given them on the part of the Duke of Orleans. Other considerations than political ones excited the zeal of Mademoiselle at this moment. The dangers and heroic valour of M. le Prince had reanimated the old predilection which she had entertained for him. After having left him at the gate Saint-Antoine, the image of the hero pale and bloody was present to her thoughts, and during the remainder of the day, she occupied herself with a marvellous aptitude in the military details which he had besought her to take upon herself. At length, about six in the evening, M. le Prince re-entered Paris; Mademoiselle ran to meet him; he appeared to her quite different from what he did in the morning; his air was gay and satisfied. He acknowledged in the most affectionate terms the services which he had received from his cousin. As a token of his gratitude, he testified no resentment towards the Duke of Orleans who waited for him at the porte St. Antoine. They embraced each other as cordially as if they had been constant friends, and repaired together to the Hotel de Ville to return thanks to the mayor of Paris and the échevins. M. le Prince then visited his army that was encamped in the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, and finally retired to repose himself from the fatigues of the journey in the hôtel de Condé.

We regret that the stirring, important, and multifarious incidents recorded in this narrative, being so closely and continuously interwoven with each other, preclude our giving any connected summary of the whole story in the short space to which we are limited; and consequently we must refer the reader to the work itself, assuring him that it will amply repay the time and attention he may bestow upon it. The author, the present French ambassador to the British court, has given us in this performance an earnest of his historical powers and qualifications; and we are of the opinion that whenever he shall be drawn off from political pursuits, and leisure allows him to apply himself with zeal to literary avocations of the kind here indicated, he will shine.

THE

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FOR

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ART. I.—*An Address delivered at the Consecration of the Lowell Cemetery, June* 20, 1841. By AMOS BLANCHARD, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Lowell, U. S.

IN the following pages there shall be little or nothing in the way of repeating the sentiments or matter of a paper on Interment in large towns which appeared in the March number of the *Monthly Review*; the main object of the article now in hand being to advert to the necessity, and to the moral and religious uses of an appropriate Burial of the Dead; and briefly to glance at the various methods which have prevailed in the different regions of the earth, from the earliest times to the present.

The subject of Burial Practices is of great compass, being susceptible of very various as well as extremely interesting discussion and illustration. It branches out into many and far-reaching directions. For instance, it naturally connects itself with funereal structures; with emblems and symbols usually found on sepulchral monuments; with inscriptions and epitaphs, and a diversity of other fields that admit of learned and also of popular investigation. We however confine ourselves to the points more immediately indicated by the terms in which we have expressed our main object.

The subject of the Burial of the Dead has naturally occupied much attention. The number of old and erudite books which have been written on the theme sufficiently attests this; while within these late years there has been such a revival in different parts of Europe, and such an anxiety displayed in America relative to the same topic, as to prove that it is capable of yielding renewed and never-ceasing points for arresting attention. The subject indeed is enforced by some of the strongest and tenderest sentiments of the human heart. Philosophize as wisely as we may,

on the worthlessness of our mortal frames, when life is extinct, and their component parts have gone to mingle with their kindred elements, the argument is wholly unavailing. The question is one of feeling, sentiment, emotion; cool reasoning is out of place. Here the heart is the fitting advocate, and its untaught suggestions rise far above all the notions of the head. Even a stranger's grave is not as the common earth; while the spot where the ashes of our departed friends repose is ever held in cherished consecration. Man is not indifferent to the treatment of his own remains, even when they have mingled with the clod of the valley. It is the natural desire of all to rest among their kindred, undisturbed, but thought of, till time shall be no more. It is a constant longing, in most bosoms, not only that their final trial shall be passed in the midst of friendly affection and sympathy,—that their fainting sight shall last rest upon those they have loved most; but also that they may commend to a willing and a pious care the poor remains of what was once most intimately a part of themselves, trusting and hoping that the living will always hold in hallowed remembrance the places where they lie.

Of the older treatises relative to Burial Practices, there is not one in the English tongue, nor, we venture to assert, in any language whatever, that can be compared with Sir Thomas Browne's "Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns lately (A. D. 1658) found in Norfolk." Of this Essay Coleridge's general remark concerning the rich and quaint fancy of its author is particularly appropriate, when he says,—Sir Thomas "sees every thing in a light of his own, reading neither by sun, moon, or candle-light, but by the light of the fairy glory around his own head." The "Address" immediately before us cannot of course pretend to any very high or permanent standing, in a literary sense; having been prepared for a special occasion and to meet certain claims of the hour. But this may be asserted of it, that it seems to have been tolerably well fitted to fulfil its mission; being sustained by just and appropriate thought, and by a due solemnity of manner.

Notice has been taken of the powerful and tender sentiments which are so closely and pervadingly connected with the Burial of the Dead. But the subject is enforced by considerations of a different and most imperious character; for independently of all sentiment, it bears urgently upon the common weal. A *public necessity must be met.* The only choice is, whether the relics of the departed shall be "buried out of our sight," with decency and reverence, and with those appropriate rites, which are equally due to the dead, and edifying as well as consolatory to the living; or whether they shall be hurried away and disposed of anywise and anywhere, as the most obvious convenience may suggest, and as an offence and an annoyance. The great Destroyer

leaves no other alternative. The earth is literally crowded with the mortal remains of human beings. It was stated in an article of the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," a few years ago, (October 1840), and as computed from a series of observations by a competent inquirer, that the whole population of the earth, supposed to be between nine and ten hundred millions of inhabitants, dies in thirty-three years, which gives fifty-five deaths for every successive minute, or nearly one for every second of time. If we apply a similar calculation to all past ages since man reigned upon the earth, it will at once be seen that

> "all who tread
> The Globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom."

In the vicinity, for example, of Alexandria, or of Cairo, and indeed of all the principal cities of Egypt, catacombs containing the relics of the population of past ages, extend acres after acres, for many miles. Similar facts must attach to every great city which has for many centuries flourished and been crammed with the living. At Paris, when the churches and burial grounds were cleared, (A. D. 1786) the relics of ten generations were piled promiscuously in the quarries beneath the city. And like revolting results may form a passage in the history of every crowded and enlarging town; suggesting how necessary it is to make appropriate provision for the sepulture of the departed. Large cities generally spring from small beginnings, so that the necessity in question is not at first felt. It is one, however, that continually gathers strength and importance in correspondence with the unceasing growth of population, till at last it becomes imperative and resistless. And hence the horrid wrong to the dead, and the obscene insult to the living are perpetrated.

The care of the remains of the dead must be an ever-recurring concern and duty of the living. Placing the subject merely in this point of view, it presents a case of absolute necessity that must be met and obviated, as best may be done; taking reverent heed that the relics of those multitudes that are ever thronging down to the mighty congregation should at least rest secure from vulgar exposure, and find, whatsoever may have been the troubled history of their lives, an undisturbed retreat in the grave.

True, all our pious care for the security of the places of sepulture may be unavailing. The most stupendous piles that human affection or human folly has reared, have not sufficed to ensure even so much as this. They have, on the contrary, often served only to tempt the cupidity of the invader, or afford a mark for the poor malice of foes. Sepulchral urns, in which the ancients

hoped to hold consecrate for ever the ashes of their departed friends, are now in the museums of the curious. Egyptian mummies, over which Pyramids have been piled, and which, as Sir Thomas Browne observes, "Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy has become merchandise, Myzraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." The common fuel of the dwellers on the banks of the Nile, is said to be the embalmed bodies of their ancestors. The Arabs use the cases for firewood, and "an epicurean traveller may cook his breakfast with the coffin of a king."

The royal sepulchre of St. Denis, where the French kings of nine centuries were entombed, was violated and destroyed, amongst the kindred atrocities of the Revolution. The lead composing the coffins was melted into bullets for the army, and their contents, including the bodies of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., yet remaining almost entire, and clearly recognisable, were thrown into a common grave. Nay, in these utilitarian days, a turnpike, a canal, or a rail-road would find no inseparable barrier to their projection and progress in the sacredness of the grave-yard.

But our interest for the remains of the dead is not confined to their *security* alone. We would also confer upon them some fitting honour; and we would take a melancholy pleasure in rearing visible emblems of that worth, which can henceforth only be recognised in the remembrance of surviving friends. We would mark the spot where they lie by every appropriate memorial and adornment. We know indeed, that the care in perpetuating the memory of the departed, like that which is used to secure their remains, cannot be long availing. But still the thought of the short duration of the longest of the memorials of the dead, takes nothing from the interest we feel in rearing them. The impossibility of all attempts to give a long perpetuity to the memory of those we have lost, has no relevancy to those emotions which lead us to hallow the spot of their sepulture. We only seek to gratify a present feeling, which we can neither worthily stifle nor disavow, to hold in peculiar sacredness the place, where all that remains of what was ineffably dear to us reposes, and where what is mortal of ourselves is soon to be laid down. We would at the very least have the departed to remain undisturbed and reverently regarded while we ourselves live; and when it becomes our turn to take our station by their side, the desire is that our dust, like theirs, may be permitted to rest, and to be held sacred.

But further, the appropriate Burial of the Dead is enforced by moral and religious uses. Who has not felt—who does not know, that the place of graves is peculiarly fitted to excite chas-

tened views of the present life, and, indeed, of its essential nothingness, viewed as an entire and completed scheme? If there be a spot on the broad earth where the heart becomes unwontedly serious; where the interests of worldly things are seen in their real character and relative position,—it is the field of graves.

How obvious and homefelt is the suggestion, that here repose those who but as yesterday were as active and as gay, as enterprising and robust in spirit as we are now! But "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," are all passed away to them. Passions riot no more; envies cease; vanity has achieved all its petty triumphs. And what is thought of them will ere long, a few years hence at most, be as justly and as impressively said and experienced with regard to ourselves. And does not the mere thought of the transientness and insignificance of earthly cares and emotions which is thus pressed as a cold weight upon the heart, at every step we take among the graves, serve to qualify by times an over-mastering interest in any present object.

The place of graves is not less friendly to those higher aspirations, which centre on what is truly worthy and enduring in character; for while we linger with painful regret over the relics of what was once inexpressibly dear to us, we are yet assured that all that was truly *theirs* and *them* is not also dead, but lives on in an undying life. It is the natural effect of elevated worth and purity, in all cases to inspire a sentiment of emulation. It is felt too, that where death has set its seal, the example is more hallowed and instructive than what is afforded by a living instance of kindred excellence. Those slight blemishes which nearness and familiarity are continually revealing in the brightest character here below, and which serve to dim, though they may not permanently tarnish its lustre, all disappear when viewed through the darkness of the tomb and in the distance of eternity.

Again, it is by the side of the grave, in the august presence of the dead, that we dwell with fondest thought on the immortality of virtuous affections. Then and there we cherish with a greediness of soul and an ever-growing strength of welcome conviction, that when we buried those dearest to us, we did not consign to oblivion or crush for ever those sympathies which grew up between us in life. There is no need to balance arguments here, or to seek for testimony of a revealed and oracular kind, so as to satisfy a cold philosophy.

The ground of conviction is that one fondly feels there must be an analogy between what has been, and what is to be; that we cannot lose our social sympathies as a part of our immortal

nature, without losing our identity as social beings; that God would not permit us, nay *oblige* us, by the very constitution of our natures, to cherish hopes so strong, tender, abiding, and exalting, as a prelude to a sad and bitter delusion. How gladdening and purifying is the hope and resistless belief that our love cannot be separated by length of time, nor chilled by absence; that adversity will not shake it, nor sickness wither it; but that we only mourn the departed, not "as lost, but gone before." Therefore in a special degree we linger over the memorials that affection rears, as tokens and types of an imperishable love.

Then how obvious is it, that the thoughts of the immortality of the affections, and of the reunion of friends after death, must be intimately connected with our duties to the living. But to dwell at any length upon this view would carry us beyond our proper limits and into the province of the preacher. We have therefore only farther to state here, that every one of the sentiments and uses to which reference has been made, offers arguments that imperiously call for appropriate rites and observances relative to the Burial of the Dead, and bearing most touchingly and solemnly upon the sacredness of the grave. In fact the views now taken are fully illustrated by the attention which has always been bestowed on the subject, among all people in all climes. From the earliest historical records we learn that this matter was recognised as one of primary concern. The extraordinary pains shown by the Egyptians to the subject is well known. The Hebrews also were especially careful of the rites of interment. To be deprived of burial was deemed by them a marked dishonour and a great unhappiness. "The dogs shall eat Jezebel * * * and there shall be *none to bury her.*" When Sarah died Abraham besought the sons of Heth for a place, where, in his own language, he "might bury his dead out of his sight." His petition was granted, and for "four hundred shekels of silver, the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, and the cave that was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto him for a possession" of a burying place. More solemn still, among the many Scriptural notices of the solemnities of Jewish sepulture, our Saviour was pleased to admit the out-pouring of Mary's ointment upon his head, because "she did it for his burial." Among the heathen nations of antiquity the same sentiment prevailed. The Romans inherited from the Greeks, and rendered yet more elaborate their funereal rites. The ancient Germans, as we learn from Tacitus, were punctilious in those peculiar to themselves. The Christians too, of early times, esteemed the proper burial of the dead so imperative a duty, that, according to St. Ambrose, it was deemed lawful, if necessary, to melt down or sell the vases used in the sacred

ceremonies of the church, in the fullfilment of it. And, not to go at present into more particular illustration, the Chinese, the unvarying and far-descended Chinese of the present day, attend to nothing so carefully as to the tombs of their ancestors.

The prevailing modes of burial, taking all times and all countries, —the methods in which this natural want of human bosoms has been met and answered, in different ages and climes, may be reduced to two, though there are other and very curious systems of disposing of the dead that may demand a passing notice. *Inhumation* embraces one of the great modes; *Cremation*, the other.

Inhumation, or interment in the earth, appears to have been the earliest, as it certainly seems to be the most natural and appropriate method of burial. It probably dates back to the time when it was said to Adam, "dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," though the first record that exists of the practice is that of Sarah, the wife of Abraham. Various structures have been employed, in reference to this mode of burial. Entombment is one of these. The most ancient are supposed to be those *Tumuli*, or immense mounds of earth, which are found in almost all parts of the world. Dr. Clarke states that he "has seen those sepulchral heaps in Europe, in Asia, from the Black Sea to Mount Caucasus, over all the South of Russia, Kuban Tartary, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and part of Africa." It is well known, too, that they exist in both North and South America. Unlike other receptacles of mortal remains, they are not diminished and destroyed by a silent but inevitable progress of decay, but are renewed continually and increased by the superstitious, but not unpleasing practice that prevails, of obliging every passer-by to cast a stone upon them. It is inferred that they are more ancient than the Pyramids, both on account of the simplicity of their structure, and from their more ancient appearance, where both are subjected to the same atmospheric influences. With regard to the Pyramids and the *Labyrinths* of Egypt, these are justly pronounced to be among the most extraordinary works even of that land of wonders. And yet of their builders, the time of their erection, and their precise use, nothing is certainly known. The light on this subject by hieroglyphical researches is as yet extremely slender. Reference however is here made to such stupendous structures, because there seems little reason to doubt, that their main design was to cover the remains of those who projected and built them, or those of the Priests. *Catacombs* have also been extensively employed for purposes of sepulture. There are caverns, grottoes, or caves which are found already existing in the bosom of the earth, or have been originally excavated for the procuring of building materials, or else have been made expressly for tombs. They exist in Syria, Persia, and amongst the most ancient provinces of the East. There are extensive ones in the Tufa mountains of Capo

di Monte, near Naples, which were originally quarries, as were those in Paris; but the most remarkable are those in Egypt. They are placed out of reach of the overflow of the Nile, excluded as much as possible from the air, and removed away from the usual haunts of men. Sometimes they are hewn out of solid rock, and sometimes are surmounted by Pyramids. They extend in some instances, as for example, in the vicinity of Alexandria and Thebes, for miles. Almost every city had its Nicropolis, or city of the dead, of this description.

Embalming, though not strictly a method of sepulture, is too intimately connected with the present subject to be totally overlooked. The ancient Egyptians surpassed all other people in this art of preserving the bodies of the dead from decay, which was done by means of various medicaments. It was, however, not unknown as a practice, to the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Arabs, ancient Peruvians and other nations of antiquity. It is, however, an art entirely unknown in Egypt at the present day; so that all our knowledge of it is to be drawn from ancient writers. The practice appears to have been sometimes resorted to in England, and with what success may be seen in Sir Henry Halford's account of the "Disinterment of several Kings." In some parts of the world, as in certain districts of Peru, bodies are naturally preserved for ages, by the saline nature of the earth, and by the dryness of the atmosphere. *Desiccation*, or a process of drying, is another method of preserving corpses, intimately connected with the embalming system. The most remarkable instance of this is near Palermo, where is situated the cemetery of the convent of the Capuchins. It is a subterraneous hall, where all the bodies of the fraternity, together with those of several persons of distinction from the city, are found in an upright posture, and habited in their accustomed dress. Some have remained undecayed for two centuries and a half.

Cremation, or the burning of the bodies of the dead, and Urn Burial, or the collection of their ashes in funereal vases, was the other practice that very generally obtained in antiquity. This dates back to the early days of Greece, as all readers of Homer well know, and was especially used by the Athenians. It was copied, of course, by the Romans. It also prevailed among the Northern tribes of Europe. However, it was not in repute among the Egyptians and Persians on account of objections derived from their peculiar mythology; the former regarding fire as a raging monster which devoured everything with which it came in contact, and died itself with what it last devoured; and the latter considering fire as a god, who would be contaminated by the touch of a dead body. Cremation is supposed to have fallen into desuetude in Europe through the influence of Christianity; this having produced, according to Sir Thos. Browne, "the final extinction of these sepulchral bonfires." Different origins

have been assigned to the practice. Some thought that the action of fire was necessary to purify the soul from its earthliness; others for the purposes of securing the remains of the dead from insult and outrage. "To be gnawed out of our graves," says Browne, "to have our skulls made into drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and to sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials." Again, "he that hath the ashes of a friend, hath an everlasting treasure; where fire taketh leave, corruption slowly enters."

Besides Inhumation and Cremation, the following practices, far less generally pursued, may be mentioned:—The people who lived near the Riphean mountains, according to Pliny, buried their dead in water; and the fish-eating people about Egypt did the same. "Water, certainly," saith the quaint Sir Thomas, "has proved the smartest grave which in forty days swallowed almost all mankind." The Persian magi exposed the corpses to dogs and wild beasts. The Scythians affixed them to trunks of trees, and kept them in snow and ice. Some of the Ethiopians removing the fleshy integuments of the dead bodies, supplied their place with plaster, and laid on this a kind of fresco, which was made to imitate the natural body. This, kept in a glazed coffin, during the space of a year, was afterwards buried without the environs of the city. The Tartars exposed their dead to the air, tying the bodies to branches of trees, where they remained till they were dried, and then interred them. The Persians, Syrians, and ancient Arabians frequently preserved the remains of the dead by a covering of asphaltum, wax, and honey. Certain people of Guinea disinter their dead when they are supposed to have become skeletons, and then decorate these ghastly remains with feathers and ornaments, and hang them up in their houses. The Chinese often preserve the bodies of parents, carefully guarded from the air, for three or four years in their houses, or in small habitations built for the purpose outside of the city, where one of the family, commonly the eldest son, presents offerings of rice, wine, and tea, and takes especial care that the sticks of incense, called *joss sticks*, are kept constantly burning. In short, among semi-barbarous people, the methods of disposing of the relics of the dead, vary with almost every tribe; while nations of a higher culture have almost without exception confined themselves to Inhumation, or to Cremation, in some of their forms.

To return to the most refined of the ancient nations,—to the Greeks and Romans, the general remark holds true, that their funeral rites were accurately and elaborately performed, in consequence of the prevalent belief, that the manes, or spirits of the dead, could find no rest or peace whilst their bodies were unburied. The obsequies of the two nations, as already stated, were essentially the same. It will therefore be necessary, in as far as regards the classic

times and forms, to take notice of the Roman rites only! after which some account of the practices of the early Christians, and lastly, a glance at what seems to be most worthy of observation in modern Christendom, confining ourselves as closely as possible to the line of remark already indicated, and to the arguments sought to be enforced, shall complete our paper.

The Funeral Rites of the Romans were arranged according to the age, wealth, and dignity of those who were the subjects of them; particular regard, also, being had to their last expressed wishes. They were of two kinds, *public*, to which the people were summoned by the voice of the crier,—or *private* and common, which were not publicly announced, and were attended with no parade of any sort. It is only necessary to refer to some of the features of the former kind, in the present notice, which consisted of four distinct parts. First, there were the rites *before* the funeral. The last breath of the dying was inhaled by the nearest relatives, under the impression that the spirit or soul of the departing person thus and then left the body. Rings were taken from their fingers, their eyes and mouth were closed, and the names of the deceased loudly and repeatedly called. Cutting off one or more of the fingers was a custom that prevailed; either for the purpose of ascertaining whether death was real, or rather, perhaps, with the view of securing some parts of the body for the renewal of the funeral ceremonies after burial. The corpse was then bathed and anointed with various antiseptic and fragrant drugs; arrayed in the best robes of the deceased; adorned with crowns, or the public badges of distinction which they had worn; and then brought from the inmost apartments, and placed on a couch in the threshold of the house, with the feet towards the door. The house was marked as in mourning, with branches of the pine or cypress, especially intended to prevent the approach of those engaged in offering the public sacrifices, since it was supposed to be pollution to touch, or even to look upon a corpse.

Secondly, after these preparatory rites, the bearing forth of the corpse took place, after such a period, it would seem, as was rendered necessary for the elaborate ceremonies required, according to the particular circumstances of the case. In the early times of the Republic, the *bearing forth* was in the night time; but afterwards, in the case of public funerals, the earlier hours of the day were preferred. From the ancient custom, however, of funeral processions by night, the practice of bearing tapers and torches, which was always observed by day, was borrowed. The bier was preceded by various persons,—by musicians, by females hired to sing, by players and dancers, and other appointed attendants. The body was carried by the nearest relations, or sometimes, by manumitted slaves. The bier was covered or uncovered; in the latter case, the body being richly ornamented and the face painted, and having the feet forward,

as indicating a final departure from the world. Relations, friends, and all who wished, or wished to seem, to show affection, followed, with tears, with hair cut off or dishevelled, with garments changed or torn, with all adornments laid aside, with beating of the breast, complaints and reproaches of the gods, and with every conceivable external symptom of grief. The sons were veiled, while the daughters were unveiled, because, as is supposed, a reversal of an ordinary custom is appropriate to mourning. The procession passed through the Forum, and the bier was placed before the *rostra*, where a funeral oration was pronounced. It was then led to an appointed place, *without the city*, where the body was burned or buried.

Thirdly, if the corpse was to be burned and not buried, it was taken to a place called *Ustrina*; but if it was to be both burned and buried, the place was called *Bustum*, where it was laid upon a funeral pyre or pile, being merely a heap of wood collected for the purpose, and built up in the form of an altar. After kisses and other tokens of endearment, and after the eyes of the corpse, which had been closed at death, were re-opened, the fire was applied by the nearest relations, with head averted, indicating that necessity, not choice, imposed the task; while the winds were implored to excite the flame, that the burning might be quickly done. Sometimes a solemn march took place around the burning pile, with all the insignia of office and distinction inverted.

But while the body was thus consumed, its remains were not buried alone. It was a singular and revolting superstition of classical antiquity, that the souls of the departed were thirsty of blood, without tasting which, it was supposed that they could not speak, or know the living, though they were cognizant of events past and to come. Various animals, and particularly those which were thought to have been most dear to the deceased when living, were sacrificed on the same funeral pile with them. On occasions, even human beings, such as captives, servants, and women, were sacrificed on the pile. After the body had been sufficiently consumed, which was indicated by the gradual settling of the white ashes upon the live coals, the fire was extinguished, and wine was sprinkled on the embers. Then followed the collecting of the remaining bones, which were bathed with wine, milk, odours, and tears, when, being wrapped in a cloth of fine linen, were exposed, in some cases, to the wind to be dried, in others, placed in the bosom of the mother, or some near female friend, to be afterwards placed in urns. These vessels were made of gold, silver, brass, marble, or clay; there being also frequently placed on them phials filled with tears, since called *Lacrymatories*. The whole was finally deposited in the earth, and structures of various kinds erected over or beneath them. Those who remained at the funeral pile, were thrice purified with water, sprinkled by a branch of olive or laurel, from the pollution which the touch of a corpse was sup-

posed to communicate. They then shouted, in regular strains, their adieus, which were succeeded by such touching words as—*we must all follow thee, according as the course of nature shall permit us;* a prayer being also offered that the earth might lie light upon their remains. Having trodden out the fire, they returned home, and purified the house where the dead had been, by burning sulphur and laurels, and by sweeping with a certain kind of broom.

We have necessarily left unnoticed a number of particulars of a minute nature in these elaborate Roman ceremonies, which, indeed, did not end with the final disposing of the remains in the tomb or grave. Certain days were prescribed when funeral rites were observed in memory of the dead, the month of February being especially appointed for this purpose. Sacrifices or oblations were offered to the infernal deities, or to the ghosts of the departed. Feasts and games were observed; and they decked the sepulchres with fillets and with floral crowns.

Let it be particularly noted, that the places of sepulture of any kind, whether graves, tumuli, monuments, or urns, among the Romans, were from their earliest history, *without the city.* The same rule was observed by the Athenians, Jews, and by nearly all the dwellers on the borders of the Mediterranean sea. The reasons assigned for this practice were, first, it was supposed that religious places and rites were polluted by burials within the city; and, secondly, that they were injurious to public health. Hence graves and monuments were erected by the wayside, at the entrance of their cities. It would also appear that a solemn lesson was sought to be taught, viz. that the passers-by might be admonished, that they themselves were mortal. Hence too the significance of the appeal which was engraven on their monuments, "Siste Viator."

We must dismiss many things that might be related of the practices and funereal rites of the early Fathers and Confessors of the Church, with this observation, that while they seem to have rejected certain forms and ceremonies merely because they had been in vogue among the Pagans, they naturally introduced a variety of offices, modes, and services, arising out of Christian doctrine and belief. How could they treat the dead without the most marked recognition of the hope which looks beyond the grave, and to the resurrection of the body, in an incorruptible and purified state?

With regard to the nature of the places used by the professors of the new faith, and during centuries of Christianity, much inquiry would be amply rewarded; for the result would be in undeniable behalf of the wholesomeness, the decencies, and the solemnities which we advocate.

That the Christians in early periods appropriated particular spots

for the burial of their dead is proved by the fact, that such places, in times of persecution, were used, "in silence and in fear," for their public religious services. These were called *Cæmeteria*, Dormitories, Places of Repose, because they regarded death but as a sleep, and the grave but as a quiet resting place, until the morning of the Resurrection. In perfect accordance with these reasons, motives, and feelings, subterranean crypts or vaults were used indiscriminately for burying places and places of religious worship. But it is a mistake to infer, as has been done, that it was the custom of the early Christians to bury the dead in churches. On the contrary, this was expressly forbidden, and the real state of the fact is, that they did not bury in places of worship, but worshipped in places of burial.

True, it was permitted to Constantine, about the year of our Lord 300, to be buried in the porch of a church; and that in the subsequent part of the fourth, and also during the course of the fifth century, the privilege was granted—the innovation gained increased countenance, on the occasion of the interment of several distinguished persons. In the sixth century, the practice began of admitting the people to burial in the church-yard, and also of allowing some particularly eminent or favoured individuals to be buried in the church. From this period to the thirteenth century, similar admissions appear to have been left to the discretion of the clergy, who made of them a profitable but a disgraceful use. Since the last-mentioned period to the present, sepulture within churches and church-yards, which had been granted as a boon by the clergy to the laity, has been claimed as a right.

Such is a very condensed view of the origin, progress, and maturity of a burial system which cannot be too earnestly deprecated, or too speedily relinquished. Indeed, whatever may be the truth with regard to ancient or foreign nations, Pagan or Christian, Jewish or Gentile, public cemeteries in the free and open fields, beyond the turmoil and the sound of the great Babylon, London, are imperiously called for, even to the entire prohibition of interment within its gates. It would appear that in Denmark, Venice, Prague, Vienna, and other parts of continental Europe, an excellent example is set us. France is in advance, as the case of Paris since the commencement of the present century testifies. Even in new and young America, there are already a number of rural cemeteries established. No doubt, in the neighbourhood of the British metropolis, there are several spots set apart for the sacred and solemn purpose. But reason, sentiment, moral and religious argument, as well as practical convenience, or the coldest utilitarian views, call for a vast extension of the system. They are due to the dead: they would prove highly consolatory to the living.

With what uses are rural grave fields fraught, especially when the

native loveliness of the scene is revealed by the hand of taste. They afford a retreat from the conflicting interests and false and frivolous shows of ordinary life. They are places where our violent and wicked strifes on political and religious topics may for a while be checked,—spots from which no man can return without being bettered. The Field of Graves is the scene to chasten that all-absorbing lust of gain, which is eating, canker-like, into the very heart of the people. Here it is, in a word, that all may go in silence and in peace, and amidst the propitious influences of earth and sky, and with all the suggestive tokens of the departed around them, to think of their proper aims, their ultimate responsibilities, and their highest destinies; to consider how solemn a thing it is to die, and to enter upon the unseen realities of an eternal state, —yea, to live and have to think, act, and feel in a world like the present.

ART. II.—*The Climate of the South of Devon, and its Influence upon Health, with short accounts of Exeter, Torquay, Babbicombe, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth, Budleigh-Satterton, Sidmouth, &c.* By THOMAS SHAPTER, M.D., Physician to the Exeter Dispensary, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 258. London. 1842.

THERE is no word in the English language, which to an Englishman past forty, conveys more meaning than the word *climate*. To the valetudinarian it conjures up the whole host of fashionable doctors and fashionable watering places; while ghosts of bleak winds at Brighton, and blowy ones at Ramsgate; spirits of the genial gales of the Isle of Wight, and shades of the pleasant zephyrs of the South of France pass before the mind's eye, like a battalion of infantry in review order. To the consumptive, visions of Madeira and Funchal, and the verdant terraces of vines and orange and lemon trees it awakens in the dreamy caves of recollection, where stored up amidst recipes for carrigeen decoctions and formula for anodyne draughts, it slept the passive motor of a world of thought. The poor decrepid, dissipated dandy, having "spent his life, both interest and principle," wonders if a "change of climate" would restore his wasted limbs, or renew his aged vigour; while the struggling *pater-familias* with his twice five noisy brats, would emigrate were it not "for the climate" —forgetful, or rather ignorant of the fact, that change of scene and circumstance, and occupation, have as much a hand in restoring health, or inducing disease, as the locality of any one spot, however favoured that locality may be as far as regards wind, and rain, and sun. However, it cannot be denied that certain spots on this our terrestrial house of tentative existence are *cæteris paribus* more agreeable to our outward senses than others, and as a matter of physiology more likely to prolong life. Change, however, is an important element in climate. Invalids have recovered from diseases which baffled the art of medicine, and defied the remedies of pharmacy in one locality generally

found more healthy than another immediately contiguous, by removing to the latter. Nay criminals have languished until they have been re-conveyed to the dungeons wherein a great portion of their lives have been passed. How this is to be explained on the principle that one locality is more conducive to longevity than another; we will not take upon ourself to say, and being content with the fact, we leave it to others to discover or invent a cause. But that fresh air, out-door exercise, and a dry, or calcareous sandy soil, generally speaking are more conducive to health, than confinement, bad air, and a clayey, wet, or damp country, covered with rank grass and rushes, no one will deny.

It would seem that in the latter case, the continual evaporation which goes on at all periods of the day and night, (the agents which produce it being more active in summer than in winter,) carries with it a quantity of the inappreciable particles of clay and decomposed vegetable fibre, which being inhaled, permeates or penetrates through the membrane of the lungs, and enters into the circulation, where either from its irritating nature, or its cumulative effects, it disturbs the equilibrium of the system by deranging the healthy action of the nerves. And this we presume it effects by the introduction of a peculiar principle inimical to life *. Chemistry cannot detect its nature, the eye cannot see its form, and no human instrument can discover in what quantity, or in what proportion, it enters into the body so as to produce morbid effects upon the constitution; but its consequences are apparent even to the most casual observer. In the African atmosphere which has been brought to England in bottles hermetically sealed, Mr. Farraday however detected a very large proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen—that peculiarly offensive gas which escapes from a rotten egg—enough to account for all the sickness and deaths of Europeans. Indeed this must be the case also with the natives, for no animal can for any length of time breathe atmospheric air contaminated by sulphuretted hydrogen without being destroyed. But the air that was brought to England in bottles was taken, we believe, either on the river, or near its banks, where it is

*This is the opinion of a very eminent author, Dr. C. Chisholm: "I have no doubt in my own mind, as I have elsewhere said, ("Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal") that typhus, plague, and the malignant pestilential fever, derive their origin from a *specific virus*, generated always in the same way, regulated by the same laws, and modified by climate. It appears then, upon the whole, therefore, that a temperature of a degree not higher than 86 deg., and not lower than perhaps 60 deg., is necessary for the development of malignant pestilential fever, or rather for the production of the combination of typhoid infection and yellow remittent fever, I have so denominated. A higher or a lower temperature destroys the combination, leaving the endemic in its natural form and character, and rendering inert the imported virus."—*(Diseases and Climate of Tropical Countries.)*

natural to expect sulphuretted hydrogen would be found. Many parts of the interior of Africa, especially the higher lands, seem to be as healthy as any portion of Europe.

Fevers, dropsies, rheumatisms, and consumptions, will ever prevail in low, flat, muddy lands; while intermittent fevers will be more common in arenaceous soils or muddy places, occasionally covered with the tide. These are general rules which admit of no exception whatever. It will readily occur therefore to the reader, that the haruspices of old were actuated by a most profound physiological principle when they deferred the foundation of the city walls of any new colony, until they had examined the viscera of the wild animals caught in the vicinity. If they observed vibices, or spots, or small ulcerations, or tubercles in the liver, the lungs, or the pancreas, they immediately abandoned all idea of settling in that locality, and moved east or west as the case might be. We, on the other hand, *never* inquire as to the healthful nature of the spot where we intend to found a colony. So it be likely to prove a profitable commercial speculation, no farther inquiry is instituted; a public house is erected, a jail built, and then a barrack! No thought whatever is given to the probability of the place being inimical to life. It is commodiously situated for "trade," and that to a colonizing Englishman, who never leaves his country with any other view but that of bettering his condition *through* trade, is everything. "Here," says he, "the natives come to sell their gum, their ivory, their gold dust, or their slaves. Here is the spot for a capital trade with the interior, because our ships can touch at the port going or coming to the east, or to the west; and here we anticipate the French, the Portuguese, the Spanish, and the Dutch. They must buy from us and at our own price." Such are the sentiments which actuate all our adventurers who leave England for America, for New Zealand, or for Africa, and hence the history of our earliest and latest colonies, is the history of epidemics and the record of deaths.

But there is another reason besides climate which may lay claim to the honor of destroying English settlers abroad, whether in America or the Antipodes, on the Coast of Guinea or the shores of the Mediterranean. And this is gluttony.* No nation in the world

* We seem indeed to have been always fond of the creature comforts. Harold lost the battle of Hastings and all England through feasting, and Caius says, *(De Ephemera Britannica)* that the "Sweating Sickness" was induced by gluttony—*Majores olim nostri simplici cibo usi sunt, non anserem, non gallinam, non leporem, cibi, sed animi, gratiâ, alebant. Nos contra, non animi, sed gulæ causâ, non hæc solùm, sed infinita alia animalia curiosiùs, saginamus et insectamur. Quasi vero esca ad voluptatem nobis non ad vitam data esset, et nos non ad honestatem sed luxum faciessemus. Et vide De Sudore Anglicano, auctore* Evardo Binns, p. 26. 8vo. *Edin.* 1828.

seems to make such a *business* of eating as our English adventurers. Beef, mutton, veal—veal, mutton, beef—at the pole, under the line, betwixt the tropics and in the temperate zones, are the changes which they ring on " that tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell." They do not accommodate themselves to the food of the country as the Portuguese, Spaniards, and French invariably do—but John Bull carries with him not only his native obstinacy, but his native beef, pickles, beer, porter, and ales. On these he feeds with the same dogged appetite as he does in England, and when the stomach loathes the food which however palatable, or however necessary, in a temperate climate, is insupportable and superfluous in the torrid zone, in place of waiting till nature relieves herself of the plethora, or the system demands additional ingesta, he flies to the medicine chest and swallows some half a dozen anti-bilious pills—the consequence of which are that he deranges the function of digestion, paralyses the nerves of the stomach, and upsets the whole machine. Instantly visions of yellow fever, liver complaint, and six feet of clay rise up in judgment against him. His mind now acts upon the body, the depressing passions lower the tone of his system, and he positively falls a victim not to the climate, but to the false nature, and unnatural stimulus of his diet.

It is a remark made by all physicians who have had experience in the West Indies, that cases of fever with regard to severity range in the following order. In the Spaniard severe, in the French severer; in the English severest. And how is this accounted for ? Simply by this fact; that the Spaniard drinks little or no wine, and less spirit ; the Frenchman, a little more wine, and some spirit; the Englishman a great deal of wine, and a great deal more of spirit and porter, while his food is more indigestible, of harder nature, and more stimulant than that either of the Spaniard or the Frenchman. Another reason is the Englishman's contempt of all advice as to health, tendered him by the natives. What, a "nigger," or an old colonist teach a cockney to take care of his health ! Has not he a straw hat—a dunstable ; the very worst thing that a man could possibly wear in the West Indies or any torrid climate—and probably a blouse, and thin duck trousers—and is not brandy a good thing to keep off fever, and Cockle's Antibilious or Abernethy's stomach pills excellent remedies when it *does* appear—and what need then of advice from a West Ingy chap ? With such opinions, combined with an inhuman and destructive propensity to the use of his Manton—[all pop-guns are Mantons on the other side of the Atlantic] —the settler, or the young officer in the West Indies, either kills himself or seriously injures his health—and then without the slightest shadow of reason blames the climate !

We have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that for every single man that dies really from the effects of climate, fifty die from drink. Not that that drink is excessive, or would be hurtful in the temper-

ate zone, but that it is unnecessary and uncalled for, redundant and consequently injurious to the system in a warm climate. By the free use of porter, beer, and ale, wine, spirits, and punch, on a stimulating meat diet, a greater quantity of carbon is introduced into the body than can be consumed by the lungs, and the consequence is that it enters largely into combination with the blood, producing engorgement of the liver, and poisoning the very brain itself with undecarbonized blood. This is so self-evident a fact, that it needed no Liebeg to go out of his way to tell us that Englishmen eat too much in the West Indies. For the most part we say—they seldom seem to think that they have anything else to do but to eat and drink. However, improper diet and too much liquor are not always the cause of the great mortality of settlers and soldiers in the West Indies. This mortality, we are convinced from actual observation, depends in a great variety of cases (at least with regard to soldiers) upon the ill-ventilated and narrow limits of the men's barracks. They are too confined, and in wet weather are almost intolerable. The emanations from men, women, children, dogs, parrots, cats, tobacco smoke, rum, gin, and porter, are such as to defy description, or as they say in the West Indies—"enough to knock you down."

Much has been done in this way in the West Indies to decimate the troops; but it is to be hoped that the publication of Tulloch's, and Wilson's reports as to health of the army and navy in our Western Colonies, will go far to annihilate so infamous a system. That we are not wrong in assigning as a cause of sickness among our troops, the quantity of spirit consumed combined with ill-ventilated barrack-rooms in the West-Indies, may be gathered from the fact, that Wilson has shown in his statistics of the health of the seamen manning our fleet in the West Indies, that it is the most healthy station for our navy in the world! This is a result which was unexpected; and did it not rest on returns which admit of no question, might fairly be doubted when compared with the exaggerated statements which have been put forth from time to time of the unhealthiness of the naval station at Port Royal. Two circumstances which must not be lost sight of, combine to render the seamen more healthy than the soldiers—the free use of sea-air, which probably contains a minute portion of iodine, and the absence of spirituous liquors. However close the hammocks may be placed between decks, and however impure the air, there is not only instant escape from it at hand, but the hammocks themselves are purified every day except in wet weather by lashing them to the rigging. From long and painful experience, we have no hesitation in saying that not only would our troops in the West Indies be as healthy and as free from disease as those in Europe, but that they would be more so, provided attention were paid to the ventilation of the barrack rooms, a complete stoppage of grog put in force, and amusement of some

kind or another substituted in lieu of the excitement of spirits. We could extend these remarks, and probably with some advantage to the reader, did we not fear to make that an essay, which is only intended to be a review. The subject of climate and its effects upon the constitution of man, is as yet an unopened mine. Some few, though very valuable remarks, have been made by Lind Jackson, Chisholm, Bancroft, Lemprière, Hughes, and others,* on the influence of intertropical climates on the constitution of soldiers and sailors, as if soldiers and sailors were the only persons who go to tropical climates, or the only persons there whose lives were worthy of preservation. For the most part, the works of these authors are but hospital reports, characterised by a unity of ideas and narrowness of mind which would confine the ravage of fever to the brain, the liver, or the arteries, without taking into consideration the general and concomitant derangement of function of the entire system. They have in common a meagreness of generalization, and a humility of pretension to extensive views of pathology, and the great science of medicine whether viewed threptically with regard to the enjoyment of life and the preservation of health, or therapeutically as connected with the cure of disease, and the restoration of the normal action of the organs of the thorax and abdomen, and of course the encephalon, that are by no means honourable to the authors or presumptive of their acquaintance with the great principle of philosophic induction. Their vision is perpetually directed to *theory*, and to the action of some favourite remedy, neglecting the causes of disease, which on every side thrust themselves forward to be recognised, and avoided.†

Indeed it may be safely said that we have now but begun to estimate the influence of climate properly. Formerly it was deemed a sort of certainty, that a man would recover of some painful disease, merely by visiting some favourite watering place; on the same principle, we suppose, that the Scotchman devoured two dozen ortalons to give him an appetite, but did not find himself any hungrier than when he commenced! but much of this faith, and we may add folly, have disappeared, invalids having learned that without a change of diet and rigid abstinence from the exciting cause of the disease, little was to be gained by a visit to Bath, to Harrowgate, or other watering places. The *prestige* of recovery on these occasions must not also be overlooked, for *faith* in the remedy and the collateral means, is no unimportant ally in these cases.

* We except Dancer, whose work is very valuable, as well as Colin Chisholm.

† Of course, here we only mean the exciting cause, and the remote cause. The proximate cause or the disease itself—its nature we mean—will never be discovered.

Having premised thus much, we must allude here to Sir James Clark's work "On Climate," which has gone through several editions. Not that the going through two or three editions is any proof of its merit, because if the Court physician were to publish an edition of "Tom Thumb," or "Jack the Giant Killer," there would be hundreds ready to applaud and buy—but because the work is really an advance towards a physico-mediço-philosophical inquiry into the real nature of climate and its effects upon the human constitution. Strange to say, however, the author does not venture so far as Mead in his work "De Imperio Solis, ac Lunæ in humana Corpora." It can therefore be considered merely in the light of a prodromus or gradus, and hardly that, to the true consideration of the nature of climate, and its influence upon the human body.*

It is but a sort of Dr. Granville done into one volume—and is like that physician's more voluminous and gossippy work, little better than a hand-book to the hotels of the watering places. Dr. Paris also has offered some remarks on climate, but not of that extensive and profound nature which we contend is wanted in the medical world. His lucubrations as well as other modern writers', scarcely go further than Hippocrates, or Celsus,—of the latter especially, who in speaking of the seasons says—"igitur saluberrimum ver est; proxime deinde ab hoc hiems; periculosior æstas; autumnus longe periculosissimus (Lib. 2, c. 1.)

Now, if we suppose spring, summer, autumn, and winter, to represent four different climates, we shall find that the moderns have done little more than refine upon this text. Dr. Paris, alluding to the condition of the atmosphere with regard to its humidity, or siccity, says—

> The cutaneous discharge is very materially modified by the state of the atmosphere, in its relations to moisture and dryness. When the air contains much moisture, it is a bad conductor of the perspirable fluid, which, therefore, instead of being carried off in an insensible form, is condensed upon the surface; hence we appear to perspire greatly upon the slightest exercise; whereas the cuticular discharge is at such times absolutely less. We have all experienced the sensation of heat, and disposition to sweating, during the moist weather which so frequently occurs in Britain† in April and May, the wind being at the same time stationary at South-West, or South. On the contrary, during the prevalence of an east wind, the most violent exercise

* Dr. A. B. Chisholm's Inaugural Dissertation *De Imperio, quo aeres, aquæ, atque Loca Valetudinem Humanum regunt*, contains in a smaller, compass nearly all that Sir James Clark has said in his work "On Climate." It is not possible here to go into its merits. We shall, however, make some use of it, as we proceed. It was printed at Edinburgh in 1838.

† Tacitus even had remarked this peculiarity of the English climate. *Cœlum Britannicum crebris nebulis fœdum esse, asperitatem frigoris abesse. (Agricolæ Vita.)*

will scarcely bring on sweat; and yet the quantity of cutaneous exhalation is far greater than during that state of the atmosphere when the slightest exercise deluges us with perspirable matter.

Climate then in the absence of any animal or metallic or maliferous principle natant in the atmosphere, may be resolved roughly into the spring, the summer, the autumn, and the winter climate—or according to Celsus, the most healthy, the next healthy, the more dangerous and the most dangerous. *Cæteris paribus*, drainage, ventilation, wholesome food, warm or comfortable clothing, airy sleeping apartments, moderation in diet and exercise, and immunity from care, to the naturally healthy all parts of the globe are equally salubrious. But all these accessories are rarely, or perhaps never, found united. Hence the necessity of discovering some especial spots, which, if not possessed of all the necessary concomitants of a healthy climate, are nevertheless free from the presence of many agents obnoxious to the healthy condition of the human frame, and the prolongation of human life. In the climate of the South of Devon, Dr. Shapter thinks he has discovered this desideratum. The author thus briefly states the origin of his work.

The following pages were written in accordance with the suggestion of Sir James Clark, that, in order to determine the true character of the climate of the South-Western part of England, observations should be made in some of its principal localities. Drs. Carrick and Symonds have, as far as their resources would permit, illustrated the climate of Bristol and Clifton, and Dr. Forbes has contributed an essay on the Medical Topography of the Land's End. *(Preface.)*

Our author, therefore, offers his work as "another link in this chain of information." The sources from which the Doctor derives his information in his chapter "On Climate," he tells us, are registers kept by Dr. Barham in the Parish of St. Leonard; by Mr. White, of St. Thomas; Mr. Ponsford, surgeon to the Lunatic Asylum, and Mr. Squance, Librarian to the Exeter Institution. In the geological department, he has principally followed a paper by himself which was read to the Philosophical Society of Exeter in 1837, but in revising it, he availed himself of the assistance of Mr. Parker, and the recent work of Sir H. de la Beche.* His tables of the Statistics of Life and Disease, he informs us, and they bear evident signs of it,—

Have been formed with much care, and at a great expense of labour; in order to test the correctness of the former, the parish registers were investigated three several times, and the aggregate numbers so checked as to prevent the possibility of error; they are therefore well worthy of being compared and contrasted, in any inquiry into the probabilities of life in this country, with those of Northampton and Carlisle.

* Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset.

Sir James Clark remarks in his work, "On Climate," that "notwithstanding that public attention has been so long directed towards the climate of Devonshire, the materials are very few which can be collected with reference to the subject,"* and our author, therefore applies himself to the task, and thinks that the pages of his work will shew that, as regards the South of Devon, observations sufficient have been made; and that deductions from them to particularize the peculiarities of the climate have been brought forward by him not unsuccessfully.

The circumstances (he says) which exert an influence on, and may be said to determine the climate of a district, are by some meteorologists very much restricted; and Leslie, whom we must regard as a great authority, affirms that they are reducible to two,—distance from the equator, and height above the level of the sea. There can be no doubt, however, that the operation of the relative masses of water and land, of the geological character and cultivation of the soil, of the aspect of the sloping side, and more especially of the prevalence of the different winds, should be regarded; for most assuredly each of these tends in some respects, not only to modify a local climate, but to constitute circumstances materially influencing the public health. (p. 2.)

Of this there can be no doubt, and Sir John Leslie was most decidedly wrong. In proof of which, let any man live on one side and then on the other side of a hill, or North and South—or even on the same side, so one part of that side be sheltered from the wind by trees, and the others open. A test like this is worth all the theories of all the climatists and meteorologists in the world. Indeed we need go no further than Devon for an example, for the air is mild and even *warm* in the valleys, where it is by no means uncommon to see the myrtle flowering as freely as in its native habitat; while on the hills and mountains, it is bleak and cold. The distinguishing characteristic, however, of the climate of South Devon, is that it is warm and moist, which as Dr. Shapter remarks, is partly owing to its latitude, yet much is due to its situation—for it forms a portion of a large promonotory or imperfect peninsula, jutting westward into the Atlantic, and thus constituting a sea coast of nearly one half of its circumference. Much of this at no distant date was covered by the ocean, for vessels of burden formerly went up to Exeter, whereas they now go no farther than Topsham, five miles below, whence goods are removed in other vessels measuring about 150 tons, and by means of a canal carried to the quay near the city walls.

Geological features, as we have before remarked, exert a very stringent influence on climate with regard to health and disease, and those of the South of Devon amply prove this proposition,

* P. 138. 1841.

" those which present themselves for investigation, being granite, grauwache, carbonaceous rocks, schists, limestone, new red sandstone (including Exeter *conglomerate*), green sand, granite green stone, and trap rocks." (p 162.) On Dartmoor all the various elementary combinations of granite are found scattered over the moor, as well as masses of the components themselves separately lying among them, excepting mica. (p 163.) Copper and lead have been sparingly found, and tin in greater abundance. The tin ore of Devon anciently constituted a very important article of merchandise, as proved by numerous relics of stannary customs and laws, and even the working of some mines at the present time. Iron is also found, both as a sulphuret and in the form of micacious debris—or, as it is called, " shining ore."

That portion of the granite (says our author) which falls within our present view, begins in Sandy Park, about a mile and a half above Fingle Bridge, where it is found crossing the river from the North to the South side, directing its course about East-South-East. The boundary line then rises rapidly from the bed of the river to the hills over Moreton woods, thence it continues, in nearly the same direction, along the ridge of these hills, and almost parallel with the river, to a point South of a farm called Lynch, on the top of the hill opposite Dunsford ; from this farm it suddenly takes a southerly direction. Near Bovey Tracey it passes somewhat to the Eastward, then to the Southward again, until it crosses the Dart a little above Holne. In this line the granite appears to be in contact with the carbonaceous rocks. The surface of this district is much varied by the frequent occurrence of Tors, these are formed by various sized rhomboidal masses of granite lying upon each other and reaching sometimes to a considerable height, and present occasionally the most picturesque appearance.

The numerous Logan stones and rock basins which have been noticed on Dartmoor owe their origin to the decomposition of the granite. Of the former a small one on the east side of Lustleigh Cleeve, another in the Valley of the Teign, below Whiddon Park, and a third weighing about a hundred tons, at Widdecombe, are well known. The basins may be noticed on almost every part of the moor; but perhaps in few instances has decomposition produced larger excavations in this way than at Hell Tor, near Moreton. The peat does not appear to differ from the peat of other mountainous districts: it is a network formed of the roots and stems of aquatic plants, and generally covers the wilder part of the moor, and in some places is of considerable depth. Trunks of trees have been occasionally found in it. (pp. 166, 7.)

The next remarkable geological feature is the Grauwache slates, which form a sedimentary deposit, occupying nearly the entire plane of South Devon, and extending generally over Cornwall. This is a deposit of argillaceous slates, and arenaceous conglomerates, intermingled with grey compact lime-stone and trap rocks. Schist is also found in the shape of " shillet," but which Sir H. de la Beche has provisionally termed carbonaceous rocks. It is in this formation that

many vegetable impressions occur; the principal of which are *Cyperite bicarinata, Pecopteris lonchitica,* and *Calamites. goniotites,* and other marine fossils. We have then lime-stone, compact, hard, and semi-crystalized, especially when occuring in contact with the green-stone porphyry.

Some portions of this rock [our author says] are thickly studded with fossil remains, though speaking of the formation generally, they are not very abundant; they consist for the most part, of madrepores and corallines, with *crustacea, testacea,* &c *Posidonia* have been obtained from Drewsteignton, and fossils of several genera, including trilobites and a portion of a fish jaw have been found at Doddiscombsleigh. The curious mammillary concretions of silicious matter, named Beckite, occur about Torquay and Churston Ferrers. I believe that no probable conjecture as to their origin has yet been hazarded. * * * * * The geological position of these masses of limestone appears to be that of beds alternating with, and deposited in, the slate formation: though found in connexion with some of the trap family, yet these latter always appear to have been thrust into apposition by violence, and are therefore not naturally associated with them. When the traps and limestone thus come into apposition, changes are frequently observed to take place in both—the limestone becomes more highly crystalized, and the trap rocks assume (though but very rarely) a character not unlike serpentine. In the Drewsteignton quarry numerous thin strata of carbonaceous rock and limestone alternate with each other. These are bent and folded in various directions. "Were we to take a number of alternating sheets of black and brown paper, and fold them nearly round a wine decanter, and then bend them back over the lower folds, we should have not an inapt representation of the singular contortions of the strata in this place." At Blackhead, Babbicombe, the greenstone appears to have been erupted through the lime, in one place overlying it, and in another situated beneath it. The junction of the limestone with this trappean rock may also be observed at Doddiscombsleigh. At Chudleigh it is found imbedded and intermingled with the red sand-stone and conglomerate. (pp. 176, 7.)

We have next the red sand stone, green sand, the Bovey clay and coal,—which is a curious formation of clay and coal, covered with gravel—greenstone, trap-rocks, and gravels.

It may perhaps be thought that it was scarce necessary to go into these particulars; but if so, we must remind the reader that the knowledge of the geological features of a healthy spot, will enable him to avoid an unhealthy one. Now the surface of the soil of Devon, is just such as a well-informed physician would choose for a Sanatorium; and here it is, that science so signally comes to the aid of experience, and experience to the demonstration of the principles of scientic therapeutics, or prophylactic adjuvantia. The water also of this part of Devon is of a superior nature, particularly that of a well in the Cathedral yard, which is sparkling, clear, transparent, inodorous, and slightly styptic to the taste. Its specific gravity is 1,003; its temperature 52 deg.; and it conteins free carbonic acid,

muriate of iron, muriate of lime, sulphate of alumina, and carbonate of lime. One of the springs differs from the others in containing soda. This is near Thorvaton, and the two springs which rise at the upper part of the parish of St. Sidwells, and supply the town of Exeter by means of a conduit, are clear, transparent, tasteless, and inodorous. Their specific gravity is 1002; temperature 53 deg.—and they contain free carbonic acid, muriate of lime, carbonate of lime, and sulphate of alumina, (p. 201). We need hardly allude to the other springs, but shall conclude what we have to say as to water, by extracting the author's excellent resumé of its medical and threptic properties.

On taking a review of these waters, it will be seen that those which proceed from the trap, and new red sandstone, do not essentially differ; the characteristic impregnations of each being muriate and sulphate of lime, with a small portion of the sulphate of alumina. The waters of the trap contain a little muriate of iron, which is not to be met with in those of the new red sandstone; this is easily accounted for, by the other being a deposit from the debris of older rocks, which have been broken down and washed by diluvial waters, so that the iron has been precipitated as an insoluble oxide, imparting to the stratas a ferruginous tint. The waters from the purer springs of these formations, are clear, light, palatable, wholesome, and generally available for domestic purposes; but when the mineral impregnations are in excess, as is often the case,* they are hard, cause roughness in the skin, and lie heavy on the stomach, often occasioning slight symptoms of a dyspeptic character: these effects are somewhat obviated by boiling, the water then deposits a large proportion of its solid contents. As is generally the case with waters that contain lime, they are well adapted for brewing and distillation; the fermentation of worts is better effected by them than by the soft waters, which prejudice often at great expense seeks for in preference. The general character of the waters of the schist formation is that of being clear, sparkling, inodorous, styptic to the taste, and usually depositing, after a few days' exposure to the air, a quantity of ferruginous matter. These, though inapplicable to many domestic purposes, are generally wholesome. Some of them from containing an excess of free carbonic acid, and a very large proportion of iron, are entitled to be called mineral waters of the class of the acidulous calybeates, and when drunk fresh are eminently serviceable in many cases of general debility and indigestion. The temperature of the above springs, on being compared with that of the mean of the climate, will be observed to be a little higher; this slight excess appears to be general throughout the temperate zone, whenever the springs proceed from some depth below the surface, and which may therefore be concluded to be the case with those of this district. (p. 206-7.)

We shall now proceed to the "vital statistics" of South Devon, which we shall find peculiarly interesting in every point of view.

* A well in Friernhay Street, Exeter, for instance.

Indeed, "vital statistics" have now assumed a most important aspect, whether we consider them with a view to immunity from disease, longevity, or provision for a family. In the last report of the Registrar General of births, deaths, and marriages in England, we find, says the *Lancet*,* a comparative tabular view of the mortality of different ages in the county of Surrey, and in the towns of Liverpool and London. Taking, at the moment of birth, a generation of 100,000, it appears that in Surrey 50,000 (one half) would reach the age of 50; 20,000 the age of 75; and 10,000 the age of 80. In London, 40,000 would reach the age of 50; 10,000 the age of 75; and 5,000 the age of 80. In Liverpool, 25,000 only would reach the age of 50; 5,000 only the age of 75; and 1,500 the age of 80. The Editor after this extract from the Registrar General's Tables, goes on to remark, "that the immense disparity in the duration of life in these different localities is no subject of surprise to the well-informed medical hygienist. In it he sees the operation of known causes, which the ignorance of mankind has accumulated, and which it is his duty to point out. Among these causes there is one which, no doubt, exercises the most pernicious influence over the health and longevity of the denizens of towns, and which has, of late, excited the attention of the public to a great extent, viz., over-labour, and lengthened in-door confinement."

We digress here a moment—to remark that though this extract is highly valuable so far as regards the statistics, it is in a great measure marred, by the Editor's statement that "over-work and lengthened in-door confinement" are the principal causes of this discrepancy in the mortality of different localities and different towns. Now, all persons in London are not "over-worked"—that is, in the sense the Editor, as we understand him, uses the words, and which we suppose apply principally to the poorer classes. The first and principal cause of the less healthy condition of one locality over another, or of this city over that, is the contamination or adulteration of the air. If we consider that, according to Monro, the superfices of the lungs are thirty-two times the superfices of the body—or that every time we inhale our breath, the tissue or covering of so vital an organ as the lungs, presents a surface to, and comes in contact with the air, in a proportion greater than the body by thirty-two times, supposing the body bared of clothing,—we may very easily conceive why health is so generally bad or indifferent in towns as compared with what it is in the country, provided the locality be of the average standard of salubrity.† Only conceive the dust inhaled by a hatter,

* Saturday, June 1st, 1844. No. 11, Vol. I., 1844.

† The pressure of the atmosphere must also be taken into account as this is an element in the constitution of health and disease which must not be overlooked. Mead, in his work on the Influence of the Sun and Moon on

the fumes by a chemist, or the animalculæ by dockmen, nightmen, and dissecting surgeons! Many, nay all these agents are as diametrically opposed to the healthy function of the organs of the body, as

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our Bodies, to which we have already alluded, calculates that the surface of a man's body, of a middle size, is 2160 inches; the weight of a cubic inch of quicksilver is 8,101 oz. avoirdupoise; consequently the air, when heaviest, will press on every inch of the surface of the human body with the weight of 15lbs. 9oz.; when lightest with that of 14lbs. 2oz. Now, if we multiply 2,160 inches by 15lbs. we shall find that the pressure on a man's body at the ordinary temperature, will be 32,400lbs, or 29 cwts. 104lbs. nearly, because we have not included the 2,166 times 9oz. If we include these 19,440 ounces, then the weight of the pressure of the atmosphere on the body of a man of moderate size will amount to 40 cwts. and 87lbs.—or upwards of 2 tons! A demonstration at which Brummell might have been forgiven if he fainted on finding, or Metcalfe the strong man demurred to believe. But the condition of the atmosphere as to moisture and dryness, is also important as far as regards health and disease. Dr. Colin Chisholm, ("The Influence and climate of Tropical Countries,") says, the dry season of the West Indies, in its ordinary course, is pleasant and healthy, and we beg to add our testimony in support of this remark. Dr. James Johnson remarks, and all well-informed medical men are of the same opinion, that much moisture, combined of course with other causes, is very productive of disease.—And Dr. A. B. Chisholm superadds—*Medicis autem notissimum est siccitates assiduis, et diutinis imbribus longe tutiores, et salubriores esse. Ni enim febres malignas, dysenteriam, Coleram, aliosque morbos istiusmodi propignunt. (Dissert. Inaug.* pp. 39, 40.) But dryness on the other hand is not always necessarily unaccompanied by disease. Exemption will in these cases much depend upon the wind, and the nature of the soil—*Neque vero siccitates periculo semper vacant, qua de causa pater ipse medicinæ ita optime scripsit*—(Inaug. Dissertation quoted above.) Hippocrates's opinions will be found in 7th aphorism, sect. iii. Chisholm ("Essays on the Malignant and Pestilential Fever of the West Indies," by Colin Chisholm, M.D., F.R.S., v. ii. p. 473) very properly draws a distinction between dryness and heat. "Although," says he "pure solar heat within the tropics cannot be considered, under common circumstances, "a direct cause of disease," yet it should always be deemed an indirect one; inasmuch as it powerfully predisposes the system of a native of a cold climate to be acted on by the direct endemic, or imported causes of disease, it may be subjected to on its arrival in the tropical. In proof of this observation it may be remarked, that a change of climate produces no change in the animal heat; providing no excitement is employed to increase it. Experiments carefully made in Demerara, lat. N. 60deg. 30min. by myself, gave this general result, that the mean heat of 67 persons of different countries, different climates, different temperaments, different ages, and of every shade of colour from white to black, is 97deg., or that which is the mean heat observed in the human body in health and vigor in Great Britain. It seems then necessarily to follow, that, abstracted from marsh miasmata and the irregular temperature of the higher islands, the quality and frequency of dis-

the presence of dust or sand betwixt the cogs of a wheel is to the working of machinery, or a foreign body in the piston is to the action of the steam engine. And the wonder to us, seems not so much that so many perish prematurely, but that so many linger out life to fifty, seventy, or eighty years. To the man accustomed to reflect on these wonderful facts, the amazing foresight, wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator are here strikingly displayed. He did not create man to labour from four in the morning till twelve at night, in a cotton factory, in a hatter's workshop, or in the laboratory of the com-

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ease, and the extent of mortality, will be nearly the same in both civil and military life, and in hot and in cold and in temperate climates, under common circumstances of life." These facts are highly important, and cannot be too widely diffused among a people whose colonies, situated in intertropical countries, are so numerous and valuable. For ourself, we cannot see any reason why any man should not enjoy as good health in the West Indies as in Europe. We know from actual experience in our own person, that this may be accomplished by *all* who are temperate in meat and drink. Neither do we see any reason why life should not be more extended than it generally is, even in Great Britain. There is nothing in the human body, nothing in the position or functions of the organs which do not at first sight presuppose duration of life to an indefinite period. This was the opinion of Herder and Darwin and Monro, and we think Lord Bacon. But the cupidity, the vices, the bad passions of man interpose insurmountable barriers, and we seem born but to die. If, then, we should be asked why should the troops and civilians, and naval men, so frequently fall victims to the climate of the West Indies? we reply in the words of Dr. A. B. Chisholm—*Neque vero cœli ratio unica est horum morborum causa;* (Dysentery, Fever, Colic, Dropsy, *scilicet,*) *plures enim Britannarum diu impune et prospera valetudine usi hasce accolunt insulas. Luxus, gula, et ebrietas multum huc operæ conferunt. Ad hanc rem vero melius probandam verba medici celeberrimi Colin Chisholm citare sufficiet.* "Knowing, as I do from long contemplation of the climate, and from actual experience, that pure solar heat, unless under peculiar circumstances of exposure to it, has never been found a cause of disease, it may be asked, how then does it happen that our armies and navies, and strangers in civil life, resorting to those countries, and frequently even the inhabitants assimilated by long residence, are so often the victims of disease and death? The answer is obvious, and is found in the imprudent exposure of the assimilated and unassimilated to those local causes of disease I have mentioned, &c., fatal in *all* climates, in the intemperate conduct of strangers with respect to dress, to exercise, and more especially to diet. If nature is disturbed or counteracted by intoxication, by violent excercise, by a lengthened and especially a stationary exposure to the rays of a fervid sun, by late hours, by debauchery, and by night airs and dews, the heat accumulates, and, conjoined with other morbid causes to which it indeed predisposes, produces the most fatal effects. —Colin Chisholm on Tropical Diseases, quoted by Dr. A. B. Chisholm.—*Inaug. Dissert.*

mercial or experimental chemist. Man has done this himself, and ill-health, and early deaths are the consequence of this continuous infringement of the natural laws; a fact upon which Coombe, better than any writer before or since his time, has so strongly, so beautifully, and so triumphantly insisted that we shall not here delay to dwell upon it, but at once refer to what *we* deem the principal cause of the mortality in all great cities—namely, *excitement*:—whether it be produced by noise, amusements, frequent dinners, suppers, concerts, theatres, the intercourse of the sexes, liquor, business, application, study or labour; each or every one of these singly or combined, all tend to shorten life. Man can bear but a certain proportion of *excitement* or *stimulus*, each according to his organization—some more than others, but none suddenly, or too long continued. It is excitement, in the rich, which causes half the mortality—the running from an auctioneer's sale of marketable trash, to an exhibition of unmarketable pictures; from a concert of precocious children to a protestant meeting; from a philanthropic lying-in hospital, to a lecture on population; from a fatiguing breakfast at Chiswick or Sion House, to an early dinner (at six) with my Lord Frizzle or the Earl of Runindebt, to be in time for the spectacle of a new operatic debutante, who outrages decency and the laws of gravitation, by standing on one toe and forming an acute angle to her body with the other, to the great gratification of the pit, boxes, and stalls, and the morbid envy of the less select in the gallery. Thence to the *petit souper* of some damaged duchess or slashing intriguante, where conversation, repartee, champagne, and assignation fill up the time till the grey dawn of day. A very similar life, though less refined, is led by the banker's clerk, the shop-keeper, the linen-draper, down to the cabman, dustman and street-walker—the excitement in these latter being confined to daily toil, and gin, or segars, a pipe, brandy and water, and an amatory conversatian with a nymph of the pavé. It is not therefore simply overwork, but *excitement* that kills one half of those who die in moderate circumstances; but the number who "drop off" from anxiety and hard, grinding, pinching poverty, in our large European cities, is frightful to contemplate. We return to Dr. Shapter. He divides his vital statistics into two parts,—that of the town and the parishes which comprise its environs. The first he calls the town, the second the country population, who inhabit Alphington, Ide, St. Leonard, and Havitree.

Town population.—In 1800, the town population amounted to 19,587; 8,281 of which were males, and 11,306 females. In the first 10 years the increase upon the gross population was 1,847, or 9·4 per cent. [4·1 per cent. males, and 5·2 per cent. females.] In the next 10 years the increase amounted to the very considerable number of 5,290, or 24·6 per cent. [13·1 per cent. males and 11·4 per cent. females]. In the succeeding 10 years, *i. e.*, from 1821 to 1831, the still greater increase of 5,721 took place,

although, in reference to the population at the previous census, this increase amounts to but 21·4 per cent. (10 per cent. males and 11·3 per cent. females.) In the succeeding 10 years, *i.e.*, from 1831 to 1841, the increase amounts to 3,303 which is only 10·2 per cent. (3·9 per cent. males, and 6·2 per cent females.) The gross increase in population from 1800 to 1841, amounts to 16,047, or 81·9 per cent (38·6 per cent. males and 43·3 per cent. females.)

I have already stated that the male population in 1800, amounted to 8,291, which is 42·2 per cent. upon the whole population: from this time to 1811 the increase of this sex amounted to 819, or 9·8 per cent. In the succeeding 10 years the increase amounted to 2,826, or 31 per cent. from which period to 1831, the increase was 3,678, or 22·1 per cent.; and from 1831 to 1841, the increase was 1,271, or 8·7 per cent. The total increase upon the 40 years amounts to 7,561, or 91·3 per cent. The female population in 1800, amounted to 11,306, which is 57·8 per cent. on the whole population. From this time to 1811, the increase was 1,028, or 9 per cent. From 1811 to 1821, the increase amounted to 2,464, or 19·9 per cent. From 1821 to 1831, the increase was 3,043, or 20 per cent., and from 1831 to 1841, the increase was 2,032, or 11·4 per cent. The total increase of female population in the 40 years, *i. e.*, from 1800 to 1841, amounts to 8,486, or 75 per cent.

Country Population.—In 1800, the country population amounted to 2,318, of whom 1,091 were males, and 1,227 females. In the first 10 years the increase upon the gross population was 325, or 14 per cent. (7·6 per cent. males, and 6·4 per cent. females.) In the next 10 years the increase amounted to 610, or 23 per cent. (7 per cent. males and 16 per cent. females.) In the succeeding 10 years, *i.e.*, from 1821 to 1831, the increase amounted to 1139, or 35 per cent. (15·7 per cent. males and 22 per cent. females), and from 1831 to 1841 the increase amounted to 1,866, or 42·4 per cent. (18·3 per cent. males, and 24·1 per cent. females.) The gross increase of 40 years, *i.e.* from 1800 to 1841, amounts to 3,940, or 170 per cent. (72·6 per cent. males, and 97·4 per cent. females.) The male population in 1800, in the rural districts, has just been stated to amount to 1·091, which is 47 per cent. upon the whole population. From this time to 1811, the increase in this sex amounted to 178, or 16·3 per cent. In the succeeding 10 years the increase amounted to 186, or 14·6 per cent. from which to 1831, the increase was 512, or 35·1 per cent., and from 1831 to 1841, the increase was 807, or 41 per cent. The total increase upon the 40 years amounts to 1,683, or 154·2 per cent. The female population in 1800 was stated to be 1,227, or 52·9 per cent. upon the whole. From this time to 1811, the increase amounted to 147, or 11·9 per cent. From 1811 to 1821, the increase of female population on itself was 424, or 30·8 per cent. From 1821 to 1831, the increase was 727, or 34·3 per cent; and from 1831 to 1841 the increase was 1,059, or 43·6 per cent. The total increase upon the 40 years, *i.e.*, from 1800 to 1841, amounts to 2,257, or 183·9 per cent. (pp. 230—234.)

We shall pass over the marriages and births and come to the *deaths*, which are always indicative of the state of a population with regard to health.

We will first state the condition of the population in 1831. The census of this year, as my tables are composed of results gleaned from a period of five years previous and five years subsequent to this time, offers a tolerably fair average for our purpose. The population of Exeter in 1831, together with that of St.Thomas, is stated to be 32,445, the males being 14,604, or 45 per cent., and the females 17,841, or 55 per cent. The deaths during the period of 10 years, from 1825 to 1834, amounted to 7,362 (consisting of 3,813 males and 3,549 females) which is 1 in 44, or 2·2 per cent. The population of the country district in 1831 amounted to 4,392, the males being 1,967, or 44·8 per cent, and the females 2,425, or 55·2 per cent. The deaths during the above period of 10 years amounted to 923 (consisting of 449 males, and 474 females) which is one in 47, or 2·6 per cent.—(p. 240.)

Our author then shews that according to the table of births, which we have passed over, that there is a surplus in the town of 1,442, and in the country 423, over the deaths,—or that the births in the town exceed the deaths by eighteen per cent., and in the country, twenty-two per cent. This excess, he tells us, agrees pretty well with the excess of births over deaths throughout the kingdom—the mean of which is twenty per cent. We are rather disappointed at this result, for we had expected to find the South of Devon exceeding in progressive population other parts of England. We shall find, however, that though not especially favourable to youth, the climate of South Devon is especially so to age. From a careful examination of the tables at pages 342—3, we find that more die in Exeter between birth and ten years of age, than in Devon, or in Carlisle, which town has been assumed by Milne to be the standard of mortality throughout England. This is the same as regards the rural districts. In the next ten years, namely, from ten to twenty, more deaths take place in Exeter than in Carlisle, "yet they are fewer than is the case in the agricultural district of the city, or in the county, which would argue that town life was more favourable to population in these years than country life." (p. 244.) For this we think we can account, by assuming that the evenings in towns are warmer, generally speaking, than in the country, and that youth from ten to twenty, especially males, are very prone to night walking, or evening strolls—or in other words, half of the ten years, from fifteen to twenty, is the very season of love, the business of which seems best carried on towards evening, or at nightfall. Poets have said, that the timidity of maidenhood makes it choose evening and night, for the nurture of passion and the cherishing of love. Be that as it may, moonlight and starlight, and what are called "fine evenings," destroy many a promising youth and blooming girl. To return:—

Between 20 and 30 the mortality both of Exeter and the neighbourhood is far in excess of the mortality given in the Carlisle or Devonshire returns.

From 30 to 40, the mortality of the town parishes is in excess of Carlisle and the county of Devon, "yet the mortality of the rural district of the neighbourhood is below that of Carlisle." (p. 244.) This is the same with regard to the period between 40 and 50, and between 60 and 70.

We now arrive at a different point of the tables, *i. e.*, when three score years and ten of life have been completed, and when a large proportion of deaths rather speaks of those who have lived to a good old age. In this respect, the rural parishes of this district are conspicuous; for out of 10,000 we find 1,754, of whom 1,094 died before the age of 80 was completed, while in Exeter there remain but 1,494, but of whom only 907 died, while we find at Carlisle but 1,440, and in Devon 1,288. In the succeeding period, *i. e.*, between 80 and 90, we find both Carlisle and Devon ranging very high in their rate of mortality both over the rural district of Exeter and its city, the mortality of which last has the lowest range. In the following period, *i. e.*, from 90 to 100, Exeter and the surrounding country have less mortality than either Devon or Carlisle, and this latter is more favourable to life than Devon at this period. The concluding period, which includes all above 100 years of age, shows that in the rural district there are to die 10; in Carlisle, 7; Exeter, 6; in Devon, 5. *From hence we may infer, that though both Exeter city and rural district are not propitious to youthful existence, yet that they are particularly so to those advanced in years, or those who have passed the meridian of life.* (p. 245.)

After offering some very pertinent and valuable observations on tables 3 and 4, Dr. Shapter tells us that they become important in calculations upon the chances of life, and thus enable the insurer and insured to deduce with something like probability the period of any individual's life, in Exeter—the age being given. Say we take one at 30, says the Doctor, what chances has such a person of attaining his 40th year?

It is thus shewn. Referring to the tables or returns, we find that there are living in Exeter at a given time, 3,356 persons of 30 years of age; 544 of these die before they reach 40. Consequently any one living in Exeter who is 30 years of age has 2,812 chances of living to 40—and only 544 of dying before that period. It is therefore as 5 to 1, that he will reach 40. Applying the same law, and following the author closely, what are the chances of the same individual living to 70? At 30, 3,356 are living, while at 70, there are 1,093. Deaths to the amount of 2,263 have occurred during the intervening years. *Ergo*—there are 2,263 chances of his dying before 70, and only 1,003 of his surviving—or 2 to 1 against him.

In tables 5, 6, 7, the mortality of Exeter is compared with other places. The 5th table shews the number (living) which supply one death annually. This average is low. Exeter being 44, while the average of all England is 49. In table 6, where the mortality

is in its per-centage proportion, a striking similarity occurs between Northampton and Exeter. But the advantage is in favour of the latter. Table 7, shews the relations between the mortality of Exeter, and that in the Carlisle Tables, and the "Equitable Society."

With regard to the average annual mortality, it is stated as 736.2 (381.3 males and 354.9 females). In the four county parishes it is 92.3 (44.8 males, 47.5 females). It also appears, that excess of mortality is caused by infantile epidemics; that in the years 1828—1833, when epidemics appeared, they did not attack those who had arrived at the middle period of life; that, in the years 1826—1827, which are distinguished by high average rates of mortality among the middle-aged, the infantile were spared; consequently the author infers "that the climatorial conditions which are favourable to the one, are obnoxious to the other." (p 250.) But we must now leave these tables, which are exceedingly valuable, and which present a mass of information to the physician and the assurer that is not often contained in so small a compass, but for which, in consequence of the space already devoted to the consideration of climate generally, and the resumé we took of the geological features of South Devon, we cannot now make room. We return therefore back to the opening chapters, and here take this opportunity of advising the author to reverse the order of his chapters in his second edition, which we think will be a very great improvement.

The general characteristics of the climate of South Devon is that it is warm, soft, mild, equable, calm, and free from storms. "Though subject to a large share of rain," says the author, "yet it seldom occurs that a whole day is so unceasingly wet as not to afford some hours, whether early or late, sufficiently fine for out-door exercise." (p. 37.) This is highly important to the invalid, to whom fresh air, and escape from the impure region of an apartment heated with sea-coal, is not only a relief, but is positively a condition of existence, and one half the cure. But on the other hand, we think there is a very reprehensible custom more and more coming into vogue, that of riding in a carriage entirely exposed to the air. If this be deemed necessary, the patient should always sit with his back to the horses, taking care, however, to shield his neck from the draught; or if he rides with his face to the horses he should wear a respirator. In winter, our author informs us, the temperature is rarely for any length of time so low as to render the climate inclement—frost seldom occurring, or if present, not of long continuance. This, however, can only apply to the valleys, since, as we have seen, the hills are very bleak and cold. The air is generally damp; but owing to the westerly wind, which is warm, no inconvenience appears to be sustained on that account. Spring does not materially differ from the winter; but the air is less damp and there is less rain. But at the close of spring

N.E. winds prevail, and are dangerous, from suppressing the cutaneous exhalations; they are therefore to be avoided. Summer is rarely very hot; and though there are frequent showers, it may be considered on the whole a dry season. The winds at this time are N.W., and both cooling and refreshing. "The evenings and nights are, however, sometimes cold and damp; and therefore, exposure at these times with only summer clothing, should be avoided." (p. 38.) The autumn is warm, but inclined to damp and rain, and is the favourite period of the Devonshire mizzle, "which is a rain so light as to deposit itself in a thick dew, attended by a grey-clouded sky." *(Idem.)* We suppose this is cousin-german to the Scotch mist "that wets an Englishman to the skin." In autumn the winds are westerly. That the climate on the whole is mild may be inferred from the fact that numerous exotics, among which the *Laurus Camphora*, the *Punica Granatum*, *Citrus Orantium*, *Myrtus Communis*, (the camphor shrub, the pomegranate, orange, and myrtle,) and numerous others "are not destroyed by exposure to the winter season." With regard to the effects of this climate upon the production of disease, we shall not here pause to inquire, as the consideration of this portion of the volume more directly points to medicine than hygiene, and would be much more fitly considered in a medical publication than in the pages of "The Monthly Review." However, it may be stated that fevers are common—11.9 per cent. being the average number of those patients who apply to, or are admitted into the Exeter Dispensary. Bronchites, phthisis, (consumption) and pneumonia, which the doctor includes under one head, are common; these diseases being 17 per cent. of the whole number of patients admitted or cured. Rheumatism is not common—4 per cent. We cannot follow the author however further on these points. We call particular attention to the 4th chapter, which contains a good deal of information for invalids, especially as to Teignmouth, Moreton, Chogforth, Sidmouth, Dawlish, Budleigh, &c. Chapter 3rd, part 2nd, will amply repay an hour's study. It contains a digest of the trade, occupation, manufactures—(of lace, woollen cloths, "cob," cider, butter, junket, &c.) a brief account of the Exeter canal, the water-works, the reservoir, together with the dairy, and the making of clouted cream—a recipe for the making of which, as a favourite food of the "Friar of Orders Gray," we shall insert:—The milk is allowed to remain from 12 to 24 hours in tin or other pans capable of holding two or more gallons. The pans are placed near the fire—a very slow fire, for an hour and a half, or until a yellow rim is formed and bubbles begin to make their appearance. It must not be allowed to boil, or tthe whole operation will be spoiled. When removed it is set aside from 12 to 24 hours to cool; at the expiration of this period, "the head," or cream, rises to the surface and is fit for use. The Doctor tells us in a note that

Edhem Bey, the Egyptian Minister of Public Instruction, informed him that it was made in Egypt in the same manner as stated above, and thence infers that "clouted cream" is an importation from the East. Possibly the etymology might settle the question. In *Fellow's Tour* will be found a very similar receipt, which is worth transcribing:

Among the hospitable presents that I have frequently received on my journey was a simple preparation of cream used in this country, and made from the milk of the goat or buffalo, which I have not very much liked; but here it is made of cow's milk, and is so excellent, that I give the receipt. It is called Kymar, which means scum. Take a pan of new milk, let it stand on a stone or near a fire to simmer, but not boil; a thick scum will form over it, which must not be broken; when this is well formed, set the whole by till the next day to stand for cream; and it will be found that the cream has saturated and adhered to the spongy under part of the scum; this coating, nearly half an inch thick, may be taken off and doubled, or rolled up; it will keep for some days, and is excellent with fruit or coffee, and good with anything. The people here seem to use it as a substitute for butter.—(*Fellow's Tour in Asia Minor*, p. 96).

From the time and attention which we have given to "The Climate of the South of Devon," it will be perceived that we entertain a high opinion of its contents—but we wish the author had been less prolix, or if he had stated results in the text, and thrown tables, &c., into an appendix.

Now, we will give him a gentle hint, that if he had simply stated results in his section on vital statistics, he would have saved us a world of trouble—and that the tables—means by which he arrived at these facts—are better kept out of the way, especially if he expects invalids to peruse his work. As said, they would have told better in an appendix. Now, as the work is one of an extremely valuable nature, and in every way fitted for the valetudinarian, the practitioner, and the insurer as well as insuring, it is a pity that the sight of such repulsive things as figures should check curiosity or repress inquiry. In the present day, when no one but a reviewer is expected to read anything "heavy," that is, "solid," an author should consult the public taste, lest while he is bringing up his heavy forces, the light skirmishers march off with the prize.

It may, we think, be concluded then from what has been said at the commencement of this article, that health is to be preserved nearly equally in all parts of the world, which are not too much exposed to wind,—this being an agent in the production of disease which we think has not been sufficiently insisted upon*—provided

* Scoresby seems to have been aware of this. "Nature could not," he says, (Arctic Regions v. i. p. 33,) "sustain any continued exposure to the pungent force of the wind. With a calm atmosphere, however, the sensible effects of cold were sensibly diminished. The cold of Zero being equally

proper food, clothing and lodging be at the same time supplied. But that there are climates or places more favourable than others to invalids there can not be a shadow of doubt, hence Dr. Shapter's treatise becomes a work of value to the invalid—to whom we strongly recommend it.

ART. III.—*Scrofula: Its Nature, Causes, and Treatment; and on the Prevention of the Strumous Diathesis.* By W. TYLER SMITH, M.B. J. Churchill, London, 1844.

SCROFULA,—so called from the resemblance which the skin of those labouring under the disease presents to that of a pig*—is perhaps the most general of all diseases. Not only are individuals and entire families and nations subjected to its ravages, but nearly every animal that has been domesticated. Dupuy found tubercles in the lungs of dogs—though they were supposed at one time by Andral to be free from scrofula: and in the horse also in a very great ratio, for of 42 horses with pulmonary tubercles, dissected by him, 27 had them even in the sublingual glands! Monkeys, apes, and the chimpanzees which have been brought to this country; birds, especially those from warm climates; rabbits, sheep, goats, oxen, swine are all obnoxious to this disease.

"No external circumstances are sufficient to ensure escape from its ravages: it affects the high and low, rich and poor; the inhabitants of the most wholesome rural districts, and the dwellers in manufacturing towns; those who reside on the sea-shore, and those who live inland;—all suffer, though with varying degrees of frequency and severity. There is no doubt that the disease is less common among the rich than the poor, in the country than in towns and cities, at the sea-side than in inland places; still it is so common that scarcely a family in any station or circumstances, from the throne to the poor-house, can be found in which an observant physician cannot discover some trace of the scrofulous temperament." (p. 11.)

The study of a disease so general then becomes the province of a nation, not of a profession; for notwithstanding its speciousness, we

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supportable, with the temperature of ten degrees, or fifteen degrees, or even twenty degrees, when impressed by a brisk wind; hence the sensations produced on the body become a very incorrect criterion in estimating the degrees of cold." This is easily explained why this should be—the air, every time it is removed from contact with the body, carries with it a quantity of caloric, and as this removal is more frequent in windy than in calm weather, heat from the body is more rapidly evolved—hence the sensation of cold.

* Scrofula, from *Scrofa*, a sow that has had pigs.

differ from that dictum of the author, which inculcates "that it is proper for the public to confine their attention to matters of hygiene, instead of, as is too much the custom, attempting to study their diseases." (p. 165.) We think otherwise, and that the *principles* of the healing art should be studied by all men who have either leisure or capacity. Treatment, of course, can only be of utility when in the hands of the practising professors of the art. Every man should know something of the machinery that constitutes life, and consequently its normal and abnormal action; and we are surprised to find that any one in the present day will be hardy enough to question the necessity for so important a study.

As we have shown from our author, that scrofula is a disease which more or less attacks every family in England, Scotland, and Ireland, we shall consider that we are performing not a simple but a paramount duty to our readers, in following the author throughout as closely as is compatible with the nature of a review, because we think there is a very great deal in his 172 pages which are unknown to nine out of ten of the community.

The work is divided into 12 chapters, namely, a general view of the nature and causes of scrofula; the signs of the strumous diathesis; the exciting causes of scrofula; scrofulous enlargement; general treatment of scrofula; on the administration and use of iodine in scrofula; the local treatment of scrofula; on the management of scrofulous children; the eradication of the scrofulous diathesis; on the treatment and removal of scrofulous scars and deformities; on the marriages of scrofulous persons, and on medical faith, which includes some remarks on the royal touching for scrofula.

Of these 12 chapters we shall proceed to consider only those which we think more especially come home to the general reader, leaving those on the treatment and cure to professional men, or to those who are desirous of mastering all the points connected with this remorseless malady.

No positive exemption from its ravages can be ensured either by constitution, climate, or physical condition. Yet of all chronic diseases, it is that from which the inhabitants of the countries at present in a state of civilization have most to dread—whether in actual suffering, or from the danger which daily threatens of national physical degeneration. It is chiefly, however, met with in the temperate zone, and ethnological writers have thought that a peculiar organization, termed from the colour of the hair Xanthoid, or Xanthous, the effect of an adaptation of the human constitution to climate, is the result. Persons of the Xanthoid temperament in its purest [form] are sanguine, all their vital functions are performed with vigour and quickness; they withstand the variations of climate with singular success; their cerebral organs are prominently deve-

loped; they learn readily and retain permanently; they enjoy life to the fullest extent, and they generally attract by their looks and please by their manners. But there are modifications of this temperament —but with which we have at present nothing to do—except with that pathologes and therapeuts have agreed to call *lymphatic.* This is the temperament in which the attacks of scrofula are most frequent and in which they are most fatal—it is that which may be said to be "a degeneration from the sanguine, in which the vital cohesion seems to be diminished, the nutritive processes are slower, and the circulating fluids, together with the secretions and execretions, are less perfectly produced." Climate would seem to be the predisposing cause of this temperament, but the vices, wants, and diseases of a high state of civilization materially assist in the development. And among these causes, damp, insufficient food, continuous labour, whether mental or corporeal, depressing passions, and irregular gratification of appetite chiefly in the matter of food, must be reckoned the most persistent and successful.

The signs or symytoms of the strumous or scrofulous diathesis, or that disposition of the solids and fluids which predisposes to scrofulous ulceration and tuberculation, or sores in the neck and lungs, are, that the cellular tissue or coverings of the muscles, are of a looser texture than in the healthy, and give a roundness and softness of limb, opposed to the curve and angle of muscular vigour. The upper lip is tumid and projects, and the cartilage of the nose is frequently much thickened—this is observable also in the eyelid. The mammæ, especially in the female, are larger, rounder, and softer than usual, and seldom disposed to hang—by which we would infer that the Irish in the time of Eizabeth could not have been greatly or generally afflicted with scrofula, since we read in Lithgow that the Irish women carried their children on their backs and suckled them by throwing the mammæ over their shoulders! Incredible as this may appear, it is by no means uncommon among the negro women of the West Indies. There is also a great and general disposition to the deposition of fat in the cellular tissue, especially after the years of puberty—but Dr. Macartney thought that the fat of scrofulous persons, is deficient in the genuine oily principle (elaine of marrow and adipose tissue. It is usually more curdy, and hence is not, properly speaking, "fat." The muscles are whiter or paler than in the healthy—they feel soft or pappy, and are deficient in what Haller calls irritability. Hence they do not readily obey the volition of the cerebral organs, and any exertion soon fatigues, and if long continued eventually destroys them. "This condition of the muscular system is one of the most constant signs of the strumous predispostion; it is indeed rarely absent except in cases where great attention has been given to force the muscular development by gymnastic or constant exercises (p 20.) And those muscular con-

tractions which depend upon the excito-motory system partake of the want of tone perceptible in all the functions of the body. One of the most remarkable instances of this is in the iris. Its fibres contract so feebly that the pupil is enlarged permanently like those of persons who use belladonna. Even a strong light does not cause it to contract in the same proportion as in those whose muscular energy is natural and healthy. It is this property which gives the eye that peculiar brilliancy and clearness, that ox-eye, so celebrated by Homer, which is perceptible in females of this temperament and so frequently the theme of lovers' vows. Rayer describes the sclerotic membrane as being *blueish*; and this, according to our author, with the want of contractility in the iris, is the cause of this peculiarity or beauty. It is singular that the result of two phenomena—the pearl and the ox-eye, which philosophy refers to disease, human vanity should consider valuable, and human passion beautiful.

It is supposed that the heart and other involuntary muscles partake of this flaccidity, and suffer from deficient irritability. Hence "the heart's impulse is felt less forcibly, and is heard over a smaller space; its systole is more feeble and less rapid; and, as a consequence, the pulse is weaker and slower than the average. This difference may be observed more especially when the heart's contractions are compared with those of persons of sanguine temperament" (p. 21).

The brain in the strumous diathesis is usually well developed; but it has been remarked by Dr. Macartney and others, that it is of a whiter colour than the strictly healthy brain. Its functions, however, appear to be generally well performed, and scrofulous persons are observed to be rather above than below the common standard of intellectual capacity. Guersent says they possess more imagination than reflection, and our author seems to think they are unable to undergo that long-continued mental exertion, which persons of sterner materials undergo without inconvenience. He nevertheless allows that "some of the loftiest minds have been produced by, or co-existed with the strumous temperament." Scrofulous children, according to Macartney, exhibit no mental energy, but a gentleness of disposition, a refinement and judgment in matters of taste, and a purity of moral feeling, which is sometimes so remarkable, as to place them in these points far beyond the scale, and even beyond the conception of the mass of mankind. Their nerves of sense are acute, but they depend upon a delicate rather than a robust organization, for deafness and blindness are very common among them in middle life, and the failing sight and deafness of old age make their appearance earlier in this than in other temperaments (p. 22). Organization and the process of nutrition are slow—slower than in the healthy state, and the reproduction of lost parts, as abraded surfaces, is tardy and not enduring. All the solids of the body manifest themselves

more slowly and probably imperfectly—the bones are a long time acquiring their ivory firmness—the fontenelles slowly close—the joints are more spongy—teething is *sometimes* early; but the milk teeth in such cases are small and imperfect, and are generally changed before their usual period. Teething is frequently slow, and does not commence so early as in the healthy, while the process of dentition spreads over a longer period. This may also be affirmed of the permanent teeth, which are fragile, and have a blue tinge like white enamel. This is an indication physicians generally consider presumptive, not only of the strumous diathesis, but of consumptive tendency. It is however in the blood of the strumoid, that we are to look for the most remarkable difference of normal characters or properties. It is maintained by some authors of celebrity, that the blood in the veins is darker than ordinary, and that, that in the arteries is paler, and is wanting in the number of red-globules, or its due proportion of cruorin. Lecanu and Macartney have ascertained that there is a deficiency of fibrine—the difference between the blood of the healthy and the strumoid, in men, being as much as 116 to 149—and in women as 69 to 130!—a difference that, if the importance of fibrine to to the animal economy be taken into consideration, will account for any and all the symptoms evinced by scrofulous patients. This fact is important, and leads to the formation of rules for the removal of the disease which are of a highly scientific and chemical nature. The skin of the strumoid is also peculiar. It is delicate, smooth, transparent, and of a wax-like or pale straw-colour. In some it much resembles that beautiful species of porcelain manufactured from rice. In others, but rarely, the complexion is limose or *muddy*, owing to accidental and not congenital causes. The eyelids are almost diaphanous, and from the thinness and clearness of the skin of the neck, cheek, and forehead, the blue veins are seen holding on their devious courses. The hair is usually light, and it has been pointed out as singular, says the author, that Alibert and other French writers on the disease in France, should have considered light hair as one of the commonest symptoms, where light hair is much less frequent than in Britain. Dr. Manson of Nottingham, however, a man of great authority in this disease, was not of this opinion. He considered that dark hair was as common in those of strumous diathesis as light. Mr. Lloyd, who is a more recent authority, says, that "there are no legitimate grounds for attributing scrofula to light complexions, fair hair and eyes;" but that the disease prevails equally among the two complexions, the light and dark. From these discrepant statements, our author thinks that it is evident that scrofula is not confined to any colour of skin. He attempts to strengthen this opinion by stating, that it is well known, that the black races, when they migrate to cold climates, become extremely prone to strumous and tuberculous disease.

However, in our own country, [he proceeds,] I believe the balance of evidence is in favour of considering that strumous affections, and the diathesis which leads to them, are really most prevalent among light persons. I consider that when scrofula or the strumous diathesis exists in dark-haired individuals, it is much more difficult of cure than among those with fair hair; and I would suggest that this may be accounted for by the circumstance, that strumous persons with dark hair are generally of melancholic disposition, while those of light hair are usually cheerful and even buoyant in spirits; a difference which is especially important in the treatment of scrofula. This perhaps may account for Dr. Manson's opinion. The dark-haired strumous temperament appears to me to occur in a combination of the lymphatic and nervous temperaments. (p. 25.)

The mucous membranes are generally considered as the most healthy parts in the bodies of the strumous. The secretions from its surface are however frequently abundant, and discharges from the ears, the eyes, and vagina, are very common. To the condition of the glandular system we have already slightly alluded, but it is necessary to add that though the glands are fully developed with reference to volume, their functions are slovenly and imperfectly performed. This is most remarkable in the process of digestion, which is performed through the agency of the fluids secreted by the glands of the stomach. This operation is conducted with unnatural rapidity, for though the appetite be good, and the meal abundant, in three or four hours after the appetite returns with a craving importunity which cannot always be resisted. While those secretions which depend on digestion are quickened and augmented in quantity. The glands on the neck are liable to be enlarged on the slightest exposure to cold, and children are then said to have "the almonds of the ears down." The mesenteric glands do not secrete a healthy product—it does not seem calculated for assimilation—but to what property this is owing is not known.

One peculiarity which it possesses in common with gout must not be omitted. It is that which may be called Atavism—from *atavus*, a great-grandfather's father, or even a more remote ancestor—thus the disease may have attacked the grandfather, yet the father may have escaped, and the son be afflicted. Or it may even spare this son, and attack his offspring. This is a law of scrofula, upon which there can be no question.

Atmospheric cold is commonly the exciting cause of scrofulous attacks; the disease generally manifesting itself in those parts of the body which are most exposed, as the neck, when the glands swell; the toes and fingers, when chilblains appear; and in the knee, when white swelling is induced. Lugol was of opinion that chilblains were the most unequivocal symptoms of scrofula, and frequently the precursors of more serious disturbance of the system. Our author

thinks the cervical form of scrofula more common in boys than girls —the latter generally wearing something round their throats when in the open air, whereas boys make little or no difference in their clothing about their necks either in or out of doors. We are of opinion that much of the swellings of the neck in boys is owing to the absurd manner in which their throats are enveloped in thick comforters when out of doors, and which are hastily thrown aside the moment they enter a room. This holds good of stocks generally and all warm clothing about the neck. Cold united with damp seems the most obnoxious of all agents towards the development of scrofula; and Russell has shewn that it is most frequent in those localities where cold and damp exist conjointly. A changeable temperature—that just above the freezing point, is the most troublesome to scrofolous constitutions. The months of April, March, October, and November, are consequently most productive of this complaint, and it is then that the strumorid suffer so severely. According to Russell, then, the climate of scrofula would seem to extend from 40 or 50, to 60 degrees of north latitude.

That external injuries frequently develope the disease, and in a very aggravated form, all who have had any opportunities of visiting scrofulous children professionally, will be ready to admit. The author mentions a strumous family in which two individuals connected with it were the subjects of its ravages through falls. One fell from a yew tree in a church-yard, and injured his hip by coming in contact with a tombstone. Scrofulous disease of the hip-joint, *morbus coxarius*, in a short time made its appearance, and after continuing for many years terminated fatally. Another fell into a cellar and injured the scalp, during the healing of which an enlarged gland appeared in the side of the neck, and ultimately suppurated. This was followed by numerous scrofulous abscesses in different parts of the body. In this state the patient continued ten years. He was then cured, but not until the disease had produced permanent contraction of the elbow-joint and left numerous scars on different parts of the body. (p 36.) Above all however, scanty or improper food seems to predispose to scrofula, especially when to this paucity of the necessary support of life are added confinement in ill-ventilated rooms, damp cellars, and crowded manufactories.

The disease is very common in the large manufacturing towns, where bad air, combined with a bad supply of nutritious aliment, and sedentary occupations, are prolific sources of scrofula. This is particularly the case in Manchester, Liverpool, and other great towns of the North. The physical condition of the people is undoubtedly degenerating from a combination of these and similar causes. The lower order of townsfolk, and indeed the upper also, though from other causes, are continually falling into a

state of disorder, termed by Dr. James Johnson, the *wear and tear* malady, out of which scrofula is prone to take its rise in predisposed constitutions. Large numbers live in the great towns in cellars and underground. They present a blanched and etiolated appearance. As a class, such people are poor, and live badly; so that here we have large masses subjected to precisely the same physical conditions—living on scanty and unwholesome food, and deprived of light,—as those by which pathologists have been able to produce tubercular disease at will, and to any extent in the lower animals." (p 37.)

Such then is the condition to which the manufacturers of this country are reducing nearly half-a-million of its people.

Lord Normanby, in his speech on the Sanatory Condition of the Poor, delivered in the House of Lords, on the Evening of the 2nd of May, of the present Session, said:—

It appeared that 50,000 persons died annually in the United Kingdom of diseases which might be prevented by effective sanatory regulations. The expense of medical attendance was also great; but the greatest misfortune was that the largest portion of those that were attacked by disease, were between twenty and forty years of age—*that period of life when their services were of most value to themselves and the community at large.* According to the authority of the Statistical Society of Manchester, such were the injurious and pestilential effects of crowding people together, and the small precautions taken for the preservation of health in Manchester, that the average duration of a working man's life in that town was only seventeen years, while that of labourers in parts of Rutlandshire, was thirty-six.

And here again, however reluctant, we are compelled by the force of events, by the expression of public opinion which on all sides cries out brazen-lunged to heaven for alteration—for change, if not in the principles, at least in the provisions of the Poor Law, which has been made a species of torture second only to the inquisition in physical agony, but far surpassing it in moral suffering—to express ourself either one way or the other. And can we hisitate? Can any man or set of men, unless directly interested in its continuance, not raise his or their voice to denounce a system so repugnant to the kindlier dictates of humanity and opposed to the expressed and implied feelings of the people? We are convinced there are none to be found, if their judgments were free, and their interests not involved. If, however, even the staunchest supporter of the New Poor Law does not pause when he reads the following opinion of Dr. Smith, we shall be convinced that he is not *compos mentis*, and if called upon, would recommend a writ *de lunatico inquirendo.*

I look upon the New Poor Law as little better than a vast scheme for scrofulizing the whole pauper population of Great Britain. Under the Poor Law rule able-bodied paupers, as they are somewhat wrongly termed, are forced to work hard, and the amount of their food is so inadequate to

supply the wants of the system, and maintain the expenditure of muscular power, that the constitution inevitably becomes bankrupt in health and strength. These are the beings, who are becoming the parents of a pauper race of children, who in their turn can scarcely hope to reach the original standard of English organization. The evils of the Poor Law Dietaries are thus reflected back upon the face of society, and they will in the end work out their own punishment by giving us an inferior race of peasants, soldiers, and artizans. This is an aspect which the matter must, if it continues, ultimately assume; and it seems very questionable, whether it is not a pocket wisdom, and a national foolishness, to curtail the rates by poor dietaries at such a risk of physical degeneration on a scale so immense. If poverty must perforce be treated as a crime, it would be wiser, in a common-wealth point of view, to resort to corporal punishment, than to scourge the unfortunate and unoffending stomach in such a way that it shall be felt in the bones and sinews of succeeding generations. That I am not attributing too much to the poor law system of diet will, I think, be evident from the following relation of what occurred under the poor-law system in a union workhouse in Kent. In the place referred to, the parish surgeon reported, that "on the 29th April, 1841, there were then in the house seventy-eight boys and ninety-four girls; that all the seventy-eight boys had enlargement of the neck, and forty-two had likewise goitre—that of the girls and infants, ninety-one had enlarged glands at the back of the neck, and forty-three also goitre! The diet in these cases had been bread and cheese for dinner four times a week, suet puddings and vegetables two days. on the poor-law scale, and meat only one day of the week for dinner, and then the usual stinted workhouse quantity. Besides this scanty and innutritious food which may, for *growing children*, be truly called a scrofulous diet, the dormitories were ill-ventilated, and excessively crowded" p. 38-39.

We have thus given the symptoms and the more obvious causes of scrofula, and shall next proceed to go through what our author advances on the subject of scrofulous marriages—which addresses itself directly to the heart and to the feelings, the sympathies and the sentiments of our nature. He says,—

The question of the propriety, or impropriety, of forming matrimonial connexions is often a matter of deep anxiety and deliberation among the members of scrofulous families. Their own misgivings as to the unhappiness that may accrue to themselves and others from such connexions, added to the mortifications that sometimes follow overtures on the subject when made by parties known to be of strumous descent, are prolific sources of painful hesitation and disappointment. For those who possess the characteristic signs of the predisposition in a marked degree, whether male or female, it is incumbent at the least, that they take the most needful care in the selection or acceptance of a matrimonial alliance. Such persons should be early taught the value of a healthy marriage, and the absolute necessity of subduing or regulating the affections to the obtainment of this object, if they would wish to be the transmittors to posterity of healthy offspring. The bare idea of danger on this head would suffice to deter some parties

from the marriage state, but with the great majority of those of the strumous diathesis, a celibiate life will never be acquiesced in. Indeed, such persons are most frequently fitted in an eminent degree, both by habits and disposition, for the enjoyment of domestic happiness." (p. 148).

But there are a large class who, having suffered perhaps severely in youth, subsequently, as they proceed towards manhood, have been either entirely cured, or as medical men describe it, the disease has worn itself out in them,—these may not be said to be entirely shut out from all hopes of matrimony. But whether they enter into that state or not, must depend in a great measure upon the length of time they have enjoyed immunity from the disease, the state of health which they preserve, and the mode in which the disease was manifested. These conditions are so obvious that it would be wasting time to insist on them. In these cases, so long as disease is absent, the parties may be said to be on a par with those in whom the disease is only latent, or rather where the diathesis is present, but not in an especially marked degree. Such then are a few of the rules which it is the duty of every man to commit to heart ere he determines to unite himself to a woman for good or for evil, for better or for worse, in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity. But in the words of Dr. Smith,—

To those in whom not merely the signs and latent seeds of scrofula, but some actual and decided forms of the disease are developed, and continue in spite of all that medical art can achieve, celibacy must be strictly enjoined by the conscientious medical adviser, however rigorous and unwelcome the decree may seem. Abstinence from matrimony is a debt of duty owed to the well-being of society, often rendered cheerfully by such persons, and constituting one of the truest and noblest species of heroism. This resistance to the powerful current of the affections and passions, springing most deeply from human nature, is, with respect to the individual so acting, a high example of wisdom, and, viewed in its relation to the whole human family, it rises to the level of philanthropy. Besides the questionable morality of the matter to those of a different mould of thought, the probabilities of an offence of this kind entailing its own punishment are so great, that it is to be hoped few capable of rightly appreciating the subject could be found desirous of increasing and multiplying their own infirmities in a new generation. It is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that the rule of celibacy can rarely, if ever, be abrogated in these cases, save at the risk of producing offspring destined to an early death, or a life of feebleness and suffering. (pp. 149—150.)

We must now dismiss what may strictly be termed the medical portion of this extremely interesting work, a work highly important to every man and woman of marriageable age in the United Kingdom; and address ourselves to the consideration of "Medical Faith and Royal Touch," because it seems to us, that Dr. Smith has of-

fered the very best explanation of the manner in which the royal touch operated in the production of cure that has as yet been given. In several of our recent articles, we have endeavoured to shew that there existed a principle in the human mind, which we (for want of a more comprehensive expression) termed "religious awe," which entertaining exalted notions of a superior Being, elevated the soul, from the mortality around it, and enabled it to feel, appreciate, and receive that afflux of hope which giving a new motion to the spirits, to the nervous energy, to the heart, the diaphragm, and the blood, disposed the body to that diathesis best adapted to the condition of cure. It is therefore pleasing to find that we are supported in our view of the case by Dr. Smith, whose work at the time we penned those remarks was not known to us even by name. We hail him therefore as an important and welcome ally.

He admits, as we do, that the question is one most difficult to treat. That a writer has to encounter the spirit of superstitious credulity on the one hand, and physical science and the spirit of the nineteenth century on the other, ready to crush any one sufficiently rash to give creed to the mysterious, or to profess faith in things, which, because they have not been taken up and explained by philosophers, are supposed to exist but in the dreams of the learned, or in the fears of the ignorant.

But that this view of the subject will not hold good when examined with a truly philosophic spirit of inquiry may be easily shewn, as Dr. Smith remarks, from the fact, that from the earliest ages the learned and the ignorant "have resorted to means for the cure of disease in which the remedial influence must have been conveyed to the body through the medium of the mind, instead of being derived from any direct physical action as in the case of ordinary medicines." (p. 157.) This is easily proved by direct reference to phylacteries, amulets, charms, the *elixir vitæ* and the abracadabra. In the church of Rome the relics of saints, martyrs, and even holy men, who were neither saints nor martyrs, have been said to produce effects, which to the vulgar appeared to be miracles. "There has always been," writes the author, "in the human mind, a tendency to receive, to a certain degree, the marvellous; and this natural disposition, together with the tangible and oftentimes startling effects produced on the body through the influence of the mind, will probably never cease to preserve the existence of a certain amount of medical faith; by this faith is meant a belief in the curative efficacy of agents, not adequate by their physical properties alone to produce the effects attributable to them. This mode of faith has sometimes addressed itself to one kind of objects and sometimes to another; its development being modified by many causes, such as changes in religious belief, and in the spirit of the time. Even the most enlightened and pure rationalists in the most material age, must

believe in some things which are removed from the possibility of entire proof."

That faith in medicine which was formerly yielded to the priest-physicians, the astrologers and the alchymists, is now bestowed on empirical nostrums, chartalans, and pretended systems of healing; it being very questionable whether the modern exercise of the faculty is not more degrading than that which prevailed in darker times; and it is to be lamented that it is not merely confined to the poor and ignorant.

Modern orthodox medicine has received little aid and much injury from this principle, as the past and present tendency and aim of the practice of physic has been, and in great measure still is, to become more and more a logical science, having its basis in pure physical facts alone. It is true that of late there has been some inclination to treat most branches of medical science in a more metaphysical spirit; but it may be fairly questioned whether within the profession, the physical has not been unduly encouraged to the neglect of the psychical, and whether it is wise to resign the kind of faith now referred to, entirely to empirics, considering that it will last as long as the human mind itself, and that it derives support from the exercise of a somewhat similar fact in religious belief. I am conscious that it will be objected that a physician cannot make use of faith in the treatment of disease without practising deceit; but it may be answered, that it is only deception when the physician does not himself believe in its power to benefit the sick. (pp. 158—9.)

Touching for disease has existed under one form or another in all ages. One of the Roman emperors, we forget which, touched with his toe—or mesmerized as it may now be termed. Referring therefore to Edward the Confessor, is detracting from its antiquity.

As regards the curative power of the Royal Touch, it must be conceded that great diversity of opinion exists. In former days no one questioned its truth. That innovation, as well as the robbery of the church, must be conceded to the whigs. Possessed themselves of illegal power and illegal property, they feared the return of the rightful sovereign, and the claims of the lawful proprietors. It was their business and their interest to overturn belief in everything sacred and profane, but in their wisdom and infallibility. How they succeeded history informs us. But the spread of physical knowledge, and the cultivation of the physical sciences, which required physical demonstration in support of any fact that was advanced, tended also materially to weaken, and at length entirely to destroy, the ancient faith in the touch, until it was finally abandoned in the reign of Queen Anne. Since the renunciation of the custom by this queen, the almost universal opinion, Dr. Smith thinks, is, that the practice was a mere superstition, and when the subject has been mentioned, it has been less for the purpose of explanation than of ridicule. But he continues, "*it is my intention on the present occasion, to avow a firm belief in its power and efficacy.*"

I cannot agree that a practice followed implicitly for the space of seven centuries in this country alone, besides its performance in France, and which lived through our golden age of letters, could have been purely fictitious, and not have been demonstrated to be such beyond the power of appeal. Those who saw most of its operation were the firmest of its supporters, and it frequently obtained the testimony of medical practitioners. Thus, Wiseman, serjeant-surgeon to Charles the First, a good authority in scrofula, as he himself practised in the disease, declared that the king cured more scrofulous patients than all the chirurgeons of London put together. (pp. 163—4.)

The fact being admitted, we seek for an explanation of the phenomena, which our author thinks he can explain. He believes that our knowledge of the laws of animal economy is now so far advanced that a tolerable clear physiological explanation may be given of the manner in which the royal touch operated. He affirms that the influence exerted by the mind upon the body in disease is highly important in a pathological point of view, and that this influence acts in two ways—first by "a mental impression either of a tonic or depressing kind on the whole of the body,"—and second, "a tonic or an injurious effect of the same kind produced on some particular part of the body."

With regard to the first point, he says that an immense array of facts might be adduced in support of the assertion, if necessary; for, that, both in acute and chronic complaints, "gaining the patients confidence" is of paramount importance, and that a certain degree of medical ignorance in the patient appears favourable to the exercise of this faith or confidence. Those who know anything of the action of remedies, usually have their attention so much occupied by their physical properties and effects as to exclude the action of this principle in a great measure. He consequently believes that a person suffering from disease, wholly illiterate as regards medicine, and looking to the means used by the physician as something beyond his comprehension and little less than miraculous, has a much better chance of cure than one who understands the phenomena of disease and the action of remedies, and looks upon them as mere physical processes. (p. 165.) He remarks, that in the case of medical men they seldom prescribe for themselves, but generally have recourse to a friend, while they remain for the most part ignorant of the remedies employed. This is only true, however, in certain cases; and in others, it cannot be denied but that sickness incapacitates all men from attending to their usual avocations; and there is no reason that physicians, whose profession more than any other requires constantly a clear head and a vigorous intellect, should be exempt. We need not proceed with this argument farther. It does not require any labour or learning to enforce it. On the second point Dr. Smith

thinks much novel matter might be brought forward. We are of his opinion. It is entirely a new field. Dr. Holland, in his medical notes and reflections, has pointed out that the attention has the power of directing an impression to any particular part of the body:

Thus there are many nervous persons, in whom medical inquiries concerning any region or organ will give them pain, and functional disturbance in the parts examined. Nothing is more common than for unprofessional persons or young students, only looking into professional books, to feel all the symptoms of the disease about which they read. It is recorded that during the lectures of Corvisart on the diseases of the heart, when the subject was exciting from its originality, many of the students were affected with palpitation, and other symptoms of cardiac disorder. (p. 167—8.)

In hysteria it cannot be denied that if the attention of the patient is directed to any particular locality, pain is immediately perceived in that part. The pain or functional disturbance felt under these circumstances cannot be altogether mental or dependent upon sensations occurring primarily in and confined to the brain, because physical changes do occur when the mind is thus painfully directed to one spot. If an opinion gains ground in a patient that he has disease of the heart, disease will be sure to make its appearance. This is decidedly the case with monomaniacs. From fancying, as it is termed, that they may have, they very often do come to have what they had not. This is very remarkable in all nervous diseases. In the same manner salutary influences are produced in bodily complaints by the agency of the mind. Good news or a victory has caused dysentery to disappear from a camp; and it is remarkable that the men are seldom ill while in active service, though their fatigue and want of the necessaries of life may be very great. De Loutherbourg, by the mere effort of his will, so acted upon a patient that had been lame for many years, that he actually walked back to London from Hammersmith. Having given the precursory parts of the argument, the author will now speak for himself:

My opinion is that the ceremony of touching, acted in both the modes I have attempted to elucidate,—that in numbers of the cases operated on, both a general and a local impression of a tonic kind were communicated, which, from the impressive nature of their cause, must have been of a lasting character. It appears to me that we can readily understand how an individual afflicted with the disease, and with opportunities of witnessing the effects of the royal touch, or of hearing exaggerated accounts of the beneficial results produced in other cases, and believing from habit and education implicitly in the accumulated wonders with which history and tradition had encompassed the subject, must have had an immense impression made on his mind when, on being brought into the royal presence, after

an imposing religious ceremony, he received from the hand of royalty the touch and benediction, which promised him a restoration to health and strength. It is no stretch of imagination to believe that such persons, carrying with them the conviction that their recovery was certain, should have had a daily and continual tonic infused into their system of greater efficacy than any medicines which were then known. I will here revert to the belief which prevailed, that the ceremony of touching was equally effectual in the case of infants and young children, which would seem to militate against the explanation I am offering. Without some resort to the supernatural for explanation, it is impossible to believe that infants could have been cured by the mere touch; or by its direct effects on their own constitutions. But in the first place it is worthy of remark, that though infants do sometimes suffer from scrofula, the number of very young children thus afflicted is comparatively small, so small indeed, that it has been denied that scrofula ever exists during the first year. Again, the influence of the mind on the body, begins much earlier than would be generally admitted;* it is impossible to say the precise age at which the performance of any ceremony, such as the touching, might affect the organization of a child through the medium of the mind, but I have no doubt this occurs sufficiently early to account for many of the cures which were formerly thought to preclude the possibility of the mind or the imagination having any share in them. If infants did receive benefit from the charm, I should certainly attribute it to the effects of hope on the mind of the mother. We know that the mind exerts a great influence on all secretions, but on none are its effects so remarkable as in the case of the secretion of milk. After violent passion or emotion on the part of the mother, children have been known to die from taking the breast, or to fall into convulsions immediately afterwards; and it calls for no great exercise of fancy to believe that a sincere faith in the mind of the mother might produce beneficial effects on the milk. If fear or rage make the milk poisonous, we can certainly admit that sustained hope may make it salutary and healthful. (p. 169—171.)

Thus we have brought Dr. Tyler Smith's opinions before our readers somewhat at length; because, as we have already shown, the frightful progress of scrofula in the Union workhouses is such as to alarm even the most undaunted and excite the fears of the most phlegmatic. It is not municipal, or district, or provincial physical depravity that is generating on such a gigantic scale in England, but national degeneration. The base of the pyramid is being destroyed; what is to become of the apex?

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* We think this remains to be proved.

ART. IV.— *Contributions towards the Exposition of the Book of Genesis.* By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D., Minister of St. George's, Edinburgh. 1843.

MINISTER, *that was*, of St. George's Edinburgh; for Dr. Candlish may be looked upon as the keenest of the leaders of the non-intrusion party, and has, consistently with his declared scruples and his unhesitating utterances, gone out of the Establishment, renounced his enviable living, and is now one of the most distinguished of the Free Church. These are circumstances which would of themselves direct more than ordinary attention to any volume upon any subject which the reverend gentleman might put forth; for the recent movement in the Church of Scotland, the present posture of ecclesiastical affairs in that section of the country, and the results threatened, are matters which have a far wider importance than that which belongs to them as a Presbyterian question, or as attaching to the people north of the Tweed. In that part of the empire, no doubt, the interest of the contention and of the unequivocal severance, must in the meanwhile be chiefly experienced. The energetic, the strong-hearted, the obdurate people, among whom the *movement* has had its rise and progress, have been awakened and kept in a state of extraordinary excitement by the unusual number, and the powerful influence of the parties more immediately concerned,—by the zeal, energy, and talents of the most popular and able ministers of the Kirk, on the one hand; and by the legal authority and political obstacles to be contended with on the other. The press, the pulpit, the platform, the courts of law and the General Assembly, have each and all been made the arena of conflict about the Church of Scotland's claim of right; and therefore, within the bounds of that nation, where all this commotion and all this argument took their origin, the ferment in point of violence, and the struggle in point of endurance, have been perfectly characteristic. But the combat, the disruption, and the consequences to which the battle may forcibly lead, are things which ought to be regarded as extending to other communities, and to other communions, quite distinct in respect of territorial limits and ecclesiastical institution.

We have Thomas Carlyle's authority for it, "that the most interesting phasis which the Reformation anywhere assumes, especially for the English, is that of Puritanism. In Luther's own country, Protestantism soon dwindled into a rather barren affair: not a religion or faith. * * * But in our Island there arose a Puritanism, which even got itself established as a Presbyterianism and a National Church among the Scotch."

"The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. A tumult in the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms;—there came out,

after fifty years' struggling, what we call the '*Glorious* Revolution,' a *Habeas-Corpus* Act, Free Parliaments, and much else!" * * *

Near to the very moment we write, in entire keeping with bygone events, there were in London and throughout England members of the *Free Church*, chosen from the most distinguished of the body, who were, with their wonted indefatigable energy, not only entreating for aid to their church-building enterprises, but eloquently labouring to gain adherence to their ecclesiastical principles. What degree of success may attend these efforts we need not attempt to predict; but the mission, and the ministers who compose it, were of mark and merit sufficient, saying nothing of the cause for which the agitation is set on foot, to command notice and to bend attention to the region whence such memorable influences and changes have issued, as those to which the author of the remarkable volume about "Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History," has pointed. Dr. Candlish formed one of this active, importunate, and, in some senses, proselyting body of invaders, urging the cause and advocating the claims of his party with all his accustomed ardour and vehemence. And a vehement man he is in as far physical temperament and nervous action are concerned, judging from his delivery of a sermon preached one Sabbath in the chapel known as Rowland Hill's. We never witnessed such a muscular movement; we perhaps never looked upon a human being whose outward appearance gave more striking tokens of sensitiveness and excitability. The sight was unpleasant rather than otherwise; that is, if regarded irrespective of the thoughts he uttered, and the language with which he clothed what was passing within him; which, however, would be a most unfair and hasty method of testing his or any other orator's merits. Indeed, by a sort of process of contrariety, our opinion rose higher and higher of him, both in respect of his powers and his sentiments, the longer he was listened to; for seldom have we heard a discourse which for solidity, happy exposition, and earnestness of expression, was more distinguished. For one hour at least e scarcely afforded a pause to the auditor, much less to himself, bearing himself, in as far as connexion, illustration, and home-telling appeals were to be considered, with a steady, a sustained, and in many passages, with a confident sense of growing power. There was no tameness in the sermon, neither was there an approach to extravagance or exaggeration; the whole had a most direct practical tendency, yet nothing was cold or common-place.

These few observations may serve, perhaps not inappropriately, to preface a brief notice of the volume before us, and the few paragraphs to be cited from it; supposing, as we do, that some of our readers may merely have heard of the author as the uncompromising apostle of non-intrusionism, and who therefore might be ready to set him down as only likely to produce fanatical tirades and uncharitable indiscriminate denunciation. The book, in fact, is manifestly the

work of a richly-stored mind,—of a sincere and pious man with a heart full of benevolent sympathies, and a zeal so schooled that when in the house of God it tremblingly delivers the gospel message which has been with deepest solemnity entrusted to his hands. There is a considerable amount of originality in the volume; and this not merely in respect of elucidation and delineating manner, but sometimes of conception. Its principal features, however, we think, are, sobriety of purpose, strict argument, fair interpretation, and the absence of all display—of all fine writing, even when the event or the scene to be described offered tempting opportunites. Truth and instruction, conveyed with a heartfelt warmth and manly kindliness, are everywhere in the book. Even as Essays the chapters have much merit in regard to composition and popular treatment. Nor must we omit to express our approval of the modesty of the effort; the work professing merely to be Contributions *towards* the exposition of Genesis, and not, as more distinctly stated in the preface, a complete commentary, or even a series of sermons or lectures. There is "no attempt to enter into a minute or critical examination of the sacred text, verse by verse; the object being rather to unfold those views of the Divine government and the history of man, which the general strain of the narrative, in its obvious interpretation, suggests." In justice to the reverend Doctor, we cite what he has to say about certain principles of exposition; only observing with regard to the passage, that some of the ideas which seem to be intended are in themselves questionable, and that, besides, the meaning is not very happily or distinctly expressed. At any rate, great care must be observed with respect to the licence which "a certain spiritual tact, or taste," and so forth, may take, whatever may be the self-satisfaction about having a "rightly constituted mind." We do not, however, charge these dissertations with unwarrantable flights in this way, the author's example being better than his proclaimed indulgence. This is the prefatory passage:—

> There are one or two principles of exposition, to which reference is incidentally made in these pages, and which might admit of fuller illustration and vindication. Thus, the extent to which we may avail ourselves of the undoubted fact of an oral revelation having preceded the written word, as affecting the manner in which that word would probably be composed, and the kind of evidence it might be expected to afford of the leading truths of religion, the amount of acquaintance with the doctrines of the Gospel which may be presumed in the early world, as rather alluded to and taken for granted, than communicated for the first time, in God's discoveries of himself to the fathers,—the value of incidental quotations from the Old Testament in the New, as warranting the application of hints thus given considerably beyond the particular passages quoted,—the legitimate use of resemblances, parallelisms, and analogies occuring in the comparison of incidents and predictions, under different and far distant dispensations,—together with

the limit between a sound and safe discretion and a fanciful licence, in filling up the brief sketches and outlines of the inspired record, and drawing inferences from them (presuming upon a certain spiritual tact, or taste, or apprehension, a feeling of probability, a kind of sense of concinnity or congruity, which, even apart from such precise and palpable evidence as can be critically and logically stated, will often give to a rightly constituted mind, a prompt and full assurance of the mind of the spirit);—these and some other general inquiries, bearing upon the subject, might furnish interesting matter for several dissertations, and might, in part, perhaps, be exemplified in the present exercise. But it would be out of place to enter upon so wide a field.

The Contributions extend to twenty in number, and might, according to the author's plan and resources, have been twice as many. There are three essays on Creation; one on the primeval condition of the earth, and of man; two on the temptation and its fruits, together with the remedial sentence; one on the first patriarchal form of the New Dispensation; one on the moral state of the antediluvian world, one on the deluge itself; three on the constitution of the new world, in the three departments of Nature, Providence, and Grace; one on the earth given to man, and as occupied by the descendants of Noah; and the remaining essays on some of the most interesting passages in the history of Abraham. We think that the very titles of most of these dissertations, by such a man, will awaken considerable curiosity, and after what we have said and quoted, afford no slight promise. Without another word of observation, and without any effort at selection, we enter upon the duty of giving specimens; only expressing our cordial welcome of such an able and impressive addition to the multitudinous aids which exist in the English language, towards the understanding of the sacred scriptures, and to the strengthening of the belief in the authenticity of the same records wherever doubt may in any degree reside, provided the inquirer be honest. Our first extract shall be from the second essay, because of its bearing upon a subject that has of late years greatly perplexed as well as engaged many minds.

This divine record of creation, remarkable for the most perfect simplicity, has been sadly complicated and embarrassed by the human theories and speculations with which it has unhappily become entangled. To clear the way, therefore, at the outset; to get rid of many perplexities and leave the narrative unincumbered for pious and practical uses, let its limited design be fairly understood, and let certain explanations be frankly made.

1. The object of this inspired cosmogony, or account of the world's origin, is not scientific, but religious. Hence it might be expected, that while nothing contained in it can ever be found really and in the long run to contradict science, the gradual progress of discovery might give occasion for apparent and temporary contradictions. For the current interpretation of the divine record, in such matters, will naturally accommodate itself to the actual state of scientific knowledge and opinion; so that when science

akes a step in advance, revelation may seem to be left behind. The remedy here is to be found in the exercise of caution, forbearance, and suspense, on the part both of the student of Scripture and of the student of science; and, so far as Scripture is concerned, it is often safer and better to dismiss or to qualify old interpretations, than instantly to adopt new ones. Let the student of science push his inquiries still further, without too hastily assuming, in the meantime, that the result to which he has been brought demands a departure from the plain sense of Scripture. And let the student of Scripture give himself to the exposition of the narrative in its moral and spiritual application, without prematurely committing himself, or it, to the particular details or principles of any scientific school.

2. The essential facts, in this divine record, are,—the recent date assigned to the existence of man on the earth, the previous preparation of the earth for his habitation, the gradual nature of the work, and the distinction and succession of days during its progress. These are not, and cannot be impugned, by any scientific discovery. What history of ages previous to that era this globe may have engraved in its rocky bosom, revealed or to be revealed, by the explosive force of its central fires, Scripture does not say. What countless generations of living monsters teemed in the chaotic waters, or brooded over the dark abyss, it is not within the scope of the inspiring spirit to tell. There is room and space for whole volumes of such matter, before the Holy Ghost takes up the record. Nor is it necessary to suppose that all continuty of animal life which had sprung into being, in or out of the waters, was broken at the time when the earth was fashioned for man's abode. It is enough that there, first, the animals of sea, and air, and land, with which man was to be conversant, were created for his use,—the fish, the fowls, the beasts, which were to minister to his enjoyment and to own his dominion.

3. The sacred narrative of the creation is evidently, in its highest character, moral, spiritual, and prophetical. The original relation of man, as a moral being, to his Maker, is directly taught. His restoration from moral chaos to spiritual beauty is figuratively represented. And as a prophecy it has an extent of meaning which will be fully unfolded only when "the times of the restitution of all things have arrived." Until then, we must be contented, probably, with a partial and inadequate view of this, as of other parts, of the sacred volume,—"the sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed," but which still is as "a light shining in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in our hearts." The precise literal sense of much that is now obscure or doubtful, as well as the bearing and importance of what may seem insignificant and irrelevant, will then clearly appear. The creation of this world anew, after its final baptism of fire, will be the best comment on the history of its creation at first, after the chaos of water; and the manner as well as the design of the earth's formation of old out of the water, will be understood at last, when it emerges once more from the wreck of ruin of the conflagration which yet awaits it,—"a new earth, and new heavens, wherein righteousness is to dwell."

Nature and grace, providence and prophecy, present illimitable fields, and are by our author sought out and traversed with uncommon delight. One follows his steps with a kindred sentiment and

approval. We snatch morsels almost at random. This, after the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden:

Mark the grace of God. Even with this necessary measure of severity against offending man, He mingles tokens of mercy. In the whole arrangement of the worship which was then instituted, significant indications were given that man's exclusion from the garden and from the tree of life was not to be perpetual but temporary. Even paradise lost was made to appear in the eyes of those who worshipped in faith before its gates, as already paradise regained.

There can be no doubt that the *stated* Place of worship, under the new order of things, was the immediate neighbourhood of the garden, eastward, within sight of the cherubim and the flaming sword. For these symbols were surely intended to be seen by man when he worshipped God.

The cherubim placed at the east of the garden are very generally regarded as angels, stationed there with a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep away all who might presumptuously dare to approach the now forbidden gates. There is no more entrance for sinful man by the old path of a direct personal obedience. He must enter now, if at all, by the new and living way of the Saviour's righteousness. The law, with its ministers of flaming fire, keeps men away. It is the Gospel which sets angels at all the doors, to bid men welcome once more.

Then, after giving us his exposition of what is meant by the terms cherub and cherubim, contending that they do not denote angels, but human symbols, we have this striking passage relative to the first patriarchal form of the new dispensation:

In connexion with the flaming sword, they (the cherubim) marked the place in which the Lord manifested himself, and towards which he was to be worshipped; and as that fiery emblem represented the glory of the divine justice, so the cherubic figures betokened the grace of the Church's redemption. These together kept the way of the tree of life. The worshippers, as they stood, awed, yet hopeful, around the gate of paradise, felt their exclusion from the blessedness within. But they saw a human figure, mysteriously fashioned, there. They saw a pledge of the restitution. That there was, in the primitive worship, a holy place, where the presence of the Lord was manifested, is plain from the language used in respect to the bringing of offerings,—"they brought them unto the Lord;"—to some set or appointed spot; and also in respect to the exile of Cain,—"he went out from the presence of the Lord,"—from the place where the Lord revealed himself by symbol, and by oracle, to those who worshipped at his altar. And it would seem that this primitive holy place was substantially identical with the sanctuary and shrine of the Levitical ritual, and with the heavenly scene which Ezekiel and John saw. It was within the garden, or at its very entrance, and it was distinguished by a visible display of the glory of God, in a bright shining light, or sword of flame, on the one hand, driving away in just displeasure a guilty and rebellious race; but on the other hand, shining with benignant smile upon the typical representations of a people redeemed.

From the dissertation on the moral and religious condition of the antediluvian world; or, as the author heads it, "the apostate seed—the godly seed—the universal corruption," we quote one paragraph:

It is interesting to consider the longevity of the patriarchs. The length of their days well fitted them for being the depositories of the revealed will of God, preserving and transmitting it from age to age; and so many of them surviving together to so late a period, must have formed a holy and reverend company of teachers and witnesses in the world. The same circumstances, it is true, might tell also on the other side, and give a similar and corresponding advantage to the faction of the ungodly. The long lives of the fathers in the line of Cain, might tend to accelerate the progress of lawless impiety; the hoary patriarchs of infidelity, of profligacy, and of crime, surviving till the ninth and tenth generation, might lend the sanction of their accursed experience, to the schemes of their more adventurous sons and grandsons; and the conquerors and heroes of successive ages, finding themselves contemporaries and comrades, might combine their energies and resources to afflict together the church of God, and to devastate the earth. One such scourge, in a hundred years, can work enough of woe. A single portentous meteor in the sky may suffice to fill the dark night with terror. What must the accumulation of these disastrous prodigies be, if, night after night, a new portent were to arise, not to supersede the old, but to make their lurid brightness still more appalling! How could the world stand the simultaneous march across its fertile fields of two, or of ten, such desolators, as the chief, who, centuries ago, led his barbarous hordes to lay waste whole continents, uniting with the tyrant who, in our own days, caused blood to flow like water! How could the tide of war and rapine roll on with swelling breast, as it received fresh accessions from age to age, new streams rushing in, while the old still continued to flow! But, on the whole, the long lives of that ancient race must have proved a benefit to the cause of godliness. For, while the curse of God, and their own violence, would contribute to carry off the wicked before their days were full, and the most eminent in crime might often be the earliest cut down,—and while, even if they were spared, and Cain, and Lamech, and some remote child of Lamech's, like-minded with him, as a man of blood, might meet together, at one era, they were as likely to meet for mutual strife among themselves, as for united efforts against the people of the Lord,—*they*, on the other hand, enjoying the special blessing of Heaven, and having their peaceful days prolonged,—honouring also the venerable worthies who could link together friends so remote,—Adam being permitted to sit with Enoch and Methuselah, and Methuselah, again, in his old age, conversing with the men on whom the flood came, might be knit in one common faith and fellowship, and present an unbroken front to the adversary. So, at least, it should have been; since, at all events, this longevity of the fathers was a boon and privilege to the Church. It served the purpose of the written Word. It transmitted not a treacherous and variable tradition, passing quickly through many hands, such as some would fondly prefer, even to the Bible,—but a sure record of the truth of God. And hence it was fitted to rally, with no uncertain sound, nor in the way of any dead

and nominal uniformity, but on a trustworthy principle of living unity, the Church of the living God. If the effect was otherwise, if the testimony of the long-lived fathers then, like the teaching of the abiding Word now, failed to keep the sons of God as one among themselves, and separate from the world, their sin was the greater. The instrumentality was sufficient, being the truth, authentically preserved, with as little liable to error or corruption as, in the absence of written documents, or inspired Scriptures, could well be guaranteed. Nor was the agency wanting which alone can give a spiritual discernment of the truth. For the spirit, who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, was throughout these ages, continually striving with men.

It is in this argumentatively illustrative style that Dr. Candlish largely deals; and even in this very remarkable essay, which has for its title, "The end of the old world by water—the intervening space—the commencement of the new world reserved unto fire," the same manner greatly prevails over the imaginative and the pathetic. He passes hurriedly over the catastrophe; but not without this consolatory suggestion or conjecture,—that although none escaped destruction and being hopelessly lost, save the eight souls in the ark,"—not even little children who had not sinned after the similitude of their parents' sin," yet that, as to their eternal safety, they had "an interest in that Saviour whose kingdom consists of such as they."

In justice to a work of such exemplary merit, we can hardly avoid presenting a sample of the author's method of applying historical materials to practical ends; this being another feature of the volume. Hagar, and the domestic scenes, so truly natural, to which her elevation in Abram's family gave rise, are the occasion for the following emphatic and homely lessons:

The jealousies, the heartburnings, and mutual reproaches which we now find disturbing the peace of this pious family are such as might be anticipated from the course of policy unhappily pursued. That the Egyptian bondmaid so strangely and suddenly honoured, taken out of her due place and station, and admitted to the rank and privileges of a spouse, should forget herself and become high-minded, was precisely such conduct as might have been expected on the part of a slave treated as Hagar was, and having a temper unsubdued, and a mind uninstructed, as Hagar's probably were. she could not enter into the plan which the heads of the house had formed, or into the reasons and motives which led them to form it. To their servant, if not to themselves, it must have been fraught with a vitiating and corrupting tendency; and assuredly it did prove to her a temptation to insolence and insubordination stronger than she could withstand. Hence, Abram and Sarai had the greater sin. There was a cruel want of consideration in what they did. Even if they felt that they were at liberty, so far as they themselves were concerned, to do it, that they were safe in doing it, were they not bound to ask how it might affect their dependant, whom they made a party in the transaction?

Is not this the duty of all heads of families? Alas! how is it discharged? Do parents and masters,—do the heads and members of households among Christians, duly weigh and recognize their responsibility in this particular? Do you,—we might say to them in all affection,—do you, with special reference to this consideration, apply the maxim,—"all things are lawful unto me, but all things edify not?"

You have a system of conventional falsehoods in the intercourse of refined society, by which you do not impose upon one another, for you all know what is meant. But how does the system tell upon your domestics; your children, perhaps, whom you employ as your assistants,—whom you admit into your confidence, whom you make permanently familiar with the hollow insincerity of a smiling world?

Or take your recreations, your amusements, and your gay entertainments. Let it be granted that they do you personally little or no harm; that you can stand the exhaustion of body and the dissipation of mind which they cause. What are your inferiors to think, or how are they to be affected as they see you, week after week, turning night into day,—the early dawn finding you amid the glare and heat of the crowded ball, and the sumptuous feast,—while the hours of their sleepless waiting without have been beguiled with coarser revelry? To you all may seem innocent and fair,—to them,—as the inevitable condition of your sport, what temptation is there, what deadly sin!

Even in families less worldly, and more truly serious and devoted, is there enough of care taken to walk circumspectly, and to avoid the very appearance of evil? Ye who are at the head of a pious household, or who make up the holy and happy circle at morning and evening prayers,—do you in your general conversation, and in all your plans and arrangements, consider the interests of your domestics as well as your own? What you practise in the way of ease or indulgence,—what you propose as a measure of expediency, and almost of necessity,—may be partly justifiable, so far as you yourselves are concerned, and with the explanations which you can give, you may be able to make out that it does not altogether discredit your Christian profession or mar your spiritual welfare. Ah! but in what light will this or that scheme of policy, and this or that course of conduct appear to those around you, and under you, whom you must assume into your councils,—whom perhaps you use as your instruments or your allies? How will they interpret your occasional omission or your perfunctory discharge of sacred duty; or your rare instances of what you call indispensable conformity to the world? What encouragement may your failings give to their sins? What seeds of evil may thus be sown in their minds? What devout impressions may be effaced,—what holy desires quenched,—what ungodly passions and worldly lusts fostered and revived?

How is it that we have such incessant complaints of the vices and faults to which your inferiors are prone?—of the insolence of servants, their want of attachment, and their want of principle? For how many of these evils are you yourselves responsible? Sarai was provoked by the frowardness of Hagar, and she thought she did well to be angry. She was loud in her reproaches, and even spoke indignantly to her lord. Alas! had she forgotten that all this was but the fruit of her own device; that as she had sown so she reaped?

Art. V.

1. *The Man without a Profession.* By Charles Rowcroft, Author of "Tales of the Colonies." Saunders and Otley.
2. *The Triumphs of Time.* By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales." Bentley.
3. *Ellen Middleton. A Tale.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Moxon.

It certainly is wrong to consider Fiction a random form of literature, a mere vehicle of amusement, or a product of such a nature that he who offers it must have had no definite purpose worthy of a man to serve by it; or that it has no laws whereby to distinguish between the true and the false, the useful and the pernicious in it. Fiction, in the first place, appears to have its root in universal nature. It grows out of that idealism, that better state, which is perpetually going beyond the actual, and which, in every department, carries our aims as well as views higher than our power of execution, our conceptions greatly farther than we can hope to realise. Fiction is a universal language. Even savage nations, destitute of the use of letters, have embodied their ideas of perfection in traditional tales and in rude epics. This form of literature and expression, thus abounding, indicates the universality of the ideas which give birth to it.

The truth is, there is in every human bosom a dissatisfaction with the actual, not only as regards the march of events and human nature, but outward nature. There is in every heart an ideal world of more perfect forms, and of higher purity; at the same time that there is a tendency in every mind to conceive of these ideas as embodied, not in anything present, but in the past, or in what is in the distant future. There is no existing paradise; yet fancy's faith is perfect that there were golden times, and that there is to be a realization in some hereafter, of the beatitudes, the beauties, and the knowledge of an Eden. This idea, so prevailing and so operative, of a more perfect order of things and state of being, has engraven itself deeply on the literature, the fictitious literature of the world,—be that in the shape of the *epic*, the *tragedy*, or the *tale*; bearing testimony that all things were perfect once, and are again to be restored; and giving utterance to the yearnings after the grand and the good. It is fancied that the present exhibits a constant succession of inequalities in fortune, in the distribution of what is just; and therefore a new world of life is constructed according to the dictates of the impatient heart. It is felt that the characters of the best of living men, of the most esteemed in society, are not faultless; and the imagination must needs go to work and frame a foibleless hero, a spotless heroine. The most celebrated scene in external nature,

whatever be the order of beauty for which it is famed, is marred by some unlovely or intrusive line, and the artistic eye sets to mending the combinations and improving the accessories.

A question occurs, what does Christianity say to fiction,—to the principle and practice of going from the actual and luxuriating in the ideal? And what will be the destiny, or the form of imaginative literature, supposing Christendom were as deeply imbued with religious feeling and taste as at present it is with opposite, or at least quite different sentiments and preferences? Assuredly, the Christian principle frowns upon all those fictitious productions which present outward success as the great criterion of virtue and merit, and teach the idea of a strict temporal retribution. But will not the day arrive when the fancy, directed by an intellectual Christianity, will infuse into its fictions as the predominating features and elements, the actual in preference to the ideal, revealing the significancy and worth of all that is beheld; breathing a new beauty into every real scene of nature, attaching an unspeakable importance to the experience and fate of every, even the meanest human being, and displaying in the records of the individual heart, things having the most thrilling interest. The consequence will then be, that *Delineation* must take the place of *Fiction*: the delineation of nature and man, with his origin and destinies, will, according to this view, be the work of the Christian imagination,—it must form the basis of the Christian school of poetry and fancy.

It is not meant or thought that the old forms of fiction will be necessarily abandoned; for the traits of human character and the events witnessed will continue to have much of that aspect and diversity which are witnessed and experienced now, and these will have to be idealized by means of artificial forms and feigned names. Sketches, too, of exalted character, of affecting incident, will naturally run into the epic or the tragic mould; while narrative fiction, from its extreme flexibility, its boundless capacity of modification, and its independence of restrictive conventional rules, will always retain a permanent place in the literature of Christendom. But what is meant is this, —under all these forms, the effort, most probably we think, will be to reach the actual elements as well as traits of nature and of life as they are; to make known the diversities of human condition; to indicate how infinitely various and momentous are human thoughts and feelings, and to proclaim the wonders of divine power, however so much hidden to the careless eye, and the workings of an overruling Providence for the greatest good in the affairs (even when these affairs are deemed common and routine) of this familiar earth. Conventionalities will be rebuked by the Christian imagination, no matter how apparently trifling, or pompously pretending; while intellectualities will have the homage of sentiment, constituting the pilot to feeling and action.

It is after the foregoing fashion that one might speculate with regard to a thoroughly christianized order of imaginative literature, presuming, that in accordance with the demands and the operations of the human bosom, there will ever be a use in, and a taste for, such mental nutriment. But be this as it may, one thing is unquestionable,—the world is yet far from having arrived at such an intellectualized state, and from being disposed to abide by positive realities to the exclusion and abandonment of visionary felicities and dreamy creations. The novelist must still but reflect the general fancy and the public tone; and therefore, as in the productions immediately before us, waywardness of thought, mastery of passion, romantic situation, extravagant incident, over-wrought scenes, and all the other customary conventionalities of fiction as well as of sentimentalism in artificial life, are the staple commodities bound up together according to the approved fashion of the fine or the clever writers of the day.

"The Man without a Profession," is by an author who particularly deserves the title of clever, although the work will disappoint, if measured by the promise given in "Tales of the Colonies." Indeed, Mr. Rowcroft, either from haste and heedlessness, or from want of constructive power and congruous conception, has altogether failed to give us other than a series of smart sketches and lively stories, of amusing exaggerations, in which however the man of observation is ever apparent. The tale has no claim to the character of a well-balanced and cunningly concocted novel, with due proportions artistically arranged and combined. It is even without the merit, in numerous instances, of being formed in harmony with nature, a feature more to be censured than are the exaggerations, for these do not directly and essentially violate the truth.

There is much of the common-place both in the conception of the story, and the manner in which it is worked out. *Without a Profession*, is, in the author's mind, to be neither Doctor, Lawyer, Divine, Soldier, nor Sailor. These appear to constitute the entire circle in Mr. Rowcroft's nomenclature.

According to any other, or a sensible form of speech, the hero is a man of far too many professions, terminating in that of a *littérateur*, an idea hackneyed to a nauseating degree, especially as poverty, ruin, and a melancholy end seal his fate; just as if authorship and editorship were the sure and sole precursors of such miseries. But even this is a falsehood, according to the story itself; for Frank Coverley's arrest after all is not for a debt incurred during his literary career, but is quite remote from it. Still, the doctrine to which Mr. Rowcroft sticks, is, that it is better to do anything than brave the chances of such a calling. Clean boots and shoes, if any one will employ you. Dig if you can; get a knot and be a porter; be anything, do anything; but by all means eschew authorship as

you would do the pit itself. This is the teaching of which we complain, were it merely for its worn-out and cuckoo singing, especially when used by a man of the independent powers of thought displayed by the writer of the "Tales of the Colonies."

As already said, "The Man without a Profession" is to be praised merely as a succession of clever scenes, many of them being queerly coloured and fantastically cast. Nor seldom do these abound with shrewd observation, natural truth, and fresh sentiment. There are passages too of highly instructive incident as well of fine homely character and remark. The tale opens well. This is the manner in which young Hopeful is introduced by his fond parents:—

"I tell you what," returned the gentleman, who began poking the fire with great energy, as if he had at last formed some desperate resolution; "I tell you what, my dear, that beautiful boy of yours must go to school. It was only yesterday that he smashed half-a-dozen panes of glass in the green-house; and, because there's nobody else to fire at, I suppose, he pelted old Peter so dreadfully, that the poor man was obliged to come into the kitchen and get another drink of beer before he could use his broom. But that's nothing—the boy's getting too big, and he's beyond any woman's management; and as for me, I have too many things to look after to allow me to take charge of him. But something must be done with the poor boy; he wants playfellows. See, he's quite wretched—looking about for somebody to shy a snowball at. By George, he's at old Peter again! He'll worry that man's life out."

The parents at this time are rich and comfortable. By and by, the following discussion takes place relative to the choice of a profession:—

"I shouldn't like my son to be a doctor," replied the lady; "it must be very disgusting—doing all sorts of operations, and dissecting people, and all that. Besides, a medical man never has a minute of his time at his own disposal; and he is liable to be called out of his bed at any time in the middle of the night, which must be very annoying. I am sure I shouldn't like it if I was his wife; and if his wife happens to be of a jealous disposition—and sometimes it must be very trying—going about at such odd times and places, and all that! No, that would never do;—somehow, I fancy it would be a very unsuitable life for our Frank."

"He might study the law," observed the husband; "men make a good deal of money by the law. Barristers and attorneys have great influence in these days, and make plenty of money, too."

"What is the difference, my dear," inquired the lady, delighted to find that her husband talked calmly, and seemed soothed by the conversation—"what is the difference between a barrister and an attorney? I never could rightly understand it."

"Why," returned her husband, with a bitter smile; "they are both alike in one respect; they are both birds of prey, of the same genus—vulture—

but differing in their species; but," added he, laughing sadly, and pleased with his own conceit, "having a strong mutual resemblance in the shape of their bills—that is, the barrister does not send in a bill like an attorney, but your attorney includes in his bill the fees paid to the barrister. But the principal difference popularly is, that the barrister wears a wig, a mark of dignity which is not permitted to an attorney."

"A wig! What a fright a man looks in a wig! I remember seeing the lawyers in their wigs at the assizes. The sight was really awful! I don't wonder at the poor creatures being afraid to be cross-examined by them, for cross enough they looked! Positively, I shouldn't like Frank to wear a wig. It's the very objection that poor Mrs. Smatterley had to her husband's being made a Bishop. You know he was a very handsome man, and was tutor to Lord Wideacre's son; and if it hadn't been for the attraction of being called "my lady,"—she didn't mind the apron, though she said it made him look very funny, it was the wig she stuck at—she never would have consented to it. But what have the attorneys to do?—they don't wear wigs, that is some recommendation."

But there ensues a reverse of fortune, after which the keeping, if not the spirit and the power of the tale, falls greatly off. Ruin overtakes the affairs of the father, when, instead of acquainting his family with the catastrophe, he, in the threadbare style of the desperate, resolves to heighten the bitterness and horrors by depriving them entirely of his presence and advice, and even of the slightest portion of the wreck of fortune. He meditates the suicide's escape, a step of which the son has a dread suspicion, as is forcibly brought out in the passage now to be cited:—

As it was the summer season, there was no fire; so that he was deprived even of that companionship. He took up a book, and attempted to read; but the words flitted before his eyes; and he could not carry the subject-matter in his mind from one sentence to another. Some impulse prompted him to go to his father's room; he softly ascended the stairs without a light, and listened at the door.

Nothing met his ears but the scratch—scratch—scratch, of his father's pen, who, it seemed, was busily engaged in writing. . . . . He listened; he heard him breathe deep sighs—nay, groans of bitterest anguish—and then he would stop writing, and then he wrote again. . . .

He trembled, as he stood listening, with strained ears, to catch the slightest sound. But there was no sound but the scratching of the pen, and the rustling of the paper: but sometimes there was a pause, and then his father's sighs were heart-breaking. The whole house was buried in sleep. Only one creature, to Frank's rapt perception, was wakeful—his father! who was thus robbing nature of her rest—and for what purpose? With what intent? Frank felt his blood run cold with an indescribable apprehension.

The hour passed by as the young man stood at the door of his father's chamber; and still the pen was heard at work. Suddenly there was a pause, and he heard his father rise up. His excitement rose to a pitch of terror

which made him fear that the beating of his own heart had become audible, and would betray him. His father approached the door, and he retreated. The door was opened; and Frank, stepping backward, retired behind the projecting angle of the passage. His father crossed slowly and softly to his wife's sick room; Frank heard him open the door almost without noise, and enter. Then he heard him gently kiss his mother, who, it seemed, did not wake, but she murmured something. His father then returned to his own room, and shut the door.

Frank resumed his station; he heard his father pace the room for a few minutes, and then the writing was re-commenced.

He returned to the drawing-room. He was glad of the light; but he was exhausted; and he sat down leaning his head on his hand.

He had left the door open in order that no sound in the house might escape him; but as he sat alone, and a prey to dismal thoughts, the sight of the open door filled him with a strange sort of feeling. It seemed as if something was about to enter.

Frank was a stranger to ideal fancies, or imaginary dreads; but he could not bear that open door. For some time he sat as if enchained by some invisible restraint, and he felt a shivering of the skin, and a numbness of the feet and legs.

But at last, with an effort, he rose to shut the door; and the influence of his own motion circulating his blood, roused his dulled faculties, and chased away the superstitious fear that was creeping over him.

He opened the door, with a disdainful sort of resolution, wider, and lent his ear, firmly, to catch any passing sound. But all remained quiet.

Sitting down on the sofa by the side of the door, and close to it, he strove to collect his thoughts. But over-wearied nature refused her aid; his indistinct imaginings grew more and more confused, and he fell asleep.

He awoke with a start. The candles had burned down to their sockets; and he found himself in darkness. Presently he heard a repetition of the sound that had awakened him; it was his father's footstep. He thought he heard a noise as if his father had stamped his foot violently on the floor, or it might be the fall of some heavy body.

Without losing a moment, Frank rushed through the hall—into which the early morning light was gleaming—scaled the stairs—flew down the passage, and breathless, burst into his father's room. He beheld his parent kneeling, with the aspect of a spectre, at the little table. The two pistols which usually hung over the mantel-piece, were lying before him!

The whole dreadful truth flashed across Frank's mind in a moment: and in the same instant he decided on his own course. Seizing the pistols, he cried out, "Thieves—thieves!" and discharged them through the window.

Several of the characters excite a considerable interest; others are monotonous, or such as are constantly served up in the tales of the day. This is unworthy of Mr. Rowcroft. Altogether, although the work indicates ability, knowledge, experience of the world, and uncommon readiness, it will require much greater pains, longer cogitation, and a stricter attention to the rules

of art, as well as to the philosophy of life, ere the author will sustain the character earned by his first avowed literary venture.

"The Triumphs of Time" presents us with three tales, two of them translations from the French, it would appear, although it has blameably been withheld, whence they are particularly taken. From the "Soldier's Fortune" we copy out one scene of very perfect merit, both for its cheerful and charitable lesson, and for the exquisite neatness which characterises the mode of its development. The hero is an old officer of Napoleon's guard who has lost a leg; the heroine is his daughter and nurse, a pretty little creature of fourteen. The soldier is recovering, but they are exceedingly poor. An unexpected gift, however, relieves them, and they are anxiously discussing the manner in which the money is to be disposed of. The purchase of a wooden limb, of course, is a primary consideration; but just as this point is settled, the veteran's old comrade, Surgeon Dervieux, pawns his watch to buy one.

"Now the third part—what are we to do with that?"

"You have given me my portion, which every morning I long to throw *à tous les diables*,—and would, if I had not been afraid you would scold me, you little thing—*Ventre bleu!* I think you have taught me to obey your orders, as a recruit of a week obeys the corporal."

"Yes, papa, and so you should, you know,—when it is for your own good."

"Well, well, my little love, you have given me my breakfast; I shall want nothing more till dinner time;—and if you will leave the key in the door, if my old comrade Dervieux, or your little friend the nun should come, they can let themselves in—Take the third part, and go and buy thyself a pretty printed cotton gown."

"Oh no, that I can *not*, papa."

"No!"

"No, certainly.—Do you think I could leave you without money, that I might have a new gown?"

"Do you think I will have a leg, if you hav'n't a new gown?"

"But only look, papa—don't you like me as I am?"

"No, *ventre bleu!* my darling, you are, Heaven knows, as pretty as an angel;—but *de par tous des diables!* I'll have no leg——"

"But papa——"

"But my dearest——"

The dispute continued, and it appeared uncertain, whether the veteran or the little girl would have been victorious. Probabilities were in favour of the little girl; but a great incident interrupted the combat—a third person opened the door, and his appearance silenced the belligerent powers. Dervieux entered.

He had brushed his old coat with unusual care—he had cleaned the hilt of his sword, and polished the buttons of his uniform—he had turned the loop of his military hat; he had whitened his pantaloons, and blackened his boots—in three words, he was *en grande tenue*—and under his arm he car-

ried something, which was very thin, and very long, and wrapped up in napkins.

The grave and solemn air; the ceremonious bow, with which Dervieux entered the room, astonished the Captain and Susanne.—They stood staring and immovable, while Dervieux slowly, and with a certain respect in his manner, unwrapped the article he held in his hand, and displayed—the most perfect of wooden legs—light, symmetrical, black as ebony—well furnished at one end with bands and buckles; terminated at the other with a ring of copper, as bright as gold.

At this sight the Captain started; his eyes fixed upon the insensible wood, soon to become, as it were, a part of himself—his breast heaved—then, without testifying any other emotion, and without raising his eyes from the object before him, he slowly stretched out his hand, took that of the surgeon, and pressed it.

As for Susanne, who looked at the leg with all her eyes—a sudden shuddering seized her, which obliged her to sit down, and the tears streamed—tears, almost as bitter as those which she had shed, upon that cruel day, when the fatal knife severed for ever the real leg of the brave old man. * * * * * *

"Come, come friend, put me together then—get away Susanne."

"Sir, you are not going to hurt him."

"No, my dear, not in the least—with a cane, and with your arm, or mine, your father will soon be able to walk like a drill sergeant."

"Will he?—with that—"

She cast her eyes upon the piece of wood that was shaped more like a huge long-necked bottle than a leg; and, smothering a sob, she kissed her father, and went away, not daring to look again upon the terrible object. The poor little thing went into her room; but she could not take her work—she could not sit down. Her heart was full—she walked up and down, at first crying sadly, then she wiped her eyes, then she sat down—then she began to listen. Some moments passed; she heard conversation going on; then all at once, a dull heavy sound, as of the repeated sharp strokes of something striking the floor.

"He walks! Papa walks!"—and without waiting for more, she rushed into the other room.

The Captain had crossed his apartment, and there he was in his uniform, the Cross of Honour upon his bosom;—he was in the arms of his friend;—the two brave men were clasped to each other's breast, with difficulty restraining their tears. At this sight—the sight of her father once more erect, once more in his military dress—Susanne uttered a shrill cry; and throwing herself upon her knees, without knowing what she did, flung her arms round the terrible wooden leg, and wetted it with her tears.

The tale is a most agreeable relief from the sorrowful and the miserable,—qualities in which the fictions before us unreasonably deal; although "Sealed Orders," the other translation, has the power and the touching interest of one of the best sea sketches that we have met with. With regard to the principal story, that of the "Previsions of Lady Evelyn," we have less unqualified approval

to bestow. Its sorrow is too refinedly pathetic, its incidents far-fetched, while its characters are frequently unnatural both in action and position. But there is beautiful writing, it may be said, every where,—delicacy and elegance, force and ease, marking the style. It is the work of an author of superior powers, greatly polished.

The passage that we extract affords a good specimen of the writer's quiet and finished manner, but rather offends us with the pervading finery of sentiment. We offer no account of the plot, having only to mention that little Clarinda is the issue of Lord Glenmore's second marriage, and the Jameses are the family of a humble dissenting minister in a country town, to whom Lady Evelyn feels that she owes deep obligations.

"My brother,"—said Lady Evelyn, holding out her hand, which he took, "Sit down there, close by me, my brother."

"Yes," said he tenderly, "I love to do so—Do you know, my pretty Evelyn, I sometimes think, father as I am of three children, I love you best of anything in the wide world.

"You must not do that," said she, gently—"you must not love me better than your pretty little Clarinda; she wants love as much as I do."

"Ah, yes!—Well, but she is so young, and seems to me almost like a stranger—But it is a strong tie that knits us together, my Evelyn; and please God I may never live to see it broken."

"Ah, Glenmore!"—fixing her eyes in serious earnestness on his.

"Why, what would you have me believe?—Not that there is anything dangerous in this d—d illness of yours—why, it's only your arm."—

"Stop, stop," said she, endeavouring to raise the painful arm to press his lips, and avert language most painful to her ears. In her present solemn mood of mind, such light use of dread expressions was as blasphemy; but the motion of her arm caused exquisite pain. She groaned, and turned pale and sick.

"What's the matter?—How ill you look. Good God! cried he.

"A little water!"

"He gave it her. She drank it, composed herself, and then began again:

"My brother, your love for me makes you blind.—Do you not see, dear Glenmore, that I am about to leave you?

He gazed on her mournfully—his heart sunk—he could not speak—then large round tears, drop by drop, swelled over his brimming eyelids, and carried one another slowly down his cheeks.

She was affected—sweetly touched—his tenderness soothed her. She lifted his hand, which she held, and kissed it.

"My Glenmore, we must part. You will miss your poor Evelyn, will you not?—But I will tell you what you must do. You must tend and cherish another delicate, little plant—you must take great care of your pretty Clarinda. Promise me," earnestly looking at him—"promise to take care of her—you are her only friend."

"I will, I will," sobbing. "I will be kind to the poor little girl, for your

sake. She is something a little like you, Evelyn; depend upon it, I will look after her."

"You promise me?—Whenever you think of me, think of that promise—I exact it from you, dear Glenmore, in the most solemn manner—shield the happiness of that child."

"I will—I will. Anything else?"

"Yes; I have a request to make for myself; a favour for myself to ask."

"Oh! only name it!—only name it!" as a ray of pleasure shot through his eyes.

"My dear friends, the Jameses,—you know what they have been to me—I have not had it in my power to show the deep gratitude I feel; it is a debt I leave undischarged. Will you, my brother, discharge it?—They have a son—I leave in his mother's hands a letter for you—Should that son ever require your protection, that letter will be delivered. You will do for him, *then*, what your poor Evelyn, if living, would have wished,—will you not?"

"Anything; everything; all—whatever you require."

"You will by your interest forward his views in life as if he were a connexion of your own,—will you not?—Not in a common way, not with a common interest, my Glenmore?—The boy is a rare creature; these are rare people; you will remember your Evelyn, and you will push him forward in that career which he may choose—where honour and reputation—not mere common success, may be his?"

"I will—I will—I will look upon him as belonging to myself—Do you think a recommendation from you, my Evelyn, will be ineffectual?—How little you know me," sobbed Lord Glenmore,—"how little, my love! Have no anxiety on this subject. But you must and will get better."

"Let us talk no more of that now," said she, more cheerfully; "and, indeed, I feel tired, and disposed to sleep—You have relieved my mind much, dearest brother. Will you go down to the company?—But come up, and give me another kiss before you go away."

By far the most powerful of the present batch of fictions is the tale of "Ellen Middleton." The sketches of scenery alone amply testify that Lady Georgiana Fullerton's mind is of no ordinary cast, and that her tact for seizing the characteristic points is complete. Not less graphic and happy is her delineation of character; and in the art of constructiveness she takes a very lofty rank. Our principal complaint is with the miseries which she so habitually presses into her service, even to the extent of gloom and distrustfulness. In fact, she has not unjustly been set down as a disciple in the school of Godwin, although she ought not to be charged as partaking of the philosophy of that impressive author, in as far as religious belief and succour are concerned. A great and excellent purpose of the deepest seriousness is uniformly sought to be enforced by her ladyship; and her success may be pronounced equal to her aims. We do not, however, know that it is quite natural that the single error

committed by the heroine at an early period of life, that the concealment of the truth on one occasion and point, that the burst of passion in childhood, should ever after, till she sinks into a premature grave, become the embittering and ensnaring element of her life. We rather are of the mind, that, but for the mastery of thought and expression possessed by the writer, many of the incidents and situations of the story would be felt as strained and uncalled for. At the same time we cannot too warmly recommend the talent and the taste for the simple and the homely, which is displayed in Ellen Middleton's story. There is great reality in the characters, and oft a humorous point in the development.

Lady Georgiana approaches much nearer to the *actual* spoken of in the opening of our paper, than any of the novelists who have recently come before us. We quote two short passages; the first being part of the heroine's auto-biography,—the other, a character.

Look upon those three women! See that fair young creature, in whose pure eyes there is a depth of holy thought and tranquil peace, such as this world can never give or take away; and it is well for her that it should be so; for, beautiful as she is, and priceless as are the treasures of her heart and mind, she has been delivered over to one who counts these treasures as dross . . . . But who stands between her and her husband? Whose eyes draw away the glances that should be fixed on hers? Whose ears hear and tolerate the words of love which should be hers alone? Do you see the girl that holds her hand, and leans on the back of the couch where she sits? One hair of her unworthy head is more dear to that infatuated man, than all the matchless beauty, the sacred purity, the unstained affection of his young wife. Look at that other woman, whose eyes are fixed with such tender and ardent affection on the same girl whose childhood she has blessed, whose youth she has watched over, and on whose head she has heaped blessings without end; in whose existence she has centered all the happiness of her own. *That* girl, with that very hand which has been so often and so fondly kissed by a childless mother; *that* girl (cursed be her anger, for it was fierce, and her wrath, for it was cruel!) hurled to a watery grave the only child of that devoted friend, of that more than mother; and there she sits by the side of her whom she has made childless; and she holds the hand of the wife whose husband adores her, and whose love she dares not check; there she sits, as if a mine was not ready to spring under their feet; and even now a smile is on her face, for some gay remark has been addressed to her, and like the Indian at the stake, she must die before she writhes, and must look upon the deeds she has done, and the pangs she endures, as if her nerves were of iron, and her heart of stone.

Good nature:

I have never met with so thoroughly good-humoured a person. She always liked best whatever was proposed to her to do, and never liked at

all anything that others were not inclined to. Whatever happened to be ordered for dinner, was invariably the thing she preferred; but if, by any mischance, it did not appear, and something else appeared in its stead, she as suddenly recollected that she liked the new dish a great deal better than the one that had failed. Even the weather received at her hands very different treatment from that which it is accustomed to meet with. A black frost she considered wholesome and bracing; a cutting east wind she described as a fresh breeze; snow, rain and hail, had each particular merits, in her eyes. When the sun shone, it was fortunate; when it rained it was a piece of luck, for she had ever so many letters to write; and there was nothing like a rainy day for getting through business. And if the weather was without any other apology, "Still," as I heard her once say, "it was better than no weather at all." I never heard her admit that anything was a grievance; that anybody was tiresome. Her friends' misfortunes, indeed, she felt heartily sorry for; but with respect to them, she found consolation in the fact, that, in proportion to their extent, she could bestow a fuller share of sympathy, a more ample measure of kindness than ever, out of the ever-springing sources of tenderness with which her own heart overflowed. Poor Mrs. Hatton! she was the best of women, but not the wisest of governesses.

ART. VI.—*Christian Missions to Heathen Nations.* By the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. Nisbet.

IT is very usual to say, this is a sceptical age; it is extremely easy to adduce proofs of the rapidity and completeness with which old dogmas have of late years been disbelieved and ridiculed. So sceptical, inquiring, and reasoning, indeed, has the civilized world become, and so addicted to questioning, that many fear lest religion itself should at length lose its hold of society, and be victimized on the part of multitudes of individual speculative searchers after the truth. To these discouraging views it is answered on the other side, that as *creeds* and dogmas have been modified and reduced, the sound sentiment and strong principles of religion have made advances, have had a healthful and promising increase; that if it be now less a matter of tradition, it is one of more firm and honest acceptance; if less an affair of feeling and imagination, it finds a stouter support in the intellect and in an enlightened moral sense; that, in short, although it would be a hopeless enterprise for any fanatic or any philanthropist were he to attempt arousing Europe to a crusade against the *Infidel*, similar to the chivalrous expeditions to the Holy Land which characterized the middle ages, yet that there is a purpose, a preseverance, a combination, a compass, and a promise in the modern Christian missions, to which no former proselytizing undertaking can at all be compared. It is not alone that never before was religion so sincerely and rationally embraced by intelligent minds, but

that at no former period were the efforts and charities which flow from this embracement so numerous, various, and generative.

The most tangible, as well as perhaps the most powerful, proof of the position just announced, amounting indeed to a splendid phenomenon,—the clearest evidence that the religious feeling is not on the wane, but is gathering freshness and strength, is to be met with in the spirit and in the performances of missionary enterprise. In fact, the movement constitutes one of the most striking characteristics of the times in which we live. It bears all the marks that it is other than a temporary impulse, or a mere burst of enthusiasm. It furnishes in its principles, professions, and already realized triumphs, limited although these last may be, an unprecedented array of facts and of arguments, to gratify the benevolent and trusting heart. True, it is not, like the martial and ecclesiastical arousings of former times, a simultaneous frenzy, nor is it made by one combined and consentient sect alone, determined by a resistless invasion upon the kingdom of darkness to illuminate the entire sphere suddenly and irretrievably. The thing is even more remarkable than this; for the enterprise is carried forward by a multiplicity of professors and communions, who, however, entertain an unexampled unanimity of opinion with regard to this one great concern,—with regard not only to its fundamental objects, but the means to be employed towards the accomplishment of these objects. If not the work of a universal and uniform church, it is the spontaneous effort of the mass of the Christian world. It is not a governmental or state movement, but one that is essentially popular, having the religious conversion of the whole human race for its object. Instead then of imagining that the doubts, the independent inquiries, and the determination to be rationally satisfied on questions of faith, be taken as an obvious proof that religion is decaying in its principles and influences amongst us, we are entitled to construe the phenomena as indicating that religion is acting with a stronger power, as well as that the need of it is felt more deeply than before.

Even to him who considers that the missionary movement is amazingly inadequate, and that it is visionary in the highest degree, it cannot but appear a project of extraordinary vastness and grandeur. The object itself, which looks forward to the time when the whole earth shall repose in peace under the safeguard and benignity of the same faith, makes it sublime; while the spirit with which the enterprise is embraced, the energy with which it is carried on, the variety of means it has brought into action, and the army of agents, together with the extent of their operations, penetrating as they do to the ends of the earth, are considerations which give an additional greatness and lend an idea of a more intelligible magnitude. But this magnitude, with relation both to extent and value, is not to be measured by the work done or contemplated in foreign lands and

amongst the benighted tribes to whom the gospel is proclaimed. It has a precious home importance. It grows upon one's conceptions when he merely counts the scientific benefits that are derived through and from the missions; but much more when one reflects that as the spirit of faith and good will is expanded by objects abroad, it in reality rises with a corresponding degree of directness and genial sympathy at home,—that, in a word, the reactions are mutual, being of necessity reciprocally begetting.

Admitting, however, all that can eloquently be said of the missionary enterprise,—of its vastness of conception,—of its disinterestedness, and of its authenticated trophies,—it may still remain to be a matter for doubt, whether, as at present and as hitherto conducted, the system or institution will meet with that success which is so constantly looked for by its most ardent advocates. Especially may questioning and hesitation be indulged, when the object which is professed, is that of almost simultaneously converting nations; yea, and the whole world, by modes too of no other complexion and pretension, than such as have hitherto been in visible operation. If it were proposed only to convert the world by slow stages, in coformity with the law of progress and development which has hitherto governed society, the case might not seem hopeless; but the millenium must be hastened, and the regeneration of the whole world must at once proceed. And not only is it proposed to make disciples of the Jew, of the Mohammedan, and of the Pagan, but the enterprise embraces the evangelizing the careless, regardless, and ignorant nations of Europe and Asia; and this, besides, without using the resources of the whole Christian community in common, or with the combined energy of every sect. How inadequate, how attenuated, then, must be the means used, the object at the same time being limitless; every sect aiming on its own account to establish not merely an efficient mission, but as many missions and stations as possible; each being of the mind that it must interpret literally for itself the command to preach the gospel everywhere.

We are of course speaking humanly, and without daring to adventure a conjecture about supernatural means, or even whether these are to be looked for or no. The speculations and predictions indulged in by men relative to the period, the agencies, and the characteristics of the millenium are already too numerous to admit of addition in a modest tone. We can only glance at a few practical questions, and at such results as well as promises as come within the compass of human knowledge and observation. Well then, these two things stare us in the face,—there has been a lamentable want of visible and permanent effects, compared with the fruits to which the popular mind has been accustomed to look forward, and still more, when the magnificent prospects are considered which the sanguine and the zealous evangelical projectors pictured; and secondly, the

religious conversion of the world must in certain respects grow more difficult and more hopeless.

With regard to the first of these observations, when one attempts a calculation of the actual conversions, of those concerning which there are no suspicion of deceit or hypocrisy,—of those accounts where there has been a great expenditure of labour, and money, without a well-authenticated trophy, the encouragement becomes so slight, or rather the positive discouragement so grievous, that the fear is suggested lest the confidence of the community fail, strong although the popular faith be in the providence of God as proclaimed by misssion projectors and advocates. Yet surely a more devoted and faithful race of servants never figured among men, than those who go into the dark places of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of the New Testament. But bes des, have we not sound grounds for pronouncing the achievement of bringing the world to the knowledge and the obedience of the Gospel, to be a more difficult task with every succeeding age ?

The missionary, in the present state of Christendom, cannot make use of those means that are fitted to act powerfully on the savage and the semi-barbarian, which were unscrupulously resorted to in former times ; and therefore it is, we imagine, that the ostensible effects of the more recent missions cannot be compared with those of an earlier date, and by a less incredulous generation of readers. Be it borne in mind, that when it turned to be the duty of Christianity to subjugate and civilize the hordes, who became masters of Europe, after the overthrow of the Roman empire, the Church was already an established and well-organized institution, whose clergy at home had a moral and intellectual power that made itself be felt on the part of the rude invaders; whilst the missionary to more distant regions went forth with singular advantages,—the representative of the most vigorous institution of the empire before its fall, and which still retained its strength in freshness ; carrying with him the ensigns of splendour and mystery, and subduing partly by imposing ceremonies, partly by dexterous art, and partly by threats and punishment, the wondering barbarian. Imposing churches were built, charming promises were lavished, resistless temptations were offered to the chiefs. Nor was the sword always slow to accomplish that which the exposition of truth failed to accomplish.

How different with the Christian champion of our day, who goes into heathen lands. He would not, if he could, resort to sundry of the most potent arguments and enticements of the older proselytizers. He is forbidden by the very fact of being the representative of a refined and intellectual age; and he is denied the power and the authority, for he is far from being the minister of an undivided church, and the envoy of all Christendom. In short, he is both constitutionally and circumstantially, in almost every respect, the opposite

of his predecessors who flourished between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries.

Next what are the human remedies that can be suggested for the inadequacy of the Missionary means to the ends; and, again, for meeting the enlarging difficulties? Do you propose an extension of the sphere for each mission? Why, there is not a field which at present is not far too wide for the reapers. Do you desiderate more funds and more harvest labourers? But where are these to be got? or is it a time to call out for them hopefully, when a very general cry is heard about the disproportionate visible effects, and when the fear is entertained by not a few, that as many of the missionary societies depend on the volunteer contributions of the community, the resources may suddenly be diminished or cut off, with the decay of confidence, the want of novelty, and the poorness of the crop?

We have seen it suggested, that, instead of expanding the field for missionary exertion and culture, it might be wise to narrow it, so as to allow of energies to be concentrated, and to accomplish the longed-for triumph in conformity with the law of progress in society, as hitherto experienced. (It took a thousand years to Christianize Europe.) It is contended that the reduction of missions or stations would give additional strength and efficacy to the paramount cause, by enabling a few to act with power and sustained vigour, to the probable accomplishment of positive, permanent, and far reaching results. The complete conversion of a single nation, capable of exerting a central influence, would, it has been asserted, be worth all the efforts of Christendom,—worth so much, even if its own advantage alone were concerned. And would it not in its turn become the instrument to the regeneration of the world—to the realization of millenial perfection and happiness?

But how divided are Christians with regard to this beatific and lovely era! One argues that it will be brought about by human means and agencies; another that nothing short of supernatural interposition will be adequate to the glorious transformation. One contends that the mental illumination and moral improvement of mankind, which are not obscurely predicted in the Scriptures, will be fully worked out by man's agencies, and with his willing and hearty co-operation,—by education and missionary efforts,—that it will be accredited by physical, intellectual, and properly developed capacities; and another is equally strenuous in maintaining that the language of Holy Writ is to be taken literally, so that until the Second Advent of Christ to reign upon earth a thousand years, the world's conversion to the true faith and to Christian practice will not become universal, or even general,—that until then it is preposterous, it is flying in the face of Scriptural prediction, and disregarding a doctrine of the Bible, when you assume the office of making inroads upon the heathen, and promise yourself glorious success.

Dr. M'Caul, of Trinity College, Dublin, has, in his "Plain Sermons on Subjects Practical and Prophetic," insisted that the repossession of Jerusalem by the Jews is positively foretold, and that till then your missionary efforts will be all but fruitless. He pictures the coming glories of the Holy City as being not only transcendent and unspeakable, but such as will constitute it the centre of the globe, so to speak, from which all other nations will receive the choicest temporal and spiritual blessings; for here our Saviour is to reign in person. Of a different mind is Dr. Dick, the author of "An Inquiry into the means by which a general diffusion of knowledge and moral principle may be promoted;" for he returns to this question—"When may we expect the millenium to commence?"—the following articulate answer—"Just when we please." It is his doctrine, that not merely does the period approach, when knowledge, wisdom, and moral excellence shall reign throughout the human family, but that this magnificent state of the world will be produced and upheld by means of education,—a new system of education, viz., an intellectual and a moral system, such as has never yet been put to the test to any considerable extent, but which may be both practically and easily introduced, if mankind and communities will but just set about it with the same seriousness and perseverance with which many other thriving schemes have been concocted and pursued.

We have deemed it not irrelevant to the subject in hand, and that of the entire regeneration of the world, to take notice of each of the above views with regard to the nature of the millenium. Certainly, whichever of the two doctrines is espoused, the conjecture will not thereby find countenance, which is entertained by certain visionaries in England as well as in America, that the end of the world—of terrestial life and mortal existence, is close at hand. The originators and ponderers of missions are too distrustful of themselves and wise to name the year when time shall be no more.

The subject to which we have just alluded forbids all levity: it represses even the idea of ridicule at the rash and fanatical persons, who attract notice by their startling predictions of the early arrival of the Last Day; producing an unholy terror, a slavish fear in some, and hardening others by the irreverence and the unwarrantable boldness manifested. What if those who have put faith in the foretellings of a false prophet, should live to discover the delusion? It may be that they will charge the lie upon the Bible, and not at the door of the reckless and time-serving seer, whose perversions can hardly be more heinous than his vulgarity and grossness. Yet surely the *Durability* of the present state of the world is a theme that may be made the subject of cautious speculation and profitable sentiment, and without at all trenching upon the domain of the theologian, or violating the sanctities of religion.

To every Christian, whether professing to take a strictly religious cognizance of our Lord's response, when he said, "of that day and hour knoweth no man," or even when merely speculating according to natural probabilities and general analogies relative to the durability of the world, the declaration must be held as conclusive. At the same time, every one knows and feels that it is natural to man to look forward with solicitude, to pry into futurity, and to read according to every light he can collect or feasibly conjecture, his coming destiny. Every healthy mind cherishes hope; when all else is taken from him he clings to hope, trusting that something better than anything he has ever yet experienced is in store for him. Now, all these forelookings, longings, and pryings, are inseparable from the wish for improvement, and with that pressing forward which is as incompatible with inactivity as with despair. Man feels that he ought not to be satisfied with the present, and that in all he has yet experienced, there has been nothing worthy of his capacity, either in the range of enjoyments or of achievements. Since all these things are so natural and so universally experienced, it surely cannot be wrong to endeavour to form some conclusions for ourselves with regard to the future, where the sacred writings are silent, provided that we reverently and cautiously proceed in endeavouring to bring together the lights which nature, science, analogy, and history may seem to lend us.

It may be stated to be a matter settled in the minds of all well-informed and all reflecting men, that this earth is not to endure for ever in its present form, or with the species of organized beings that now inhabit its surface, in their present condition. Every thing is seen to decay, or thoroughly to change its shape and constitution. Nothing has yet been discovered of a material form that is indestructible.

The same is taught us by astronomers, with respect to the nature and the vicissitudes of the heavenly bodies. There, important changes are constantly in progress; so that the conclusion is fairly come to, that nothing which is material is imperishable, that nothing visible is eternal, whether, humanly speaking, we look *backwards* or *forward.*

If we pass from the consideration of created things to the operations of Providence, we shall be inevitably led to conclude, that since every thing, of which we have data to guide the judgment, exhibits proofs that it forms but a part of one great and harmonious plan, those things which are entirely beyond our ken, nevertheless, must be still portions of the same grand system. Man, at any rate, offers no exception. We know that he has not always inhabited the earth; that species of animals preceded him on its surface to the extent of probably myriads of years; nay, that many species were destroyed before man was created, although the interval of time

between the different stocks it is impossible, at least in the present state of geological knowledge, to ascertain; just as it is to arrive at an accurate idea of the revolutions which marked the transitions. We may be sure, however, that mighty causes were at work in producing the change, judging from those with which we are acquainted as being now in operation.

It seems reasonable to conclude from the preceding intimations that the earth was for a very long period in a state of preparation, and subjected to vast revolutions, before man was appointed to its sovereignty; an epoch of a comparatively recent date. But when created he infinitely surpassed all his predecessors, having in his nature a spirit fraught with longings for immortality, and in his faculties capabilities for improvement and enjoyment which no other creature with which he is acquainted can pretend to. Now, is it not in accordance with analogy, that the reign of man's race should be extended in proportion to the space occupied in the preparation for his accommodation? Is it not equally probable, and also consistent with the ways of Providence, that man should continue to inhabit the earth until he has arrived at that state of development and perfection of which he is susceptible, even before transferrence to a different sphere? The object of the creation and continued existence of our race, was, and is, undoubtedly, its moral and intellectual improvement. Such an improvement, to some amount, may indeed be traced in the past,—slow to be sure, but yet on the whole, and in spite of many fluctuations and frequent retrogressions, real and progressive; still, how inadequately.

The only records of the early history of our race are found in the sacred writings, which writings, at the very lowest estimate that can be formed of them, contain the most probable account of man's origin and career; the account too in closest harmony with the discoveries of geology, and the traditions of the various heathen nations. Now, from a consideration of this history, we may learn something of the degree of rapidity with which human improvement has proceeded, and also of the length of time which has elapsed between remarkable eras.

From the creation of man to the deluge was a period of sixteen hundred years. How far man had advanced in knowledge and civilization during that period is unknown; but certain it is, according to the record referred to, that the onward march was considerable, as the mention of certain inventions and ingenious processes testify. Noah and his family, no doubt, preserved the acquisitions of the bygone epoch. The erection of the tower of Babel marks the next stage, which was of great moment, as serving to disperse the human family; but chiefly concerns us at present as showing, in the very idea of the undertaking, a very considerable amount of knowledge and power. Passing onward to the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt, then the seat of science and learning, and downward to the

period when our Saviour appeared on earth, it will be found that during the whole series of centuries that elapsed, events were proceeding to prepare the way for the diffusion of Christianity; and this not merely among the descendants of Jacob, but in other countries. Greece derived its knowledge from Egypt, and Rome from Greece.

But still the advance was not regular or constant: there were impediments and interruptions—pauses and retrocessions. The greatness of Egypt was already a tradition, when Greece rose into importance. In like manner, Greece had fallen into insignificance, and was finally destroyed, before Rome had arrived at any great degree of civilization. And Rome in its turn attained its height of refinement, but then again had a sudden and sweeping decline. The incursions of barbarian tribes from the north destroyed the nation, that had so long given laws to the world. However, as Greece civilized her conquerors, so did Rome; the progress of Christianity was facilitated by the incursions of the numerous hordes, for it was extended rapidly among them; and, lastly, the effects, though for a time unseen, of the intercourse with the conquered, issued in the revival of letters, and in the Protestant Reformation. Such have been stages in the progress.

Thus we see that not only has a long series of centuries elapsed in which the progress in the arts and sciences has been slow, but subject to great vicissitudes, to dreary pauses, and large retrocessions. Had it been otherwise, had there been a steady and growing progress all the time, we should by this day have arrived at an eminence that can only be figured by a warm imagination, but which we are most assuredly far short of still. In religion, again, had the advance been ceaseless, had there been no backslidings, no obscurations, the attainment would have been so high and so extensive, that the whole world might positively have been by this time yielding assent to the doctrines of Christianity, and the Millenium might have been looked for as at hand. But what is the fact? Hitherto, one nation has gone to decay, while another, youthful and vigorous, has been rising to importance. Nation after nation has become civilized; yet how slow has been the progress! Till the end of the fifteenth century, one quarter of the globe remained undiscovered, or known only to aborigines. And even since the discovery of the art of printing, and that of America; and also in spite of the Reformation in the commencement of the sixteenth century, and with all the violent impetus thus lent to the progress of improvement, it can hardly be said that the limits of civilization have since been much extended, except in the way of emigration and the establishment of colonies.

How large a portion of the world is still pagan. Moreover, how little is the true spirit of Christianity understood and practised among the most favoured of those who profess it. Then have we any reason to expect that a universal conversion will take place sud-

denly and by a miracle? or that the same order of events, that has hitherto been observed, will cease to continue? If it be felt that we are not entitled to suppose that any such alteration of the Divine purposes is to take place as is implied in the miraculous conversion of the world; and if it be conceded, that in respect of human improvement and susceptibility of development, man is but yet in his infancy, what a space of time has yet to elapse ere the progress has arrived at maturity! We can only judge rationally of the future by the past.

There has, without doubt, been an actual advance made by our race towards perfection; an advance not less certain for being gradual, and oft interrupted. But have we a right to think that this course of things is no longer to continue; or that religion, instead of gradually becoming better understood, progressively more powerful in its influence, and far more extensively prevalent by degrees, (sometimes extraordinary perhaps, and by the manifest interposition of Providence, as in times past) is by a palpable miracle to take the entire family of man captive almost at once, producing a transformation hardly less miraculous than was creation itself? If the world is now near six thousand years old; and religion, science, and the arts, are as yet but in their infancy, we can scarcely expect that they will very soon arrive at that nearness to perfection, which appear to be indicated by the forelookings of man, as being some day within his reach.

Nor does this seem to be a discouraging contemplation. We are not to grow faint-hearted because the results of arduous and philanthropic labours are not attended with all the good which was expected. It is more wise to be satisfied with the knowledge, that every individual can contribute a share towards the improvement of society. It has indeed been happily enough said, that were every individual to do what he might do, and ought to do, with regard to his own character, the world would be reformed at once.

Were knowledge and Christian principles universally diffused, who can doubt of the virtue and happiness of the world. It is owing chiefly to ignorance and malignances, that science has been so slow in its progress, that contention and warfare have wasted and demoralized nations, that the earth has been left barren and uncultivated, that savages have been permitted for ages to roam without arts and instruction, that religion has been neglected, and that so many evils, physical and moral, have been introduced into the social state.

The author before us is the last person that would dispense with the instrumentality of human means. In his important contribution to the literature of the Missionary cause, he takes views of considerable breadth; whilst the diversity of fact and enforcement which he makes use of, together with the evangelical unction with which he sustains his argument, entitle him to be regarded as an efficient servant in the cause of Christianizing the heathen. It

may be that he is more sanguine than facts and reasonable promise entitle him:—it may be that he leans with an interpreting bias towards a favourite idea of men who talk more of Christianizing than of civilizing the human family; but it must be conceded that, to the student of scripture he comes with an array of facts, argument, and doctrine, which it will be difficult to meet by the sceptic, and not less by the cold and unorthodox combatant.

Perhaps the fairest mode we can adopt with the reverend gentleman's volume, is to indicate the course of argument and view he has adopted, and to cite a passage or two, where he appears to have been successful as an advocate and illustrator. First of all then, we have to mention, that he starts with an account and estimate of the duties of Christians with regard to the heathen. Next we have the question answered, whether Missionary exertions be needful. There follows immediately the consideration of the practicability of missions. Then come the effects;—after this, the means possessed by Great Britain for extending Christian Missions; next he dilates on the number of Missionaries; and again, on the motives to missionary enterprise; and lastly he considers what is to be done, under which head there is a view taken of the great obstacles to be encountered in the missionary warfare.

The following excerpts are from the chapter on the "Means possessed by Great Britain for extending Christian Missions:—"

With a Protestant population of more than seventeen millions in Great Britain alone, if we only sent the proportion which is sent by the Moravian body, of one in fifty, this would furnish three hundred and forty thousand missionaries for the world. This proportion having been sent by one small community, it might be sent by a larger. In fact, great as this number would be, the mere overflowings of our population would soon furnish them. Every year the increase in the population of Great Britain alone, is about two hundred and forty-eight thousand. Every year, also, about fifty thousand, including Irish, do actually quit our shores to seek a subsistence elsewhere; and is it not a fact, that in every class of society, there are numbers who can scarcely find employment? If then, we should suppose that the body of three hundred and forty thousand missionaries were to be wholly renewed once in twenty years, which would demand seventeen thousand annually, that emigration would only be felt in this country as a relief.

If, on the other hand, it be said that there are not seventeen thousand to be found annually with the requisite qualifications, what, I ask, must be the condition of above twenty-one thousand Christian congregations who cannot furnish one missionary each on an average annually? If this be indeed the humiliating truth, while we are boasting of our superiority to other nations, we may well change exultation into shame, penitence, and prayer. What are our ministers doing from Caithness to the Land's End, that the labours of above twenty-one thousand of them cannot train seventeen thousand missionaries annually for the whole world? * * * Even at this day the

Moravian Brethren furnish pastors for a body of heathen converts, equal to five times their own number. If Protestant Britain had done as much for the cause of Christ, eighty-five millions of heathen converts would now be under Christian discipline in Protestant missionary stations; while from these stations the whole heathen world would be receiving instruction, since the proportion of missionaries to the heathen would be as three hundred and forty thousand to six hundred millions; that is, there would be one missionary to every eighteen hundred of the heathen, and there would be numbers of native teachers besides. Should any one ask, where is the money to come from? We may answer, where were the funds provided, by which the early Christians, who were almost without exception, poor, carried the Gospel "into all the world," and preached it to "every creature under heaven?" Whence came the supplies for those missionary labours which within three centuries brought the civilized world to profess the Christian faith? What were the resources of the brethren of Herrnhut, which enabled them, when only six hundred in number, and they poor exiles, to plant within ten years Christian missions in the West Indies, in North America, in Tartary, Greenland, &c., &c., in North Africa, and West Africa, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Ceylon?

On the number of missionaries:—

The whole amount of the mischief arising from the smallness of their number is not at once apparent. There being a vast region of heathenism, and but few missionaries, each society is obliged, in the progress of its labours, frequently to examine whether, on the whole, it is most useful to concentrate that feeble body on a few points, or to scatter them among uninstructed millions. In practice, they have very much scattered them. Two are sent by a great society to Asia Minor, one to the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, one or two to Siberia, one to Canton, another to Java, and two to Sumatra. Nor can this decision be hastily blamed. Whole nations cannot be left in total ignorance of the Gospel, and the labours of the solitary missionary may prepare the way for more. Mr. Kam has probably been far more successful, though sent alone by the London Society to the Moluccas, than had he been located with his fellow-labourers at Bangalore or Combaconum. Mr. Morrison would not have served the cause of Christ so effectually, had he been associated with the missionaries of Calcutta, as he did though alone at Canton. Few could wish that Mr. Gobat had not been sent to Abyssinia, or that Mr. Judson had not stationed himself at Rangoon. On the whole, therefore, I do not mean to impugn the decision of the different societies, who have scattered their few missionaries far and wide over the heathen world. It was the best that they could do with the limited means placed at their disposal by the niggardly zeal of the community. But this separation of the labourers has not on that account failed to produce, in various instances, very mournful results. It may have been best, under all circumstances, to plant single missionaries in many lands, but the good which has resulted from these efforts has been incomparably less than might have been expected, had more missionaries been placed at each station.

Again,—

Nothing can be more certain than that several missionaries together are more effective than the same number acting separately would be. And this I believe is generally acknowledged by the Directors of the several societies. Yet the slightest glance at their missionary stations may serve to show how few are supplied with even that smallest number which is necessary to make a mission effective.

In 1813, two missionaries from the London Society reached the Island of Java, one of whom, Mr. Kam, shortly proceeded alone to the Moluccas, the other, Mr. Lupper, laboured among the Chinese at Batavia. His reception and his early successes were most encouraging, but he died in 1814, and as no missionary could be sent to supply his place till the summer of 1819, there could then have been scarcely a trace of his ministry, and Mr. Slater must have been obliged to begin the work afresh, as much almost as if no missionary had ever preceded him, and then had likewise to begin the work alone.

In November, 1807, Messrs. Chater and Carey, from Serampore, established a mission among the Birmese at Rangoon: but in 1811, Mr. Chater relinquished it; and Mr. Carey was left alone till 1813, when he also relinquished it: so that when Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived in 1813, there was no convert, no school, no spiritual effect whatever discernable, and the mission had still to be commenced.

June 18th, 1820, Mr. Kenney, of the Church Missionary Society, was stationed alone at Bombay: and consequently, in 1825, the station was left without a missionary. July, 1826, Messrs. Mitchell and Steward arrived: but in 1827, Mr. Steward removed to Calcutta, and Mr. Mitchell to Bassein; so that Bombay was again without a missionary. Family circumstances compelling Mr. Mitchell also to return home, all the efforts at Bassein were likewise relinquished: And when Messrs. Farrer and Dixon, in 1832, entered on their mission at Nassuck, the West Indian mission had almost as completely to be begun as if their society had never sent a missionary to that part of India. Ten years of missionary labour had been almost completely lost. Mayaveram must be added to that melancholy list. Although it has had its missionary, although a mission-house, chapel, and school-house have been erected, and many native teachers have been brought into active employment, still, when it lost its single missionary, no other was found to replace him; and for several years it has been in a state of desolation. In all these cases there has been a waste of men and money, of effect and time, all which waste would have been avoided, if more men could have been sent. Had each of these places possessed its four missionaries, there would in all probability have been no suspension of the mission: the schools, the preaching, and the translations would have been continued, and in each the progress of the gospel would have been much greater than it has been: Bombay, which the experience of the Scotch mission shows to be a most important field of exertion, would not now have been without a missionary of the Church Missionary Society; and Mayaveram, instead of being a melancholy scene of spiritual desolation, would have been a focus of light for all the country around it.

We close with an example of what may be done by individual exertion, liberality, and self-denial:

John Davis, of Devanden Hill, near Chepstow, now about 73 years of age, having for many years travelled as a pedlar with a pack and basket, commiserated the wretched state of the people of Devanden, whom he sometimes visited; and with a view to instruct them, he prepared himself for the office of a schoolmaster. At first he obtained a school at Usk with a good salary; but as the people of Usk could afford to pay a master, and those of Devanden could not, he left the former place, beloved and regretted by all who knew him, to place himself at the latter. There he has since that time expounded the scriptures in a school which has generally held about eighty children, who would otherwise have been neglected; and these he has trained up in the fear of God. Besides obtaining about £20 yearly from the school, he has cultivated an acre of poor land, from the produce of which he has fatted a few pigs, and he has sometimes made from £4 to £8 per annum by the sale of flour. With this small income he has done much good. First, he induced the people of the parish of Kilgwrrwg to repair their church, the nearest to Devanden, and then in a ruinous state. When they had repaired it, he gave a set of benches for the poor, erected a small gallery, and presented a velvet cover for the communion table at the cost of about £30. But the people of Devanden living at a distance from the church, still spent the Sabbath in idleness and sport. To remedy this evil, Mr. Davies, in 1828, undertook to fit up a school-room as a chapel, which was in fact opened for divine worship, March 11, 1829. But this, besides costing him £45, turned him out of his home, for he had hitherto possessed no other house. He was now therefore obliged to build himself a small cottage; and when this was done, feeling it painful to his mind to conduct the ordinary duties of a day-school, in a place of worship, he determined to build another school-room. His known character soon procuring subscriptions, the room was shortly raised; and since that time a new chapel has been built and consecrated. Thus the children of Devanden have received their education, and the people the blessing of public worship mainly through his zeal. While he has cared for his neighbours, he has had a heart too to pity the heathen. When, in 1820, he began to read of missions to his scholars and his neighbours, the children contributed about twenty shillings within the year, and with these contributions he brought his own annual subscription of 12s. and a donation of £5. The second year, he brought the contributions as before, and added his donation of £10. The third year, in which this part of his memoir was written, the subscriptions having fallen short, he made up the deficiency, and brought £5. besides: and since that period, as I have been informed by a gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood, he has from time to time renewed these munificent donations.

ART. VII.—*Journal of a March from Delhi to Peshawur, and thence to Cabul; with the Mission of Lieut.-Colonel Sir C. M. Wade, including Travels in the Punjab, a Visit to the City of Lahore, and a Narrative of Operations in the Kyber Pass, undertaken in* 1839. By Lieut. WILLIAM BARR, Bengal Horse Artillery. Madden.

THE date of Lieutenant Barr's Journal, and much of the country through which he marched, forbid the expectation that there will be any considerable information of a novel nature in the volume. In as far as Affghanistan is concerned, the subject is nearly worn-out, although other parts are included that have a present, indeed a growing interest. The author's route, given in the rough, will indicate this; its line being Delhi, Loodianah, Lahore, Rotas, Attock, and Peshawur, and afterwards along the usual road to Cabul by Jellalabad, the same by which our army, at last victorious, left the country where we had experienced unparallelled disasters. The march, however, through the Punjab, brings immediately before us, a territory and a people that are at present engaging much of the attention of our Indian rulers, there being every prospect of problems thence accruing that will force themselves upon the British politician, of more difficult solution, than those which for some space of time had their field in Scinde. The late campaign at Gwalior was sharp, short, and decisive. The British forces fought two battles, and compelled a complete submission in less than a month. The house of Scindiah has ceased to reign as an independent power, and will no doubt take its place for the future among those humbled states whose every action is under the control of the British Government. But we mistake, if a final tranquillization of Upper India has been effected by the late vigorous measures, and are persuaded that these will prove like many similar feats of arms in that land, only the motives for future appeals to the sword, and to which issue revolution after revolution may probably succeed in proper oriental fashion, were it but through boy-kings and ambitious prime ministers. In the mean while, we learn from Lieutenant Barr's book, that his march, during the first part of his journey, was characterised by difficulty in procuring facilities for crossing rivers and other obstacles thrown in the way by Sikh jealousy of our people; for however willing and prompt Runjeet Singh may have been to co-operate with his British allies, it is clear that his servants and inferior officers regarded them with strong suspicion and dislike. For example, a considerable delay took place on the banks of the Sutledge before means of transport could be obtained. The pause, however, was productive of this benefit, that it allowed of an opportunity for observing with some degree of closeness, not only the nature of the boundary stream; but the Sikh population. Hence the following particulars:

The single boat still plies across the river, which is now about five hundred yards broad, the Beas flowing into it a short distance above; but, in the rainy season, it must average from one mile and a half to two miles. Porpoises are to be seen playing in its waters; and to while away the tediousness of our detention, we are fain to amuse ourselves with watching their antics, as well as to observe the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers from the solitary ferry-boat. From the specimens it has brought over, we have unanimously pronounced the Sikhs to be a fine, handsome-looking race, with a cast of countenance resembling that of the Jews; their manliness of appearance being increased by the magnificent beards and moustachios which they wear. Their fondness for showy and gaudy colours is excessive, especially amongst the higher class; and usually consists of a yellow, orange, crimson, or other bright-coloured robe, with a turban to correspond: most of these articles being composed of silk stuffs. The majority carried a spear or sword, and shield; and a few wore a curious sort of plume, about a foot high, the top of which, from its arrangement, very much resembles the flower of the cockscomb, but the remaining part being bare, gives it too much of a ragged appearance to look well. Of the females we saw but few, and from the carefulness with which they enveloped their faces, as well as from the stiffness of their gait, we concluded they were but too happy to conceal their age behind their mantles.

It afterwards appeared, however, that the Sikh ladies are not so shy as the Lieutenant was at first led to conjecture; for at one town, (Harikè) where there are several ponds, he saw "a party of grown-up women bathing themselves without a single article of covering on; nor did our presence seem at all to disconcert them, for they went on with their ablutions as if quite unconscious of the indelicacy of the act." He adds, "such, however, is a common occurrence in the Punjab."

We have to mention that Lieutenant Barr, at a moment when he had the least possible thoughts of active service, was ordered to attach himself to Col. Wade's auxiliary force, which was intended to effect a diversion in favour of Sir John Keane's army by menacing Cabul from the Punjab and the Khyber Pass. This force was of a medley description, consisting of Runjeet Singh's contingent, a number of new levies that British officers were endeavouring to drill and discipline, with the view of forming an army for a son of Shah Shoojàh's, and several detachments from the Company's service. This heterogeneous army our author had to overtake at Peshawur, afterwards accompanying them on the march through the Khyber Pass, and the route subsequently rendered so memorably disastrous on the retreat of the British.

It required but a brief acquaintance with the motley band to satisfy the Lieutenant, or rather to show to the reader, that the Maharajah's contingent was of little use, and that the men were cowardly; that the new levies, who had been bribed by British gold to enlist for the

Shah-zada in order to indicate the loyalty of the Affghans towards his father, were a parcel of treacherous vagabonds; and, in short, that the whole scheme was miserably followed up as well as prematurely and foolishly projected. It is, besides constituting one of the original narratives of the Affghan campaign, because of the side lights that unconsciously are now and then let out relative to the motives and means of the entire enterprise, that the volume is to be welcomed; while, together with this higher value, it furnishes an agreeable example of soldierlike writing, being unaffected, plain, and pertinent. Sometimes, however, it fatigues on account of the hackneyed nature of the topics; while, owing to the comparatively trifling nature of the events described, it cannot rank with any one of several works to which the Affghan invasion has given birth.

As already observed, the state of the Punjab is the subject of most immediate importance; for even this part of the country, as well as the district of Peshawur, while under the iron and unmolested rule of Runjeet Singh, appears to have been lawless and the scene of savage barbarities. What then must it be by this time, after his death, and amid the most violent distractions? It is manifest that whatever government may establish itself in "the kingdom of the five waters," will have work enough prepared daily to occupy its hands, not to speak of by-gone grievances and the accumulations of past and current times. There are several orders of banded ruffians or ferocious fanatics that are singly formidable. This of the Akallies, who have recently very much increased:

For three or four miles before arriving at the imperial city of the Punjab the country around presented one scene of ruins, nothing being visible but confused heaps of brick, with here and there a mosque or mausoleum in a half decayed state, but still bearing traces of former magnificence, and pointing out where one of the most ancient cities in Hindostan had existed. In one of these tombs of a large size, and in better repair than the majority, a gang of Akallies (a tribe of religious fanatics peculiar to the Punjab, and of a character approaching to the fakeer of India) had taken up their abode. These people are of a low caste; but somehow or other have contrived to obtain a degree of power which renders them formidable; and as on account of their sacred character they are nearly, if not totally, exempted from all punishments for their misdeeds, they have become insolent and overbearing almost beyond endurance. As we passed by, some of them hurled at us a vocabulary of words which no doubt contained epithets of a most disrespectful nature; but being in a language unknown to us, we were perfectly content to remain in ignorance of their meaning. Captain Ferris seeing a fire in the place, directed his Syce to procure a light for his cigar, but on the man's attempting to take one, the Akallies vociferated loudly and turned him out *sans cérémonie*. They dress somewhat like the fakeer, occasionally besmearing themselves with ashes; but the generality wear more clothes and a conical turban of a peculiar but elegant shape, which they don with much

taste; and several suspend on it two or three sharp quoits, which they throw with such great dexterity as to render them at close quarters most formidable weapons.

A specimen of Sikh justice:

On reaching Futtehgurh, I halted beneath its walls, for the purpose of giving the troop-horses a feed; and whilst here, a scene most revolting to human nature occurred within twenty yards of my position, and which I grieve to say I had no means of preventing; indeed, the tragedy had well-nigh concluded before I was aware of what was going on. It appeared that the previous evening a party of Khyberries had made a successful foray, and had carried off a number of camels belonging to one of the regiments that formed the garrison of the fort, and also a couple of Sikh soldiers, who had the care of them. Immediately it became known, a detachment was ordered out in pursuit; but meeting with none of the marauders, they had, in their stead, captured two of their enemies' tribe, who were quietly pursuing the "even tenour of their way," and had had nothing whatever to say to the robbery. These unfortunates, having been kept in close custody the whole of the night, were next morning, when I halted at the fort, removed from the place they had been confined in, and dragged by their ferocious captors to a spot at no great distance from where I was standing. I saw the crowd advance, but imagined the Sikh soldiers who composed it were *mutineers* on their way to Peshawur; though I was at a loss to guess the meaning of the dried bushes that they were carrying with them, and as for the wretched prisoners I did not observe them. The Sikhs, on stopping, immediately formed a circle, which was too dense for my vision to penetrate, and not caring to know what was going on, I had turned away from the scene. Presently loud vociferations of "Putthur se maro!"—"Stone them to death!" caused me to look in this direction again; and then a fierce flame was lapping the air far above the heads of the spectators. Convinced that some cruel work was going on, I accosted a respectably dressed Sikh, who was standing in a most unconcerned manner near me; and to my question as to what they were doing, he replied with perfect indifference, "Burning a couple of Khyberries;" and then related how the miserable wretches had fallen into their hands. I expressed my detestation of the cruel punishment; when he added, "Why should we not? the same fate has by this time attended the Khalsas that were captured last night." Such are the consequences of the bitter hatred that exists between these natives: but I was afterwards glad to learn that the suffering of one of the victims, in this instance had terminated most speedily, for in his agony he had burst his bonds, and madly rushing against his enemies, was instantly felled to the earth by a dozen sabres. The other was not so fortunate; but his torments were less than five minutes in duration, (then, *what* torments!) as the dried thorns produced a fire of exceeding fierceness, that must have destroyed him almost at once.

Social conditions may be construed from what we now cite:

Within a few yards of our encampment, we had a specimen of Eastern barbarity, in an individual who was hanging by the heels to a tree, and who had

apparently been left to die in that dreadful situation. He seemed to have been a man advanced in years, as his beard and hair were grizzled; but as he had been suspended about a month, his features were not distinct, and rendered less so through being mutilated by birds of prey. The bystanders told us he had been thus punished for murdering a child and stealing the silver ornaments which encircled its ankle, and wrists: if so, he deserved his death, but the method employed to effect it could only emanate from a most uncivilized nation.

Characteristic executions:—

As we approached Dingie, our attention was called to a small crowd, principally of women and children; and on riding up to see the cause of their assembling, perceived in the midst of them a man stretched on the ground at full length, who had half an hour before been deprived of both his hands, as a punishment for the crime of stealing. A few quiverings about the muscles of his legs were all that betokened he still existed: but he was insensible, and no wonder, as he had bled profusely; and he was thus being inhumanly left to perish, as no one dared to assist him. The block, a rude piece of wood, was lying by his side; but the hands had been carried off, for the purpose of being exposed near the spot where he had committed the depredation. We consulted about bringing him into camp, and I directed my native doctor to do so; but, on attempting to remove the poor wretch, we were told the sentence was the law of the land, and that we had no business to interfere. This was true; but we subsequently heard, with much satisfaction, that a few of his friends had secretly conveyed him away; and that there is a chance of his life, as they would, immediately they were able, insert his stumps into boiling oil to allay the bleeding. I fear, however, the chance is but slight.

Two other executions, though unattended with the barbarous mutilations above detailed, had taken place at the same time; and it will hardly be credited that the punishment of death these unfortunate individuals suffered, was awarded to them for the crime of having killed a cow! but such was the case; and the deluded Sikhs consider the blood they have just shed as called for to appease the anger of their deity, insulted in its representative, a four-footed creature of the earth! The road led us nearly beneath a tree, on which the body of one of the offenders was suspended, and where it will remain as a warning to others, until devoured by carrion birds, or it falls to pieces under the influence of time: the other was hanged at the opposite side of the town.

An anecdote will serve to show Runjeet Singh's partial feelings towards those Europeans, at least, who engage in his service.

On a certain occasion, the Maharajah had issued an order that no horses should be allowed to enter the precincts of the palace-yard; but this Captain La F., who commands an infantry regiment, did not hear, or did not attend to; and one day, on his riding to durbar, was, of course, stopped by the sentry on duty; he, however, instead of dismounting, as was requested, felt nettled at being opposed by a native, and in the heat of the moment, and in

a most unmilitary manner, laid his whip rather smartly across the soldier's back. Intelligence of this outrage was immediately conveyed to the Maharajah's ears, by persons ever on the alert to throw odium on the Europeans; but he, instead of being angry, directed the instant admittance of La F. and his charger; adding, that he did not intend the mandate should apply to Feringhees; he also, in the most delicate manner, waited till his chiefs had withdrawn, and then told La F. of the order he had given; at the same time remarking, he was aware of his conduct; and adding, he was not, on any account, to beat his sepoys again.

We eschew speculation with regard to the future policy and progress of the British in India. But it cannot be forbidden to note features of the past, or to announce facts. In about two hundred years we have rendered ourselves in India sovereigns of a territory containing a population equal to more than half of all Europe. And this still more general remark may be offered:—In most parts of the globe to which the spirit of commercial adventure has led us, finding nations in all degrees of civilization, one of two things has happened: we have gone on trading with them till some quarrel having arisen, our superior knowledge has enabled us easily to master them; or, finding them in a state of civilization equal to, or not far short of our own, we have continued the commercial intercourse, regulated by certain rules recognized by a considerable portion of the nations of the earth which style themselves civilized. The former result has occurred in the case of the nations of India, as well as of some African and American tribes; the latter in that of the European nations, and some of those of Asia and Africa which border on the Mediterranean. The only exception was offered in the case of China; for although our first intercourse with the flowery empire dates nearly as far back as that with India, we did not till very recently acquire an inch of territory, the acknowledgment of a single commercial relation on a footing of equality, nor the privilege of being viewed in any other light than that of a pack of intrusive, mean, pedling, pettifogging foreigners.

Art VIII.

1. *Speech of the* Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, *on the Sugar Duties,* June 1844.

2. *Thoughts on Slavery and Cheap Sugar.* By James Ewing Ritchie. London: Aylott and Jones. 1844.

The question discussed in the speech and pamphlet, the titles of which are quoted at the head of this article, involves several considerations of the utmost importance to all classes in this country; affecting not merely the interests of our colonial possessions and our manufacturing industry, (in the welfare of which every one in the community is more or less directly concerned,) as well as our relations with foreign powers, but bearing irresistibly upon the great moral and religious principles appealed to in the warfare against slavery and the revolting traffic in the human species. In dealing with this subject her Majesty's ministers have had to encounter difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. Several contending interests pressed forward clamorously their opposing claims;—one demanding a higher scale of protection to West India sugar—the other urging the propriety of reducing the discriminating duties, and of affording free ingress into British ports to the sugars of Cuba and Brazil. The government however have adhered to their purpose; and, undismayed by a hostile vote, pressed forward and carried on the night of the 17th June, the resolution submitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons; the principle of which seems to be, that there shall be a full and constant supply of sugar in the home market at a moderate price; but that in seeking to secure that supply the fair protection which our West India colonies are entitled to shall not be lost sight of; that no step shall be taken calculated to depress the revenue until the time for discussing the question whether the property tax shall be rendered a permanent impost or not shall have arrived; and that sugar the produce of slave labour ought to be excluded from England till we have, by means of extensive free emigration from the East Indies, worked out the grand problem, whether free labour be *cheaper* than labour supplied by the frightful slave trade, and demonstrated to the inhuman wretches who at present wring their profits out of the blood of negro victims, that it is their *interest* to listen to the pleadings of human nature. The resolutions adopted by the House of Commons is in effect as follows:

That towards raising the supply granted to her Majesty, the several duties now payable on sugar be further continued for a time to be limited, save and except that from and after the 10th day of November next there shall be charged on brown Muscovado or clayed sugar, certified to be the growth of China, Java, or Manilla, or of any other foreign country, the sugar of which

her Majesty in council shall have declared to be admissible as not being the produce of slave labour, the hundred weight £1 14s., together with an additional duty of £5 per centum on the afore-mentioned rate.

That from and after the 10th day of November next her Majesty be authorized, by order in council, to give effect to the provisions of any treaty now in force which binds her Majesty to admit sugar, the produce of foreign countries, at the same duties as are imposed on sugar the produce of the most favoured nation.

In order to ascertain what will be the probable results of this resolution, it will be necessary to examine it in relation to the several interests concerned.

I. *The Home Market:* how will the supply and price of sugar in this country be affected by the change?

II. *The West India Colonies:* how will it operate upon the interests of our colonial possessions?

III. *British Commerce:* in what position are the merchant and manufacturer placed by the cabinet measure?

IV. *The Revenue:* to what extent are the finances of the kingdom concerned?

V. *The Slave Trade:* Lastly, what will be the bearing of Sir Robert Peel's policy on the slave trade?

In submitting his resolutions to the House of Commons, Mr. Goulburn remarked, "that it would be his duty to reconcile the measures which would be taken to secure an ample supply of sugar, with the principles on which the government had acted in resistance to the Slave Trade, and also with the interests of those who had invested their capital in the colonial possessions of the country, and which it was the duty, as he believed it was the inclination, of the House to uphold."

That the supply of sugar to the British market has hitherto been too limitted to meet the wants of the population, it is impossible to doubt. Although sugar is an article of what has been termed universal consumption—one at least which the mass of the people are desirous of making use of, as far as their means will allow, the amount imported has remained stationary, if it has not receded—notwithstanding the increase in the population. Upon some occasions, in consequence of the limited supply, prices rose to an exorbitant amount. In 1840 the price of sugar in London rose higher than it had been during any previous year from 1817; and at one period there was not a month's consumption of West India sugar in bond. The subjoined table of the amount of sugar imported from British plantations and Mauritius, from the East Indies and foreign countries, from the year 1831 to 1841, will exhibit these facts in a striking light, and at the same time indicate the extent to which we have hitherto been dependent upon foreigners for our supply:

Years.	Quantities of Sugar retained for actual consumption in the United Kingdom.			Net revenue from Duties on Sugar.
	British Plantation and Mauritius.	British East India.	Foreign.	
	CWT.	CWT.	CWT.	
1831	3,667,396	113,536	79	4,650,590
1832	3,575,329	79,600	605	4,394,338
1833	3,553,450	98,283	71	4,414,302
1834	3,620,522	121,007	50	4,559,392
1835	3,757,851	98,680	31	4,667,900
1836	3,378,144	110,522	33	4,184,165
1837	3,684,712	270,055	43	4,760,565
1838	3,491,225	418,375	65	4,656,892
1839	3,348,298	477,252	49	4,586,936
1840	3,074,198	518,320	2,316	4,449,070
1841	2,992,142	1,066,032	257	.....

According to a recent statement by Mr. James Macqueen, a competent authority on such subjects, the consumption of sugar by each person in the United Kingdom at the present moment, does not average more than 17½ lb. There can be little doubt that if any considerable reduction in prices were to take place, the annual average consumption of this article, used for so many domestic purposes, and employed by the poor in every meal at which they can afford to consume it, would soon reach 50 lbs. Returns collected with much care by Mr. Macqueen, exhibit the following statement as to the consumption of sugar in Europe and the United States of America; from which it will be seen, that though there is more sugar per head used in the British Isles than in any other European nation, the amount is still under that of the United States:—

United Kingdom . . .	17 lbs.	to each person	yearly.
United States	20½ lbs.	do.	do.
France	10 lbs.	do.	do.
Spain and Portugal . . .	10 lbs.	do.	do.
Germany, Italy, and Belgium	8 lbs.	do.	do.
Russia, Prussia, and Austria .	4½ lbs.	do.	do.
Turkey and Mediterranean	4 lbs.	do.	do.

That we can have no difficulty in attracting to our markets a full supply of the best sugar is obvious, when we take a glance at the various sugar producing countries, and estimate the quantities of the sugar cane capable of being raised by them. In the year 1839 the weight of sugar exported by the several countries of the world was supposed to be—British sugar colonies, 3,571,378 cwt., British

India 519,126 cwt. Danish West Indies 450,000 cwt. Dutch ditto, 260,060 cwt. French sugar colonies 2,160,000 cwt. United States of America 900,000 cwt. Brazil 2,400,000 cwt. Spanish West Indies 4,481,342. Java 892,475. For internal consumption, exclusive of China, India, Siam, Java, and United States, 2,446,337. Total 18,080,658.

The Government, it will be seen on reference to the terms of the resolution cited, have at present chiefly in view the three foreign free-labour countries of China, Manilla (the capital of the Philippine Islands), and Java; and all the information of which we are in possession, leads to the conclusion that these countries are able to furnish us with a large amount of this valuable article. More intimate acquaintance with the vast and populous empire of China, leads us to expect that a considerable quantity of sugar, in exchange for articles of British manufacture, will find their way into our ports, although it is at present difficult to form anything like an accurate opinion as to the amount that may come from China,—which some allege *imports* sugar from Cochin China and Siam.

The productive powers of Java and Manilla, are doubted by no one. "Labour," remarks John Gladstone, Esq., "is so abundant and cheap in these Islands, that it appears by the latest advices that Muscovado sugars may be purchased at the last for 8s. per cwt., and yellow clayeds for 12s.; shipping charges and freight and insurance to bring them here, about 5s. more; which, when the protecting duty of 10s. 6d. is added, brings them to 23s. 6d. and 27s. 6d.—rates," he continues, "with which it is at present impossible for the West India planters to compete." Assuming Mr. Gladstone's calculations to be correct, Java and Manilla sugar could be sold in London, after paying duty and the merchant's profit, at 50s. per cwt.; or nine shillings and nine pence three farthings per cwt. lower than the average price of brown or Muscovado sugar during the month of June!

At present the scale of duties stands thus:—on all British Colonial produce 24s. per cwt.,—on all foreign, 63s. per cwt. In future the duties on sugar will be:—

On the produce of British colonies . . . . . 24s. per cwt.
On the produce of Foreign countries employing FREE LABOUR 34s. per cwt.
On the produce of countries employing slave labour. . . 63s. per cwt.

The adoption of these duties will unquestionably secure a plentiful supply of sugar in our markets, and afford the British public a guarantee that prices (if they do not fall at present very materially), shall not rise above what are considered fair and moderate charges.

However gratifying these prospects may be to the consumers of

sugar, the aspect of our West Indian possessions, regarded with reference to the contemplated changes, is not, we regret to say, a pleasing or satisfactory one. Happy as have been the moral and religious results of the great act of Negro emancipation, it is unfortunately established beyond all controversy, that the great interests of the West Indies are verging towards the brink of ruin. Many estates have been permitted to lie uncultivated; the majority yielding no profit on the capital invested. On twelve estates the losses on the year ending April, 1844, have been ascertained to be—first estate, £315 17s. 1d; second, £2,420 17s.; third, £832 2s.; fourth, £5,083 8s. 2d; fifth, £3,470 12s; sixth, £3,444 17s. 5d.; seventh, £8,018 2s. 4d; eighth, £10,301 8s. 2d.; ninth, £2,255 18s. 9d; tenth, £442 11s. 9d.; eleventh, £478 12s. 6d.; twelfth, £770 18s. 5d. The Earl of Harewood has publicly stated that he has latterly been *losing twelve hundred a year* by his estate in Jamaica, and that in consequence of this state of things he has ordered the estate to lie fallow! Indeed, we find it asserted by a high free-trade authority, *that at present sugar can be produced in Cuba at half the price at which it can be cultivated in the British West India Isles.*

How can we account for this? Has the great and philanthropic experiment of Slave emancipation, as the enemies of freedom allege, failed? Is it true, after all, as the man-stealers have asserted and as the abolitionists of the slave trade and all slavery have denied, that slave labour is cheaper than the labour of free men? We by no means admit either that emancipation has been a failure or that slave labour, supplied by kidnapping, is cheaper than free labour. The present state of things in the West Indies appears to be solely the result of the LIMITED SUPPLY OF LABOUR, occasioned by the disinclination of the negroes to the continuous toil necessarily demanded by the cultivation of the sugar cane:

> The first consequence of emancipation was the formation of a middle class where it had not before existed, *which middle class was entirely subtracted from the agricultural population.* 718,525 human beings were emancipated in our sugar colonies, including the Mauritius, *of whom one-fourth were immediately absorbed in the formation of a middle class.* Hence the deficiency in labour which at present affects the West India Islands.—*Ritchie's Slavery and Cheap Sugar*, p. 24.

One fourth of the labouring population having withdrawn from the cultivation of sugar, and the West India proprietors being debarred from supplying themselves with more labourers, labour consequently became more expensive and less certain—especially as the emancipated labourer, in the occupation of provision grounds, was able in two days to earn as much as would maintain his family for a week:—

At present wages in these islands are unnaturally high. They cannot, however, long remain so. We are glad to learn that the negroes are well off; but it cannot be expected that the West India monopoly should be continued merely that the emancipated slave may drink at his ease his Madeira or Champagne. It will be well for him if he prepares himself for the change that must shortly come. It is not to be expected that the proprietor who cultivates his estate at a loss, should continue to employ his capital without return. Unless there is a change, that capital must be withdrawn; and, thrown upon his own resources, the negro labourer will sink into a state of degradation hopeless and complete.—*Ritchie's Slavery, &c.* p. 26.

The West India proprietors then have had to bear up under enhanced cost in the cultivation of their sugars, reduction in the quantity raised, and at the same time deterioration in the quality. "The conditions attached, and restrictions placed in the way, of procuring additional labourers from other quarters, proved to be such as to render fruitless every effort that was made to do so. The planters were thus placed under the power of their people, by whom they were forced to pay wages much higher than those paid elsewhere for free labour, such as they could not afford, but with the option of paying them or abandoning the cultivation of their estates; since it is well known that without regular and continuous labour, it is impossible to cultivate the cane to advantage, or beneficially to conduct the manufacture of sugar."

That the negroes will not, where they can avoid it, subject themselves to the toil of cultivating sugar, seems in some measure to be corroborated by the history of Hayti, better known as Hispaniola, or St. Domingo. Sugar was once cultivated in that island to a large extent; the greater part of the land being well adapted for its cultivation. Prior to the year 1789, the annual export of sugar from the island was 1,296,360 cwts. or about 65,000 hogsheads of a ton each. The trade, however, has entirely ceased since the declaration of freedom, and there is no sugar exported from Hayti. Coffee and cotton do not require the same degree of attention or labour as sugar; they are commodities raised with little labour and little capital; we therefore find that the negroes, whenever circumstances admit of their doing so, abandon the culture of sugar, and betake themselves to the less irksome employments of growing cotton and coffee.

If prompt measures are not taken to supply the market of the West India Islands with efficient cheap labour, we fear that in a few years the lines applied by Mr. John Chandler (a zealous friend of the anti-slavery cause, who visited Hayti in the year 1840,) to describe the condition of the Haytians, will be too truly applicable to the black population of the British West Indies—those colonies which have cost Great Britain so vast an expenditure of treasure and blood, and which for centuries Englishmen have regarded as the most valuable possession of the British crown:—

Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame,
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
And love and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.

The West India Colonies want a full supply of labour. Abundance of free labourers can be procured without difficulty; and when the sugar plantations have passed through the transition state in which we now see them, there is no reason to fear that free labour will not be able to compete with the labour of slaves. Though Lord Brougham somewhat overshot the mark, when, in 1838, he spoke of crowds of labourers from the East, able by their habits "to work for little and live upon nothing"—of men habituated all their lives "to subsist upon a handful of rice and a pinch of pepper"—it is well ascertained that there are thousands of hardy labourers in our own possessions, ready to carry their labour to the Western market.

In many parts of the East labourers may be hired at three-halfpence and two-pence a day. From the evidence given before the West African Committee, we learn, that wages average from two-pence to four-pence a day in our three settlements on the coast of Africa. The cost of the slave in Cuba or Brazil equals this. Let the experiment be fairly tried, and it will soon be evident that slave labour must be driven out of the market.—*Ritchie's Slavery, &c.* p. 24.

The West India proprietors will now be able to understand their position. Parliament has announced to them the amount of protection which they may hope to see maintained—viz. ten shillings on each hundred weight of sugar; and at the same time has made known to the British producers that it means to restrict the competition with which they will have to contend to the free-labour sugar of foreign countries.

The produce of Cuba and Brazil will continue to be excluded by this new rule—for the governments of those countries will not compel their subjects to abandon the slave trade, and they refuse to

listen to any negociation embracing a recommendation to abolish slavery. But if we exclude the sugars of Brazil and Cuba, is there not reason to apprehend that British manufactures will be shut out from Brazilian and Cuban ports? Our trade with Brazil now amounts to about £5,000,000 annually;—how far is this trade placed in jeopardy? The Brazilian government have announced their determination of raising the amount of duties on the admission of articles of British manufactures, it is true; but we are of opinion that our trade with Brazil will not, and cannot be destroyed, or even seriously injured, by any mere change in the Brazilian custom-house regulations; firstly, because Brazil is not a manufacturing country and does not at present possess the elements for becoming one; secondly, because England can supply manufactured goods better and cheaper than any other country. Besides, it must not be forgotten that we receive a very large amount of the commodities of Brazil—the preparation of which does not depend upon, nor necessarily tend to encourage the slave trade. As long as England affords a market to the coffees, drugs, wood, cotton, and hides of Brazil, it is scarcely probable that she will decline to receive from this country the cottons, linens, hardware, and woollens, which she requires. When she presses us to admit her sugars, we reply, "free yourself from the stains of the slave trade and slavery, and immediately our ports are open to you!

In estimating the commercial results likely to accrue from the Government measure, we must not omit to take into account the expansion of British trade pretty nearly certain to follow the establishment of a traffic in sugar with Manilla and China. In 1837, the population of the Philippine Islands, subject to Spain, was 3,202,760 souls; and since that period the islands have advanced in population and commercial prosperity—circumstances that seem favourable to British enterprise.

No considerable augmentation of revenue can be anticipated from the new duties for some time. The increase from the East will probably be counterbalanced by a diminution of the revenue arising from West India produce, in consequence of diminished production and short crops. But eventually, the duties on the imports from China, Java, and Manilla, cannot fail to bring a considerable sum to the exchequer.

Sir Robert Peel is censured strongly for attempting to draw a distinction between the produce of free-labour and slave-labour states. The pamphlet of Mr. Ritchie is published as an expostulation to the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, urging that important body of disinterested philanthropists not to throw the weight of their influence into the minister's scale; and a large section of those who have hitherto been the warmest advocates for the extermination of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery, call upon the

minister to abandon a hopeless contest with the slave dealers of Cuba and Brazil. We think that the motives which have influenced the Government are not properly estimated, and that the consequences of opening the British markets to the sugars of these two countries have not been fully considered. We have spent upwards of £15,000,000 in carrying out the slave preventive system—but all to no purpose. It is a melancholy fact that the SLAVE TRADE flourishes this moment in all its appalling atrocities as vigorously as ever. "Millions of money," to employ the words of Sir Fowell Buxton, "and multitudes of lives have been sacrificed, and in return for all, we have only the afflicting conviction that the slave trade is as far as ever from being suppressed." We pray those who are become indifferent respecting this fearful traffic, to ponder on the following narrative, extracted from "Fifty Days on Board a Slaver,"—a publication by the Rev. P. G. Hill, chaplain of her Majesty's ship, Cleopatra. The circumstance he relates took place in the April of last year, when the Progresso, slaver, was captured in the Mozambique Channel by the Cleopatra;—

A squall approached, of which I and others who had laid down on deck received warning by a few heavy drops of rain. Then ensued a scene the horrors of which it is impossible to depict. The hands having to shorten sail suddenly, uncertain as to the force of the squall, found the poor helpless creatures lying about the deck an obstruction to getting at the ropes, and doing what was required. This caused the order to send them all below, which was immediately obeyed. The night, however, being intensely hot and close, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold, twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and only three feet and a half in height, speedily began to make an effort to reissue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway in the fore-part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press, and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length fourteen inches, and barely six inches in breadth, and in some instances succeeded. The cries—the heat, I may say without exaggeration, the smoke of their torment—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequences would be "many deaths." Thursday, April 13th (Holy Thursday,) the Spaniard's prediction of last night, this morning was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses were lifted up from the slave deck; some were brought to the gangway and thrown overboard; some were emaciated from disease; many were bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled—their hands still grasping each others throats—and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out; they had been trampled to death, for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in

the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea; some still quivering were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths.

Now, when we know to a moral certainty, that if we admit into England the sugars of Brazil and Cuba, this abominable and bloody trade will at once be doubled, are we not bound to pause and ask the God of mercy are we justified, with such a certainty before our eyes, in taking a step that will be attended with such results? The slave driver is deaf to every augument that does not touch his interests—is it impossible that the difference in the duties on free-labour and on slave-labour sugars may induce him to consider whether, on the whole, it may not be for his interest to employ the labour of free men?

The fact that her Majesty's Government have declared the produce of every free-labour state in the world, admissible at a moderate duty, will show to foreign countries, that they are actuated by no selfish motives in excluding slave-trade sugar; and will, we would humbly venture to hope, hasten the time when liberty, hand-in-hand with Christian truth, "will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!" The question, as Sir J. F. Buxton remarks, presents itself in this form:—

"Shall England, which has hitherto been the only hope of Africa—which has cheerfully paid £20,000,000 for the emancipation of her own slaves, which has, as some of us think, derived more true glory from this, than from Trafalgar or Waterloo—shall this England, which has hitherto thought no labours and no sacrifices too great for the accomplishment of this special object, now turn round, and by a single act, do more for the promotion of the slave-trade than she has ever done for its suppression; and be the very means of pouring down upon Africa a more aggravated load of misery, ruin, crime, and desolation, than she has ever yet endured?"

Art. VIII.

1. *Excursions through the Slave States of America.* By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., F.G.S. Murray. 2vols. 8vo. 1844.
2. *A Letter to the Chairman of the Anti-Slavery Meeting, Glasgow,* from Judge O'Neall, South Carolina, U. S. May 1st, 1844.

The abolition of slavery in the United States of America, is certainly one of the most difficult and complicated subjects, our all-reforming age has to grapple with. It brings into collision the general laws of humanity with the fundamental principles of civil society: the right of property. It opposes national freedom to national resources, and advocates privileges (with no apparent benefit) for one class of society, at the expense and certain loss of the other, as we shall see in the sequel.

But it is certainly a very erroneous opinion (which seems to prevail even in the United States themselves) that by the fundamental laws of the Union, Congress has no right to decide on the slave question. It is true, that certain rights and functions are by the American constitution conceded to the individual states, *i. e.* to their governors and legislative assemblies, but in what these rights consist, has been a bone of contention among the different parties ever since the administration of George Washington. The individual states, though *sovereign*, are nevertheless not allowed to maintain an army or navy of their own, to conclude a commercial treaty with other nations, to issue coin, or to make regulations at variance with the laws of the Union in general. Congress is, on the other hand, not allowed to meddle in the *internal* affairs of the states, or to issue laws endangering their independence. A compact couched in such general terms, is naturally open to misinterpretations, and the abolitionists are of opinion, that the continuance of slavery in the southern states, endangers the prosperity and existence of the *Union* in general, and that the question thus necessarily comes within the reach, and belongs to the *Forum* of Congress.

As the question resolves itself into three peculiar points,—pecuniary, moral, and political, we shall begin our examination with the former, and treat the question, for the present, purely in a *material* point of view. The first inquiry that presents itself to our consideration, is then the question: whether the national resources of the United States would be materially affected by the abolition of slavery; in other words, whether slavery is a necessary condition of the agricultural prosperity of the southern and south-western states of the Union; considering that these slave provinces furnish by themselves, 80 millions of dollars' worth in cotton alone, consequently 4-5ths of the annual exportation of the whole Union.

The following statistical table of the increase and decrease of the number of slaves in the various states of the Union, from 1789 to 1830, will greatly assist us in solving the question at issue:

State.	1790	1800	1810	1820	1830
Maine.....	..... *	.....	.....	.....	.....
New Hampshire..	158 †	8	.....	.....	.....
Vermont	17	.....	.....	.....	.....
Massachusetts ..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Rhode Island ..	952	381	103	48	17
Connecticut	2,759	951	310	97	25
New York.....	21,324	20,343	15,017	10,088	75
New Jersey	11,423	12,422	10,851	7,657	2,254
Pennsylvania	3,737‡	1,706	795	211	403
Delaware	8,887	6,453	4,177	4,509	3,292
Maryland	103,036	105,635	111,502	107,398	102,294
Virginia.....	203,427	345,796	392,518	425,153	469,757
N. Carolina	100,572	133,296	168,824	205,017	245,601
S. Carolina.....	107,094	146,151	196,365	258,475	315,401
Georgia	29,264	59,404	105,218	149,656	217,531
Alabama.....	.....	.....	.....	41,879	117,549
Mississippi.....	.....	3,489	17,088	32,814	65,659
Louisiana	.....	.....	34,660	69,064	109,588
Tennesee	3,417	13,584	44,535	80,107	141,603
Kentucky	11,830	4,034	80,561	126,732	165,213
Ohio.....	.....	.....	.....	... ..	.....
Indiana	.....	135	237	190	.....
Illinois	.....	.....	168	970	747‖
Missouri.....	.....	.....	3,011	10,222	25,081¶
Columbia	.....	3,244	5,395	6,377	6,119
Michigan	.....	.....	24§	.....	32
Arcansas.....	.....	.....	.....	1,617	4,576
Total	697,897	893,041	1,191,364	1,538,064	2,009,031
While the whole population of the United States amounted in these years	3,929,827	5,305,925	7,239,814	9,638,131	12,866,920

* Maine formed at that time one state with Massachussets, where slavery had already previously been abolished.

† Number of slaves remaining in that state at the time when slavery was abolished. The same is with regard to the number of slaves in all the other Northern states, as far down as Maryland.

‡ The Quakers and Germans had immigrated into this state already, be-

fore the war of the Revolution, and endeavoured, by emancipation, as well as by their own free labour, to diminish the number of slaves.

§ By the settlement of slave owners from the south.

|| There are, properly speaking, no slaves, but indentured coloured servants. In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, it is mostly owing to the activity of the Germans, that the introduction of Negro slaves had become an unprofitable affair, most of the Germans in Pennsylvania are abolitionists.

¶ This increase of more than double the number within ten years, has, even in modern times, greatly limited the immigration of the Germans.

A close inspection of the foregoing official table will enable us to draw the following conclusions.

1. That the climate and agricultural relation in the northern states have rendered slavery unprofitable in many of them, so that abolition of slavery was there effected without any material loss to the planters. The race of slaves has there become gradually extinct in consequence of the little employment they could find as free men in districts where even husbandry and agriculture are carried on by white people. Thus, the state of New Hampshire, ex. gr., counted in the year 1790, about 141,900 inhabitants* and among them 150 slaves, which latter had diminished in ten years to six, and became shortly after extinct altogether. In this state as well as in almost all those situated north to the Connecticut river, the winter lasts eight months, from the beginning of October to the end of May. The cold is usually from fifteen to twenty degrees below Zero (Fahrenheit), and the heat in the months of July and August, frequently exceeds 110 degrees Fahrenheit, while the change in the temperature is so rapid and frequent, that there is often twenty degrees difference within a few hours, from midday to evening. In this climate Negro slaves are a highly expensive and precarious property, bearing far less interest than the capital embarked in commerce and manufactures. The abolition of slavery in these states was consequently the natural result of their little value, as well as of the declaration of independence of the Union; by which latter, free scope was given to the American capitalist to employ his money also in foreign trade and manufactures.

2. That the number of slaves in Maryland (where slavery still exists,) is yearly diminishing, owing particularly to the increasing number of German settlers in the western part of that state. Thus, in the year 1790, the population of Maryland consisted of 319,728 souls, among which were 103,036 slaves; the latter thus forming about one third of the whole; while in 1830, when the population amounted to 447,040 souls, only 102,294 slaves were amongst them, being consequently less than one fourth of the whole.

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* This number, together with the whole of the preceding table, are taken from the official archives at Washington.

The climate and soil of that state are not favourable for the cultivation of cotton, and still less of rice or sugar. The chief productions are maise and tobacco. The price of the latter has become gradually more and more depressed by the competition in the culture of that article in Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia, while vast tracts of land in the east have become entirely impoverished and unfit for any other production by the previous culture of tobacco.

3. That although the absolute number of slaves in the district of Columbia, had nearly doubled in thirty years, from 3,244 to 6,119, their proportion to the white population had nevertheless decreased within that period; for, while that proportion was in 1800 as 3 to 14, it was in 1830 as 6 to 40, so that the proportion of the whites to the slaves had in that period increased by nearly the half.

4. That no new state, situated north to the river Potomac, such as Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, &c., ever even tried to introduce slavery, notwithstanding their constitutional right to do so, while on the contrary, all the new southern states, such as Tenessee, Alabama, Missouri, Arcansas, &c., owe their rapid flourishing rise chiefly to slavery; and that moreover the increase of the Negro population in these states had been more rapid and far greater than the white. Thus was in Virginia, ex. gr., the proportion of the Negroes to the total population in the year 1790 as 1 to $3\frac{3}{4}$, while in 1830 the proportion was as 1 to 2 3-5ths, an increase of more than one third. Nor must we forget that the earlier Negro population of this state, on this side of the Alleghany mountains, is closely condensed, the land lying west to the same being altogether cultivated by Germans or enterprising Yankees. This state supplies the greatest number of slaves for exportation to Mississippi, Missouri, and Alabama, whither more than 20,000 Negroes are annually transplanted.

The climate of Virginia is, perhaps, the most salubrious in the Union; and its very fertile soil is capable of being cultivated by white men.

Had the importation of slaves from Africa been permitted, Virginia would long since have abolished slavery as injurious to her prosperity. Now, however, she forms the *cradle* of slavery, paralyzing her commerce and industry, and degrading her talented citizens to mere slave-brokers. Should a law ever be passed, prohibiting the exportation of slaves from one state to another, Virginia would in that case be obliged to set free a part at least of her slaves for lack of employment. A sound negro of twenty to thirty years old, costs in average 300 dollars; and when the price of cotton was thirty cents per pound, a good Negro was paid for, even as high as 1,000 dollars.

The same is the case with Kentucky,* where the Negro population

* The climate being the same as that of Ohio, where thousands of Germans have settled and are doing well.

has increased from 1790 to 1830 nearly fourteen fold,—the whole population of that state amounting in 1790 to not more than 73,077 souls, while in 1830 it amounted to 687,917. Thus the proportion of slaves to the white, was, in 1790, as 1 to 6, and in 1830, as 6 to 25, or more than one fifth of the whole population.

If the new states of the south had not introduced slavery among themselves, by which means the price of the Negro slaves was increased, Kentucky, which sees on the one hand, the evils arising to her own prosperity from the existence of slavery in her territory, and on the other, the wholesome consequences of its abolition in her neighbouring state, Ohio,—Kentucky, we say, would likewise long since have abolished slavery altogether. Thus, the formation of the new states in the south only serves to favour slavery in the more northern slave states; while on the contrary, the formation of new states in the north, serves to counteract the baneful system.

5. That the slave population in the new and fertile states of the south increases even more rapidly than the white, rendering the *political* dominion of the latter over the former a matter of necessity. All the land, wealth, property, and political rights, belong exclusively to the *minority* of the population, a minority that becomes every year more so, and which can maintain themselves in the possession of their rights and property, only by a *moral* preponderance alone. At the time when slavery was abolished in the north, the Negroes formed but a slender portion in the various states—scarcely one tenth of the population, and in many states hardly even a twentieth part. The climate of the north is more favourable to the white than the black race; and it was easily anticipated that the minority of the Negroes would become more so in the process of time. No danger was, therefore, apprehended to accrue from their emancipation, and, even, concessions to them of some political privileges, for the white people. But such is not at all the case in the southern states, whose whole possessions, whose physical and civil existence rest on the existence of slavery. The minority forms there the *state*, and the majority the *property*.

The question is here not merely about the rights of certain classes of one and the same society, but about a *thing*, an *object*, to raise *it* to a *subject*, to a citizen of a democratic republic; to transform the *property* of the state into those who participated in it; to incorporate an entirely savage race, standing upon the lowest stage of civilization, with a people who have attained the highest degree of political developement. And this race, this property of the white, is yearly increasing at such a rate as to increase with them also the gain, labour, and jealousy of the white.

Thus, the state of South Carolina, ex. gr., which supplies the market with the best and finest cotton, counted in 1790, only 249,073 inhabitants, and among them 107,094 slaves. In 1830, the number of the population had increased to 581,185, among which were no

less than 315,401 slaves. The proportion of the slaves to the white was thus, in 1790, as 1 to 2-1 ninth or 7 to 15; while in 1830, the proportion was as 3 to 5.

The number of white has increased within 40 years from 141,979, to 265,784, consequently about 87 per cent., while the number of the black has increased within that same period from 107,183 to 315,401, consequently about 200 per cent., rendering thus the proportion of the increase of the black with that of the white, as 200 to 87, or about 2 3-tenths to 1.

In Tenessee, the black formed in 1790 scarcely a twelfth part of the whole population, while in 1830 they constituted aleady more than a fifth of the same. The white population had increased there in that period by more than 1805 per cent. (from 35,791 to 681,904), yet, notwithstanding the enormity of that increase of the white, it is comparatively insignificant to that of the black, which is not less than 4045 per cent.—or as 20 to 9 with regard to the white.

6. That the number of slaves in the whole Union—though ten States had abolished slavery, and four new ones had never introduced it—has increased from 700,000 to about two millions, until 1830, (or to more than three millions until now). The whole population of the Union amounted in 1790 to about three millions, the negroes forming little less than the fourth part of the number. In 1830, it had increased to thirteen millions, of which the negroes formed rather less than a sixth, and in the present more recent times, when the population is computed to about sixteen millions, the slaves form nearly one fifth of the whole. It is thus obvious, that with regard to the Union collectively, the number of slaves has certainly decreased, compared to that of the white population; nevertheless, that decrease is nowise in due proportion to the increased commerce, industry, wealth, civilization, and population of the Union.

An elaborate official statistical account of the production of cotton, as drawn up in 1837, by the Secretary of State, Mr. Woodbury, appeared in the Washington Globe, of the 23rd of October, 1837, of which the following are the results:—

	Of pounds.
In 1802 the production of cottons was	55,000,000
1803 „ „ „	60,000,000
1804 „ „ „	65,000,000
1805 „ „ „	70,000,000
1806 „ „ „	80,000,000
1807 „ „ „	80,000,000
1808 „ „ „	75,000,000
1809 „ „ „	82,000,000
1810 „ „ „	85,000,000

The average increase was thus about 3¾ millions annually.

In comparing these *data* with the preceding ones regarding the slaves, we shall find the increase of the cotton production, nearly in exact proportion with the increase of slaves in the cotton-growing States. The production of rice, has, upon the whole, been rather on the decrease, while that of tobacco is still on the increase, though it is cultivated in Ohio exclusively by free German labourers.

From 1792 to 1800, the increase of cotton, annually, was somewhat more than four millions of pounds. The later decrease is owing to the embargo law, which had greatly affected the commercial intercourse with England.

In 1811, the production of cotton throughout the world, was as follows:—

	Of pounds.
The United States of America	80,000,000
Brazil	35,000,000
West Indies	12,000,000
Egypt	84,000
The other African States	44,000,000
East Indies	170,000,000
The other Asiatic States	146,000,000
Mexico and the other South American States	57,000,000
The other countries	11,000,000
Total	555,084,000

Thus, the United States furnished 16-111, and Eygpt, an item hardly worth mentioning in the whole production of cotton.

From 1811 to 1821, the cotton production in the United States, was as follow:—

	Of pounds.
1812	75,000,000
1813	75,000,000
1814	70,000,000
1815	100,000,000
1816	124,000,000
1817	130,000,000
1818	125,000,000
1819	167,000,000
1820	160,000,000

The annual increase until 1819, amounts to nearly 11 5-7ths millions, or about 23⅓ per cent., an increase corresponding with that of the slaves during that period. It is true, that there appears no increase in the years 1813, and 1814, but this may be attributed to the war which had then been declared against England, while the decrease

in 1820, may be owing to the failing of the crop through frost and inclemency of the weather.

In 1821, the cotton production throughout the world, was as follow :—

	Of pounds.
The United States of America	180,000,000
Brazil	32,000,000
West Indies	10,000,000
Egypt	6,000,000
The other States of Africa	40,000,000
East Indies	175,000,000
The other States of Asia, Mexico, and South America	44,000,000
The other countries	8,000,000
Total....	630,000,000

The United States thus supplied, they themselves, 2-7ths of the whole quantity in that year, showing at the same time an increase of twenty millions of the preceding year, which was accompanied by a great importation of slaves from Africa.

The production of cotton had decreased in all the other countries with the sole exception of Egypt, and the increase in the English colonies amounted in the ten years, from 1811 to 1821, to no more than five millions, or 5-7ths per cent. per annum, while in the United States, the increase during that period was more than double, or twenty-three per cent. per annum, which corresponds with the previous statement of the increase of slaves during that period. The increase in Egypt in that time amounted to 5,900,000 pounds, an annual increase of 703 per cent. Thus, the cotton production in Egypt, might prove the best means of counteracting the continuance of slavery in the United States.

Brazil exports but little cotton to Europe, notwithstanding the favourable climate, and the continual importation of slaves.

From 1821 to 1830, the cotton production in the United States suffered much from misgrowth, and the monetary crisis in 1825, though its influence was but slightly felt on the increase of the slaves. The continual fluctuations in trade and in the natural productions of America, are closely connected with that of paper money, and the continual over-planting, over-manufacturing, and over-trading in general.

The cotton production in the United States, from 1822 to 1830, was as follow :—

1822	210,000,000
1823	185,000,000
1824	215,000,000
1825	255,000,000

1826	350,000,000
1827	270,000,000
1828	325,000,000
1829	365,000,000
1830	350,000,000

Thus, the annual increase amounted in average during that unhappy period, to about 15 5-9ths of millions, or 7½ per cent. Young rising nations are, as it appears, not unlike children, who will fall a hundred times before they learn to walk, without however doing material harm to themselves.

In the year 1831 the cotton production throughout the world, was as follows:—

	Of pounds.
The United States	385,000,000
Brazil	38,000,000
West Indies	9,000,000
Egypt	18,000,000
The other States of Africa	36,000,000
East Indies	180,000,000
The other States of Asia	115,000,000
Mexico and South America	35,000,000
The other countries	4,000,000
Total	820,000,000

In 1831, the cotton production had thus increased in the United States alone, about thirty-five millions of pounds, (nearly about the whole produce of Brazil). That of the East Indies had increased from 1821 to 1831, in exactly the same ratio as in the preceeding ten years, namely, by about five millions; that of Egypt however, had risen from six to eighteen millions, and had consequently tripled the amount within ten years. The cotton production throughout the world, had increased from 1811 to 1831, from 555 to 820 millions, being an increase of about 265 millions within twenty years, while the increase within that period in the United States alone, was no less than 305 millions, consequently more than that of the whole world taken together.

In attempting to conclude of the increase of slavery in the United States from that of this staple commodity, we must take into consideration two points; first, whether that article might not as well have been produced also by white people; and second, whether that production stands in exact proportion with the decrease and increase of its consumption, so as to ensure to the planters a sufficient interest in the outlay of their capital.

The first point has, we think, been sufficiently settled by what we have stated in the preceding pages, and we have only to add here, that even were it possible to cultivate cotton by white hands, their

expenses would still be too great to enable the American planter to compete with those in Egypt and Bengal, or to employ so much capital on its culture. A negro in South Carolina costs not more than twenty dollars in average, and his maintenance can no ways be compared to the high wages of a white man there, which are no less than four or five dollars daily. At the present low price of cotton, a Southern planter can still afford to give thirty dollars for an acre of uncleared land, and gain twenty per cent. on it by the work of his negro slaves, while it would hardly be worth one dollar, were he to cultivate it by hired free hands. And to this circumstance alone, must, indeed, be ascribed the present low prices of land in the West Indies. Plantations in Jamaica and Demerara, which formerly yielded 10,000*l.* sterling annually, can now hardly be disposed of for that sum.

With regard to the second point, it is generally assumed, that the population of the whole globe amounts to about 800 millions of souls. The quantity of cotton produced in 1831, would thus supply each individual with one pound of that article in average for clothing. Considering, however, that not more than the half of the whole population make use of our cotton, in consequence of difference in climate and customs, we would not be far from the mark in allowing two pounds of cotton to each individual in general. In all the countries situated near the Equator, we should suppose that 1½ pounds would suffice annually for each person; but in proportion as men live removed from the line, the consumption of cotton increases from four to eight pounds annually for each individual, and for those in the vicinity of the poles even as much as twelve pounds. As the greatest part of the inhabited world lies near the Equator and between the tropics, we may fairly assume, that the average consumption of each individual yearly, is two pounds of cotton. Accordingly, the production of cotton of 1831, was still in proportion to its consumption. Assuming further more, that the remaining 400 millions of individuals may at least in part, henceforth adopt clothing of cotton, it is obvious that the production of that commodity in the United States—if the other countries do not make further progress in its culture than was hitherto the case—may be increased to 2,000 millions, without losing its fair proportion to the consumption thereof. By a yearly increase of twenty per cent., nine years would thus have sufficed to produce that quantity, and until then, the yearly increase of slavery might fairly have been expected to take place, despite all the efforts of the abolitionists to the contrary.

The cultivation of *rice*, formerly a staple article of the slave states, has of late been greatly neglected by the increased culture of cotton, a rather favourable circumstance for the slaves, the cultivation of rice proving not only a very toilsome and fatiguing labour, but even dangerous for the lives of the slaves from the dampness of the soil.

The mortality of the slaves on rice plantations is computed to ten per cent. annually, and on sugar plantations from seven to eight. These losses of lives sustained annually by the planters, are certainly to a great degree recovered by the highest prices of those commodities, but they enhance on the other hand also the value of the slaves themselves, which is the principal cause of the establishment of regular slave-nurseries, as well as of clandestine importation of slaves from Africa.

Tobacco was originally cultivated in the United States by slaves alone; and it appears from official accounts* that the crops of 1622, did not exceed 60,000 pounds, but that they had so increased within seventeen years (until 1639) that the *Grand Assembly* found it expedient to pass a law of having the crops of the year 1639 and 1640—amounting in all to 220,000 pounds—committed to the flames, in order to keep up the price of the article by its scarcity. Notwithstanding however this measure, it appears that the crop of tobacco in 1709, amounted to nearly twenty-nine millions of pounds, eleven millions of which were consumed in England, and the remainder on the Continent. In the years from 1744 to 1776, (until the outbreak of the Revolution,) the crops of tobacco throughout the whole of the British colonies in America, amounted to forty millions of pounds, seven millions of which were consumed in England, and the remainder on the continent of Europe. In the four years immediately preceding the Revolution (from 1772 to 1775) the annual exportation of tobacco amounted to 90,300,000 pounds.

The exportation of tobacco from 1776 till 1782, and its consumption in Europe during that period, were as follow:—

Year.	Number of exported pounds.	Number consumed in England, or exported from thence.	Number consumed or stored up, on the continent of Europe.
1776	14,498,500	..... †	14,498,500
1777	2,441,214	..... ‡	2,441,214
1778	11,961,533	7,520,550	4,440,183
1779	17,155,907	10,982,899	6,173,008
1780	17,424,267	11,474,791	5 950,176
1781	13,339,168	7,600,296	5,783,672
1782	9,828,244	6,364,813	3,463,431
Total ..	86,649,533	43,943,349	42,705,984

* *Vide* "National Gazette" of Philadelphia, 6th October, 1836.

†In this year England exported to the Continent, 20 millions of its old store.

‡ In this year England exported 60 millions of its old store to the Continent of Europe.

The whole exportation during the seven years, amounted therefore in average, annually, to 12,378,504 pounds, while 33,974,949 pounds out of the 86,649,533 exported from America, were captured by the English upon the high seas.

After the declaration of independence, and adoption of the present American Constitution by many of the States, from 1787 to 1789, the items of the above table were as follow :—

Year.	Exported from America.	Exported to England, where it was consumed or stored up.	Exported to the other European countries, where it was consumed or stored up.
1787	90,041,000	45,379,795	44,661,205
1788	88,595,000	39,600,404	48,995,186
1789	88,675,000	48,831,232	39,843,768
Total..	267,311,000	133,811,431	133,500,159

The average exportation annually was thus, above eighty-nine millions of pounds!! What new life has not *freedom* called forth in the United States of America!—what an increase of activity—*among slaves!!*

The following table gives a survey of both raw and manufactured tobacco exported from the U. S. from 1790 to 1835.

Year.	Barrels of Tobacco.	Pounds of Manufactured Tobacco.
1790*	118,460	.....
1791	111,272	81,122
1792	112,424	117,874
1793	59,947	137,784
1794	72,958	19,870
1795	61,050	20,263
1796	69,018	29,181
1797	58,167	12,805
1798	68,567	142,269
1799	96,070	406,076
1800	78,686	457,713
1801	103,758	472,282
1802	77,721	233,591
1803	86,291	152,415
1804	83,341	298,139
1805	71,251	428,460

* Uncommon exportation. Outbreak of the French Revolution.

Year.	Barrels of Tobacco.	Pounds of Manufactured Tobacco.
1806*	83,186	381,733
1807†	62,236	274,952
1808	9,576	36,332
1809‡	53,921	350,835
1810	84,134	529,285
1811	35,828	752,553
1812	26,094	588,618
1813¶	5,314	285,512
1814‖	3,125	79,377
1815 •	85,337	1,034,043
1816	69,241	576,246
1817	68,365	1,115,874
1818	84,337	1,486,240
1819	69,427	926,833
1820	83,940	593,358
1821	66,858	1,332,949
1822	83,169	1,414,424
1823	99,000	1,987,507
1824	77,883	2,477,990
1825	75,984	1,871,368
1826	64,098	2,179,774
1827	100,025	2,730,255
1828	96,278	2,637,411
1829	77,131	2,619,899
1830	85,810	3,199,151
1831	86,718	3,639,856
1832	106,806	3,456.071
1833	83,153	3,790,310
1834	87,979	3,956,579
1835	94,353	3,817,854

Taking a barrel to weigh 1200lbs. in average, the annual export of the last 21 years was thus nearly 100 millions of pounds, or about the same quantity as in the four years from 1772 till 1775. The ex-

* Decree of Berlin and Maryland.
† Embargo law.
‡ Decree of Rambouillet.
§ Declaration of War against England.
‖ War with England.
¶ War with England.
•• Peace with England.

portation of raw tobacco has thus neither materially increased nor decreased within the last 60 or 70 years.

The European consumption seems never to have exceeded the number of 100 millions of pounds, while the revolutionary wars seem to have acted as a great check upon the exportation of tobacco from the U. S., the effects of which are still felt.

Before the outbreak of the Revolution, the exportation had regularly increased every year; in the years from 1763 till 1770, it had increased by nearly 38 millions above that of the period from 1744 till 1746, and in the years from 1772 till 1775, it again increased by more than 31½ millions. The reason is apparent; before the outbreak of the Revolution, the American colonies had provided the whole of Europe with tobacco, but the exportation received a check by the war with England, which induced many Europeans to cultivate that plant themselves at home. Thus, France alone, supplied the Continent in the years from 1818 to 1820, nearly thirty-one millions killogrammes, equal to more than 77 millions of pounds of tobacco. From 1818 to 1820, the crops of that article had there nearly doubled, as follow:—

		Killg.
1818	the crop was only	7,418,000
1819	„ „	10,360,000
1820	„ „	13,155,000
		30,933,000

From 1832 to 1835, a decrease is rather observable to have taken place in the exportation of raw tobacco; and the monetary crisis of the following years, was certainly not calculated to ameliorate the condition.

The European production of that article seems thus to set limits to the extension and increase of slavery, as far as *that* article is concerned. What a blessing it were, if the soil of some of the European countries were also fit for the culture of cotton! Then indeed, might we have all reason to expect a speedy cessation of slavery.

Neither do we despair of seeing our hopes one day realized by that fact, Spain and Naples being to our opinion regions, which, under different circumstances and different laws, might be rendered capable of producing cotton, equal to that of any state in the Union.

On the other hand, the loss sustained by the American planter from the production of that article in Europe, is more than compensated by the increased consumption of it in the United States themselves. The American statists compute the yearly consumption of tobacco in their country to average one hundred

millions of pounds, a consumption equal to the maximum of the exportation.

By this statement, about seven pounds of tobacco would come to each head annually, women and children included, and the whole amounting to about twenty millions of dollars annually. In the city of New York alone, cigars, to the amount of 80,000 dollars, were consumed in the year 1810; and in 1835 it had increased to 120,000 dollars. The "Commercial Advertizer" of New York estimates the consumption of tobacco in that city to 3,650,000 dollars annually, or 10,000 dollars per day. The value of the annual consumption of bread in that city, reckoning thirteen ounces per head a day, and a barrel of flour at ten dollars, would be no more than 3,493,050, a sum much less than that of tobacco. It is generally assumed, that the consumption of tobacco in the United States, in proportion to the population, is eight times as much as in France, and three times as much as in England.

This increased consumption of tobacco in the Union itself has induced many planters there to cultivate that plant, not only in Maryland and Virginia, but also and chiefly in Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Connecticut, and four or five other free states. Considering, moreover, the rapid increase of population and the vast number of immigrants from Europe, (about 1,000 weekly in New York alone,) it is evident that the production of tobacco in the United States may still be increased for centuries without coming in disproportion with its consumption, though the exportation must certainly decrease in process of time. That, moreover, the consumption of tobacco has also considerably increased in Europe, may be judged from the circumstance, that the same quantity is still imported there from the United States, notwithstanding the gradual increase of the cultivation of that production in France and Germany. Thus, the importation of that article from the United States to France, in 1832, amounted to 5,779 barrels, and in 1835, about 6,312.

Little therefore can be expected from the labour of *white people* in that commodity, for the abolition of slavery, unless we have reason to suppose that the production of that plant in the Western free states, will be carried on to such an extent as to supersede that of the Southern slave states. There is however some consolation for the philanthropist in the fact, that the cultivation of cotton and tobacco has to a great extent diminished that of rice and sugar, by which thousands of negroes are saved from an untimely death. Nor is it here out of place to observe, that a society of philanthropists has for some time now been formed in the state of Illinois, for the purpose of fabricating sugar from beet-roots, by which the condition of the slaves in Louisiana (mostly occupied with the manufacture of

sugar) may be greatly ameliorated, if that laudable example be imitated also in many other states of the North.

Let us now turn to the moral and political evils likely to result from the emancipation of slavery in the United States. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that most of the Abolitionists of the north, together with the Liberals of England and Ireland, with O'Connell, Sturge, and Cobden at their head, have never for a moment taken into consideration the *right of property* of the American planters, a right, without which, every other political privilege is but a fine dream. They entirely forget that every species of freedom about to be conceded to the Negroes must first be stripped and *robbed* from the white people, and that the *rights* of the slaves in the United States (so long as the republican principles prevail there) can only be secured by the extermination of the white race. It is surprising to see those philanthropists, who have so much at heart the welfare of the Negroes, entirely overlook the condition and dangers of their white brethren, and proceed boldly in their work, as if the whole question turned merely about the realization of some favourite theory or notion, such as, ex. gr., the equalisation of the lower classes in this country, and their sharing equally with the higher classes, rank, distinction, and some other abstract political rights to which they had, until now, no access.

They entirely forget, that the first duty of every Government is the protection of property legitimately acquired, and that every property is to be considered as such, if by the existing laws of the country, it may be transferred from one citizen to another. Such a law of expropriation as the abolition of slavery, without *compensation to the planters*, must necessarily reduce a third of the white population to abject poverty, without procuring a settlement to the slaves themselves; nay, without even leaving them the present means of earning a livelihood by labour, since the planters, once deprived of their property, can no longer be in a state to occupy the *free* negroes. And whence, we ask, should this compensation proceed? A hundred millions of dollars (20,000,000*l.*) were offered to the English planters in the West Indies for ther slaves; but who is to make an offer of 1000 millions of dollars, (two hundred millions of pounds sterling), as a proportionate compensation for *their* slaves? And to grant to the black equal rights with the white without that compensation, is tantamount to annihilate the right of sovereignty of the Southern states, to oppress the planters, and to give them the death blow both moral and political, by the mere will of the majority of Congress.

> " Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
> You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doeth sustain my house; you take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live "
>
> *Shakespear.*

Slavery can legally—without violation of the constitution—be abolished in the United States, only by the slave states themselves; but how can we reasonably expect them to determine on such a step, which is replete with so many dangers and threatens equally their life and property? If the minority of the population acceeds rights to the majority equal to their own; if the minority arms the majority—which stands as yet on the lowest stage of civilization—with the legislative power, who is to guarantee the preservation of their own rights; the dominion of intelligence over physical, brutal society? And what conviction have, on the other hand, the European abolitionists, that emancipation will actually secure welfare to the negroes themselves in the United States? "In those regions," says *de Jocqueville*, "where the climate is favourable to the prosperity of the black race, the white will gradually be expelled by the former; but, wherever the climate is favourable to the health of the white, the black can only exist by slavery, as they are unable to compete with the white in labour, when left to subsist upon their own resources." This opinion is greatly confirmed by the condition of the black in the free states of North America. There the negroes existed previously, only by slavery, and their emancipation has made them only more alive to the oppression they endure at the hands of the white, and has only increased ten-fold the mutual hatred that, as it were, instinctively exists between the two races.

He who has not lived for some time in America or the colonies, can not have the slightest idea of that hatred that seems to be sucked in with the mother-milk, exists with equal force and power in old age as in tender infancy, and cannot be softened by either divine or human law. "I am as *white* as you," groans the offended Spaniard in the Havannah. "I am a decent white man," cries an American planter to his opponent, when picking a quarrel with him. In Boston and Philadelphia, whre the negroes are free, and participate in all the political rights of the white inhabitants, they are despised and even kicked at the slightest provocation; and it would be considered as a gross insult to society, were a white man to entertain a negro in his house. In the theatres, no negro is admitted in the pit or the boxes, a peculiar gallery being allotted for that *refuse* of human society, while from many other theatres they are altogether excluded. In the stage coaches, the negro must *absolutely* take his seat outside, no white man being willing to sit near him inside, nor can he obtain entrance into the cabin when travelling in a steam-boat. On Sundays, when the negroes take their pleasure walk in Broadway, New York, hardly a white man shows himself in the street, for fear of inhaling the same air with them. And all this, the negroes take in good part; they pass over the grossest insults with the meekest silence, as the least grumbling on their part would raise the whole of the white population against them, and they would inevitably fall victims to their fury.

So long as the whites adhere to such revolting principles in the FREE states of the Union, but little good can be expected for the slaves after their emancipation in the *slave* States. What, indeed, distinguishes then, the *emancipated* negro in the North from his brother *slave* in the South? What preference do the former then enjoy above the latter, among the society of whites around them? What property-rights have they acquired ever since they have ceased to be the hereditary servants of the white? Where is the negro boy that is admitted in a school for white boys? What mechanic consents to receive a coloured lad as an apprentice? What white man employs a black in any other way but menial drudgeries? Which are the political proceedings in which a coloured free man is allowed to participate? Where are they allowed to sit at the same table with the white, live with them in the same house, travel in their company by land or water—and finally, *to be buried with them in the same church yard???*

The freedom of the negroes in the North consists in nothing more than the privilege of providing for their own subsistence, and acquitting the white of the duty of taking care of their support. Should the Southern states act upon the same principle after the emancipation of *their* slaves, the negroes forming there the majority of the population are sure not to submit to such treatment from the minority, or leave in their hands the power of arbitrary government. And in this one particular lies indeed the great difference between the Northern and Southern states of the Union. In the two Carolinas, ex. gr. the slave holders who form only 2-5ths of the whole population, would thus be obliged to yield to the majority, rights, which the latter might indeed abuse to the prejudice of the former, while the Northern states, (as well as the English colonies), have nothing of the sort to apprehend from their black brethren.

In the South, emancipation would be no childish play, no mere jugglery, or a mere nominal freedom. Serious consequences in actual life would result from the step to the white population; and no wonder, that they offer all the resistance in their power against emancipation.

If the government of the United States was mornarchical, or if the states were divided into different provinces on the model of the English colonies in the East Indies, the abolition of slavery would not be at all difficult. From the negro slave to the free Indian of low caste, is but one single step. But how immense is the chasm between the rough African born and bred in servitude, and the civilized American so jealous of his political liberty!!

Again, if there existed in the U. S. any other power but that of the people, that power might, perhaps, find means to classify society into various ranks, and protect the weak against the strong; but under

the present system of government, there are in the United States only *two* classes in society—the *rulers* and the *ruled*, masters and servants. Political *equality* is thus out of the question, between the white and coloured, or black races in the United States, and still more so, to maintain that equality for some time between two races, so unequal in number and capacities. In short, the abolition of slavery in the southern states, must necessarily lead, in a few months, to *Autocratism* or *Monarchy*, under the auspices of which alone, a more favourable condition of the slaves is conceivable.

The continuance of slavery is thus so closely connected with the maintenance of the republican government in the United States, that it is impossible to do away with the one without undermining the foundation of the other. The white population constitutes both in the South and North the *state*, and can maintain themselves in the south against the majority of the black, only by means of slavery alone. To free the Negroes, is tantamount to force upon that *state* an heterogeneous component part, which can never amalgamate itself with the former by either moral or political combination. It must soon or late lead to a civil war, and end in the extermination of one or the other race.

The Spanish and Portuguese population in South America, whom necessity had forced to intermarry with the Negroes, have lost their European energy by this very amalgamation. In Mexico, there exist now not more than 800,000 citizens of pure Spanish blood, and in Brazil hardly 200,000 of pure Portuguese extraction. The Americans maintain that all the mulatto inherits from his European parent, is his cunning and covetousness, and that he is by nature a greater coward than even the African negro. Eminent physicians have given it also as their decided opinion, that gradual enervation and sterility are the final results of amalgamation by marriage of the two races.

The most serious and almost unconquerable obstacles that stand in the way of abolition of slavery in the United States, may be compressed in the following points :—

1. The impossibility of agricultural culture in the southern states, without the assistance of the Negroes.
2. The possessions of the southern planters, which receive their present value only by the labour of the slaves alone.
3. The rapid growth of these possessions, and the spread of slavery in the new states of the Union.
4. The introduction of slavery into Texas, and perhaps its re-introduction into Mexico.
5. The increasing consumption of cotton and tobacco, which enhances the value of slaves, and sets a premium on the importation of fresh supplies from Africa.
6. The Republican constitution of the United States.

7. The mutual hatred between the two races.

8. The impossibility of amalgamation through marriage.

9. The impossibility of limiting the emancipated slaves in the south to the enjoyment of those scanty political rights, allotted to the free Negroes in the north.

10. The high sum to be offered to the planters in compensation for the loss of their slaves, &c.

11. The vast number of Black who form the majority of the population in the south, and the necessity resulting from it, to preserve the political dominion over them by means of slavery.

Opposed to the continuance of slavery in the United States, are, on the other hand:

1. The power of opinion in the Northern States and in Europe generally.

2. The influence of England. The slave states have, ever since the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, become the natural enemies of England as well as the allies of the West Indian planters. Should, therefore, the Americans succeed in their persistence of maintaining slavery in the south, and gradually extend it to Texas and Mexico, the slave-free states of the West Indies, must, in process of time, be entirely encompassed by them; and in case of a revolution, the Americans, as the natural protectors of the White, might easily lay hold altogether of these colonies to the exclusion of the English. The English can now, as formerly the French under Frontignac, extend their fortifications from the Laurence river down to *Prairie du chien* and New Orleans, yet, the first war with the United States might all at once cause the entire loss of their American colonies, as it did formerly to France.

3. The influence of the aristocracy of money so prevalent in the northern states of the United States. This novel aristocracy, is in a mercantile point of view, to a great extent founded on the cotton production of the south, though its votaries are far from acknowledging it, or having at heart its interest. The northern merchants see in the southern slave states, the cradle of American *Democracy*, and the grave of their own political influence. So long as there are in America slave states, closely connected with each other by one common interest, so long will it be impossible for the states in general, to elect even a President who does not pledge himself before hand to keep intact the interests of the planters. The planters of the south are all democrats, and bound to the soil of their liberty by their landed property, while the merchants of New York and other mercantile towns of the north, are either English agents, or speculators with English credit and capital. Between them and Old England there exists still the friendly relation of debtor and creditor, apart from that of patriotism and common good of the country in general.

This pecuniary dependence of the Americans on England, and the natural sympathy which this dependence produces among the mercantile classes in this country for the prosperity of the United States, has introduced in most of the Atlantic ports, a sort of anti-national and British-colonial spirit, which manifests itself towards "the old mother country" in the most flattering terms and speeches, altogether at variance with the staunch democratic spirit of the southern states. *Channing*, that eloquent peace-preacher of the north, says, in his "Letter to Henry Clay:" "The south is exerting, has exerted, and cannot help exerting a disproportionate share of influence on the confederacy. The slave-holding states have already advantages for co-operation and swaying the country which others do not possess. The free states have no great common interest, like slavery, to hold them together. They agree but on one point, and that a *negative* one, the absence of slavery; and this distinction, as is well known, makes no lively impression on the consciousness, and in no degree counteracts the influences which divide them from one another. To this may be added the well-known fact, that in the free states the subject of politics is of secondary importance, whilst at the south it is paramount. At the north every man must toil for subsistence, and amidst the feverish competitions and anxieties of the eager and universal pursuits of gain, political power is sought with little comparative avidity. In some districts, it is hard to find fit representatives for Congress, so backward are superior men to forego the emoluments of their vocation—the prospect of independence for the uncertainties of public life." . . . . . .

The sense of the preceding passages may fairly be given in other words, as follow:

"Our monied men in the north appreciate nothing higher than money. But as all are grasping after that same idol, we are necessarily divided into as many different castes, as there are ways of making money. There can, therefore, be no union between us, every one trying to exceed his neighbour in the acquisition of it; while the southern people have one rallying point common to all,—*slavery*. In the north, every one toils to make money, and as *politics* is no great vehicle of effecting that end, our distinguished men have but little to do with it; they prefer money to states dignities, and even to the *state* itself."

It is thus the money aristocracy of the north, that is so strongly opposed to the political aristocracy of the south.

4. The continual immigrations of the Germans into the western and south-western states, by which the abolition of slavery is rendered physically feasible in Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia, while the gain from slave labour is thereby diminished, and a great part of the western districts peopled with white labourers.

5. The rapid, dangerous increase of the Black in South Carolina,

Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, &c., which requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the White, and lessens the value of their possessions. The inhabitants of Charleston have already a sort of citadel as an asylum for their families, in case of an insurrection among the Negroes, while similar measures of safety and precaution are also being adopted by the inhabitants of other places in the south. Regular watches and guards are also kept by the planters, both in the towns and country, for the arresting of every Negro who is out after nine o'clock in the evening; while in some towns even patrols of troops are turned out for that purpose. The rapid increase of the slaves was the cause that already the provincial assemblies under the British dominion had resolved to abolish slavery in some of the southern states, but the measure was then disapproved by the English Parliament.

6. The abolition of slavery in the West Indies, by which the traffic with slaves has greatly been circumscribed, at the same time that these latter offer a safe asylum to runaway slaves.

7. The cultivation of tobacco and sugar (of beet-roots) introduced into Europe.

8. The increased growth of cotton in the East Indies.

9. The increased growth of cotton in the United States themselves, by which the price of the same has already been reduced to less than the half, and,

10. The abrogation of the right of primogeniture in the southern states, which, though it greatly favours the industry of the north, exercises, nevertheless, a very injurious influence on the value of the plantations and Negroes. The division of estates into small parcels, as is the case in France and the northern states of the Union, can only prove favourable to *free* labour, and that only in America, where wages are in no proportion whatever to the profit reaped by the owner.

Large possessions in the north of the United States, hardly ever yield a profit in due proportion to their value. Only those lands which are cultivated by own free hands, such as those in Pennsylvania, yield some tolerable profit if they do not exceed 20 or 30 acres; above that number, the land must either be entirely neglected, or the cost of the labour will not be much less than the profit to be derived from it.

In the South, however, the proportion is in an inverse ratio. The maintenance of a small plantation of sixteen to twenty negroes, costs nearly as much as that of a hundred negroes, while the profit is not the tenth part of the latter. Ten negroes can only with very hard toil and labour, and frequently with loss of health, produce eight bales of cotton, while thirty-two negroes can with less trouble cultivate from twenty to twenty-five bales. The value of twenty bales is 2½ times as much as of eight, while the annual expenses of

thirty-two negroes, will not exceed by more than 320 dollars, those of ten. The increased expense to that of the profit is thus as 1 to 3.

This proportion is still more favourable, the more the number of slaves is increased to that end, and we may fairly assume, that a plantation with one hundred negroes, produces about forty times as much than a smaller one will do, while the expenses of maintenance are hardly increased by 300 per cent. The division of land in South Carolina among the children of numerous families, has therefore been fraught with pernicious effects upon the plantations themselves, when the richest plantations have, in many instances, been so parcelled out in little lots, that they did not produce collectively the 20th part of their original value, when sold by the hammer. To remedy the evil, a plantation is generally now, after the demise of the head of the family, given over to the eldest son, who satisfies the other heirs for their shares with money. By this means, however, many planters contract debts, to redeem which they are obliged to borrow money from the money aristocrats of the north, and thus lose to a great extent the spirit of independence, which so greatly distinguishes the southern planter above the northern merchant.

The pecuniary relations of the American ambassador at St. Petersburg (in 1838) Mr. D.——— furnish us with a striking illustration of the foregoing remarks. He had a plantation in Georgia valued at 200,000 dollars on which he borrowed from the United States Bank 60,000 dollars. When the Bank question was debated in Congress, Mr. D., who was then a member of it, joined the party of Government, for which he was punished by Mr. Biddle, the then president of the Bank, with a due notice of immediate repayment of the contracted debt. Not being able to do so (the time of respite allowed him was only seven days,) the estate was sold by the hammer, and the produce was little more than enough to cancel the debt. Reduced almost to beggary, General Jackson rewarded his patriotism by naming him Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg. At the time of the English dominion, South Carolina was the only colony that acknowledged an hereditary nobility; at present, however, there are scarcely three plantations in the neighbourhood of Charleston, belonging to their original families, all having passed into other hands by reverse of circumstances.

The abolition of the right of primogeniture in the southern states counterpoises, therefore, more than anything else, the spread of slavery, compelling the eldest sons to satisfy the claims of the younger with ready cash, which they in their turn invest in some of the banks in the north, by which trade and commerce are increased at the expense of the agricultural interests.

We may, upon the whole, assume that the demise of a planter withdraws in average 3-4ths of his property from agriculture, or loses 1-4th of its value by the distribution among the heirs, a loss

which might equally affect the price of the slaves, if the new settlements in the west and south-west of the Union would not open new markets for their disposal.

In taking a critical survey of the causes *for and against* slavery, of the circumstances which encourage and discourage the abominable institution, we may easily see: that, without the intervention of some extraordinary unforeseen circumstances, there is no prospect for the present, of seeing an end to slavery in the United States. All untimely and unconstitutional attempts of the north to expel slavery by agitation and other rigorous means, have only proved fatal to the slaves themselves, subjecting them to a more vigilant and strict treatment. Such measures may lead to a breach of the *Union*, but never to a *legal* abolition of slavery, which can be effected without bloodshed, only by the free consent of the planters alone.

The southern planters resemble in some measure people afflicted with a disease of long standing, who are so used to their condition, that, provided they do not grow worse, are satisfied with their infirm state, rather than undergo a radical cure by which their lives might perchance be endangered. The slavery question in America, must, moreover, not be treated in its theoretical principles; the question cannot here be, whether slavery be permitted, whether it be legitimate, or whether one man can be the property of another man, &c. All these questions, though no one in his reason can answer but in the *negative*, do nevertheless not yet settle the particular point at issue, on slavery in the United States.

The Americans have not *introduced* slavery, it was forced upon them. Slavery in the United States forms now an element of national wealth, the only means of existence of the planters, of their mental developement, and their balancing power against the Northern states. Slavery is so closely connected with the whole political structure of the United States, that it is impossible to abolish the one without bringing about fundamental alterations in the other. One third of the American population would, thereby, be reduced to beggary, and above three millions of subjects would thus be incorporated with the states, who differ from the rest in every point that marks modern civilisation: activity, wealth, manners, and patriotism, as is plainly proved by the character and condition of the free Negroes of the North. Such an *interpolated* portion, would never intermarry with the remaining part, would always form a distinct community for themselves, and never be bound to the state and country by common interests, and common feelings; but would, on the other hand, increase more rapidly than their white fellow citizens.

Their number being already too large to expatriate or get rid of them by some means or other; their emancipation must, at all events, only tend to enfeeble the internal and external resources of the state,

and to a certain degree destroy the cohesive power by which the various states are now allied and united with each other.

In speaking of the abolition of slavery in the United States, we ought never to forget, that the whole question turns merely about an *attempt* of procuring civil and political rights for a rough and alien race which has not as yet attained that degree of moral developement to render them even susceptible of the rights, of which you must first deprive the white before you bestow them on the black. And, how is it possible, we ask, to convert them into useful members of a Republican Government, without their possessing the least qualification requisite for such. Their existence, their history, is not in America; there is no past, no present, and alas, not even a future for them there. They drag along their existence only at the side of the white, and can only prove harmless to the Republic in their present situation, as blind instruments in the hands of the white.

It is now nearly two centuries that the French and the British colonists in Canada are living together without their being able to come to an understanding on a political union, notwithstanding their descent of one common race. How can it then be expected that the Americans and the Negroes will ever become so? Miss Martineau, in her work, "Society in America," justly observes, that "a nation can only be the gainer by the *variety* of elements from which it is formed. Had England not been the *rendezvous* of the whole commercial world, no Shakespeare or Cromwell had, perhaps, ever made their appearance." All this, however, must be understood of such heterogenous elements which are naturally capable of amalgamation, and between whom there is a sort of chemical affinity and attraction; but certainly not a *repulsive* power such as exists between the Americans and the Negroes. If Saxons and Normans had not, after the battle of Hastings, gradually amalgamated language and manners, there would never have been an English empire, and still less British colonies. But by what process is such an amalgamation to take place between colonists descended of British and Scotch emigrants, and black people dragged into America as slaves from Africa. The negroes in America are not a *conquered nation*, but a *disposable ware*. They have been introduced there only after America had been colonized, where they have never acted any other part than that of slaves. There is not a single branch in industry in which they may be said to rival with the white people; neither do they even show the least jealousy of doing so; they are satisfied with the lowest drudgeries and necessaries of life. History teaches us, that no Ethiopian and Oceanic race have ever been capable of a political developement, of occupying a lasting page in the records of history; and if the Negroes in America appear to be able to become so, they owe it solely to the mixing up of their fate with that of the whites. Moreover, so long as the free

Negroes in the north are treated as mere *freed slaves*, so long as they remain excluded from all participation in politics, civil and military services; so long, in short, as they are separated from the white, physically and morally, no amelioration of their fate is to be expected from the abolition of slavery. The Negroes in the slave states live, to a certain extent, more happy than their free brethren in the north; they are at least protected against hunger and cold, and are less objects of scorn, derision, and contempt. To free the Negroes without giving them at the same time the opportunity of acquiring property and honour, without granting them the prospect of a gradual intermixture by marriage, is nothing more than to make them *amenable* to law, without, however, giving them the benefit of the same; in other words, to make them *nominal* free men and *real* slaves. *Pity* is the only thing that can be effected in the breast of an American philanthropist for the Negro,—a feeling that, in that particular, leads to contempt alone. Why do the Americans not despise the Indians, at whose hands they have suffered and still suffer so many injuries? Why do they even boast of deriving their blood from Indians, though these latter are even more inveterate enemies of European civilization than the Negroes themselves? Simply, because in a Republic like that of the United States, nothing is done from sheer *pity*; the *majority* rule there with the power of despotism, and the *minority*, on the other hand, know of no other law but obedience.

To grant, therefore, to a majority equal rights with the minority, without giving them also the power of ruling over the latter, is as dangerous to the existence of the Republic as it is at variance with the very spirit of the American institutions. Only a standng army could enforce that subordinate position of the majority after their emancipation, but of which the Americans have a greater abhorrence than even of slavery itself. American Republicanism is thus opposed to the abolition of slavery, while European monarchism and even despotism rages against its continuance!! The condition of America, thus furnishes us a new proof of the impossibility to found a state upon the *general principles* of humanity. The Americans will ultimately fare with their slavery, as the other nations did with the abolition of *radical* abuses; they will lose with it a part of their national character, if not the entire structure of their political and civil institutions.

"But what is finally to become of the three millions of slaves, who will no doubt in a few years increase to at least five millions"?—"Common sense, principles of religion, and the laws of humanity tell us too plainly that they cannot always remain slaves."—That the force of public opinion, that the opposition which is being formed in all parts of the world against the planters, must ultimately lead to emancipation of the negroes, no one can doubt; nor, that the dangers augmenting with the increase of the slaves, must finally compel the

planters to adopt that step. The only question at *present*—on the decision of which the fate of the negroes entirely depends—is, whether that step would not be, if adopted, a step of despair, a measure of total ruin and destruction to the Southern states. We, for our part, have no hesitation in answering that question in the affirmative. When once the emancipation of the negroes is *enforced* from the planters, when once the white are *compelled* to yield a part of their rights to their slaves, there will and must be an end to the prosperity and power of these states, while the black will hardly ever be able to found a new state upon the ruins and ashes of the white. Let us only look at St. Domingo! What progress in culture, the arts or sciences, have the free negroes made in that island, so blessed with a happy climate and surrounded by free states? Has there been any advance in commerce, agriculture, literature, public education, &c., ever since the insurrection of the negroes against the French? What sort of a state have hitherto the negroes formed at *Liberia*, though protected and supported by American money, arms, and munition? What has become of the free negroes in the North? And what sympathy do these latter evince for the sufferings of their brethren in the South?

The most difficult circumstance for the negroes is, their living among Republicans, and under a government and national institutions, so much at variance with their own character and way of thinking and living. Under any other Government, the attempt, at least, of their emancipation, would have been fraught with less danger for both themselves and the white. The fate of the Negroes greatly resembles that of one born blind, whose eyes when suddenly opened to the light of the day, are blinded and closed again, and for ever. Nations, like individuals, may rise safely only by degrees, and by their own exertions. The *innate* gift of freedom has no value for the Negro, while his equal political position with the white, only renders more conspicuous the moral superiority of the latter. And though a certain degree of civilisation *may* exist in a Negro state, no such thing is conceivable in a mixed state of Negroes and white, where the two heterogeneous elements must for ever stand apart, without any amalgamation whatever. In such a state, the Negroes either are the servants of the whites, or they expel them altogether from their territory. The history of all the colonies, to the present day, teaches that there is no other relation possible between the white and the black races, notwithstanding all the arguments urged by the philosophers and philanthropists to the contrary.

But could there not be introduced a sort of *feudal system* in the United States, by which the possession of the soil might be secured to the planters, and trade and industry allowed to the emancipated slaves; by which they might, gradually, acquire wealth without ac-

tually possessing landed property? There is, certainly, something plausible in the plan, and seems almost to be the only step left for the planter to adopt.

In looking at it, however, more minutely, it will be seen, that it forms but a very indifferent *palliative* against slavery, and may even be fraught with dangers for the planters, if not for the union itself, not less grave and serious than slavery itself, without, in the least, ameliorating even the condition of the Negroes themselves.

The introduction of the *feudal* system would, in the first place, prove fatal to the lower classes of the white population, and more especially to the working classes, who might soon be thrown out of employment by the abundant labour of the freed slaves, hence we see these very classes even in the North, to be the stanchest opponents to the abolitionists. The introduction of more lenient institutions is, in the next place, rendered almost impossible by the difficulty of allowing the freed slaves to wander about and absent themselves from the slave states where *their* labour is indispensable, where the land can only be cultivated by black hands. If left to their option, the Negroes are sure to neglect agriculture, which they hate more than any other occupation. Throughout the whole of the North there is not a single Negro busying himself with farming and husbandry, while at St. Domingo, nearly all the previously flourishing French plantations lie now neglected and fallow. The poor free Negroes prefer there wandering about in the forests and living upon wild fruit, to labouring in the field. In America they hire themselves as servants, cooks, and stewards on board of vessels; so, that no sooner will they have permission to leave the South than their absence will be severely felt by the planters.

That the emancipation has not been fraught with similar results in the West Indies, is chiefly owing to the geographical position of the latter. The seaports are there fortified, garrisoned with well-disciplined European troops, and an excellent marine maintained at the expense of the mother country, protects the coasts and enables the governor of the separate islands to receive information of the least movement of the negroes, and to hasten to the relief of the inhabitants if necessary. But all these measures and resources are wanting in the United States. Not a single fortress is seen throughout an extent of several thousand square miles, not a single town is fortified or even surrounded with a wall, or garrisoned with regular troops to quell a rising insurrection. Even in the West Indies, the emancipation has hitherto produced no other effect, but the cheapening the price of land, and compelling many planters to migrate to the United States. No political danger could be apprehended there, the various provincial assemblies of the British West Indian islands being as *independent* of each other, as they are *subject* to the English Parliament.

By a mere majority alone, the negroes there, can impossibly lay hold of the reins of government, and still less influence the decisions of Parliament; while in America, on the other hand, every thing is to be feared from a majority possessed of political and civil rights. At the present elections in the Southern states, the number of population includes also the negroes, so that a town containing 40,000 of souls (no matter whether white or black) is entitled to send a deputy to Congress. And as the slaves are excluded from voting, their rights revert upon their respective masters, by which a condensed preponderance is given to the Southern states over the Northern in Congress. In the British colonies, however, such considerations fall entirely away, since none of them ever send deputies to the English Parliament.

The apprehensions and reasons thus standing in the way of partial emancipation of the slaves, may be briefly summed up as follow:—

1. The introduction of the feudal system would exert an injurious influence on the union and internal power of the Southern states.

2. It would leave open to the negroes the prospect of widening the breach between the Northern and Southern states, as soon as their interests would come into collision with those of the planters.

3. It would deprive the planters of the *indispensable* labour of the negroes, the latter preferring wandering to the North, where labour is better paid, and more to their taste.

4. It would check the means of guarding against an insurrection of an armed majority, more especially, as

5. The Southern states are constitutionally not allowed to maintain a standing army in their territory.

6. It would facilitate an understanding of the negroes with the Indians, with whom they would make one common cause against the white settlers.

7. It would induce the negroes to *demand* greater rights than it might be expedient to grant them.

8. The very position of the Southern states, and their constitutional power with regard to that of the Northern states, might thereby be greatly diminished, and be fraught with an entire change in the Constitution itself.

9. Neither are we sure, that emancipation would not even tend to the ruin and extermination of the negroes themselves, as soon as they were to come into collision with the white people; a practical example of which we see, in the melancholy fate of the Indian tribes.

Also with regard to the mixed population of the United States, the following facts might be brought into argument.

The number of the population ought in every country to correspond with the quantity of provisions it can supply, either direct by the richness of the soil, or indirect by that of its commerce and industry.

It is thus evident, that it is almost impossible for a state to proceed progressively in the increase of its population without pursuing also the same process in the quantity of provision; and that if it does not so, a conflict among the inhabitants themselves must arise, and terminate in the yielding of the weaker party, if society be composed of two unequal parts. If moreover, the same causes continue to operate in the same ratio, without the intervention of some unforeseen circumstances, a period must ultimately arrive, when the one party is to receive the maximum and the others the minimum of the supply in the market. If it can, therefore, be proved, that the free negroes are less able to resist these injurious effects of the progressive increase of population, than the white people; and if it be furthermore shown that these effects do proportionately increase in process of time, it follows as a matter of course, that the race of the free negroes must, sooner or later share the fate of some of the Indian tribes, and become entirely extinct from the face of the earth, as a natural consequence of their co-existence together with the white.

In casting a glance at the lists of mortality in the larger towns of the Union, and in some measure also in the smaller settlements (though most of the free Negroes live in towns), the greater mortality among these latter may be seen in a most striking manner.

At Baltimore, ex. gr., the mortality in 1836 was as follow:*—

General mortality	as 1 : 39¼	of the whole population.	
Mortality of the White ..	1 : 43	„	„
" of the free Negroes .	1 : 28⅝	„	„
" of slaves	1 : 46	„	„

Thus, the *greatest* mortality prevails among the free Negroes, and the *smallest* among the slaves, a fact amply corroborated from similar lists in the larger settlements of Maryland.

At New York,† the average mortality from 1829 to 1836, was as follow:—

Among the Black, '....	as 1 : 21 3-10ths	„	„
„ White	1 : 36	„	„

Forming thus the mortality of the Black in comparison to that of the White, as 4 : 3.

At Philadelphia, where the climate is more salubrious, the average mortality from 1822 to 1836 was:—

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* *Vide* "New York Journal of Commerce."

† "American Journal of Medical Sciences," November, 1836.

Among the White, as .. 1 : 58 4-5ths
„ Black ..... 1 : 19

The latter being thus more than three times the number of the former.

Still farther to the north, as well as in many places in the West and New England, the climate of which is considered most salubrious to the White, the free Negroes have become entirely extinct! All these are facts of a very ominous character to the free slaves in the United States.

But, it will be asked, if the slaves actually live longer than even the White people, a period must finally arrive when their power is to become dangerous to the planters? To this we reply, that certainly such would inevitably be the case, if there was not a new principle starting up in opposition to slavery in general. We allude to the daily diminishing price and value of the slaves themselves.

The value of a slave is, strictly speaking, nothing more than the difference between the amount of the cost of his maintenance, and the produce of his labour. In colonies and young countries, where labour is dear, that *difference* naturally forms an important *surplus* in the value of a slave, but which gradually diminishes with the growth of the population and its accompanying increase of industry. Thus, in Ireland, ex. gr., labour is so cheap, that the maintenance of a slave would exceed the value of his labour. And as soon as this condition will take place also in the southern provinces of the United States, *emancipation* will follow as a matter of course, the employment of capital will take a different direction, and the slaves will gradually—as in the state of Delaware, and partly already in Kentucky—be freed by the owners, as useless and valueless property. But how far off that period still is—our what consequences may attend such an event—we leave the reader to judge for himself.

ART. X.—*Western Barbary: its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals.* By J. H. DRUMMOND HAY, Esq. Murray.

MR. HAY'S volume, forming the ninth of Mr. Murray's *Colonial and Home Library*, would at any time be an acceptable addition to the list of modern journals; for both as respects subject and way of treatment, it is pleasant and interesting, taking the reader over fresh ground, and being written with spirit and cheerfulness. At the present moment, however, it is particularly welcome, seeing that the Barbary States are exciting a considerable degree of political concern; a Holy War, it is reported, having been proclaimed by the Emperor of Morocco against our neighbours the French, whose de-

signs in the Mediterranean, it is confidently asserted, by several of the newspapers, are of the most grasping and insidious nature, threatening to seriously affect British interests in the East, and our colonial relations generally. The Earl of Aberdeen, to be sure, has recently expressed himself in his place in parliament, so as to allay much of the feverishness experienced with regard to the policy of France in Barbary. In the meanwhile the eye of the British reader cannot but be directed to that part of the world with a special anxiety, so as to beget a double curiosity to learn such particulars as are promised by the title-page of the volume before us. We therefore intend to quote from it freely, seeing that, unless we were to go into the questions of a political and controversial complexion already referred to, there is little room or call for remark. It may be sufficient before introducing our extracts, merely to state that the author is the son of H. M. Consul-General at Tangier, and that besides having resided a number of years in that city, he made a journey on one occasion into the interior of the country, his principal object being to purchase "a barb of the purest blood" for her Majesty. He was disappointed however; for he was so unlucky as to choose an animal that was *unbreakable*, and which it would have been little short of treason to recommend to the Queen. But his father, the Consul-General, appears to have afterwards been more fortunate in his jockeyship, and to have furnished royalty with a perfect specimen. The son, however, did not return unrewarded; for, owing to his peculiar opportunities, he managed to collect a sufficiency of materials to fill a volume, these being judiciously combined with the knowledge and the facts that have been gathered during his entire residence at the Consulate. The whole, as before observed, is pleasantly put together, although, besides a habit of affecting the sparkling in style, one cannot but at times have a suspicion of the traveller's licence. Certainly, Mr. Hay has a relish for the dramatic; while, if there be nothing in the book deserving to be classed with pure fairy fiction, the dress, at least, oft partakes of that colour. Indeed the route was over ground where story-tellers have long flourished; so that with the realities, which are frequently stranger than fancy can figure, there is no lack of entertainment in the work.

Mr. Hay's party consisted of sundry characters. In the capacity of escort there was Mallem Ahmed, well mounted and picturesquely accoutred,—dandily-worked yellow boots, with terrific spurs, being part of the soldier's equipment. Then there was the garrulous Hadj Abdallah, skilled in horse-flesh. Next Sharky merits mention, the cook and butler to the expedition, and lastly a Spanish Don, José M. Escazena, a first-rate companion in travel, and not less accomplished as a draftsman.

We shall not trouble our readers with any outline of the course

which the journey took, contenting ourselves with a few of the adventures, the scenes, and the persons encountered. The first passage to be quoted gives us an account of a very primitive mode of thrashing corn:

Mares with their colts tied abreast by the head or neck are used for this work. One man stands in the middle holding the reins, whilst another shouts and applies the whip or goad when necessary. Mules and donkeys are employed in bringing the sheaves. The country folk are dressed in light woollen shirts, their arms and legs bare; a red cap or small turban covers the head; their shoes are religiously left at the margin of the thrashing-floor, it being regarded as holy ground by all the children of the East. I remarked that they carefully avoid making any calculation of the produce of their harvest, and are offended if you question them as to their expectations, checking you by the grave reply—"As God may please." There is a curious custom which seems to be a relic of their pagan masters, who made this and the adjoining regions of North Africa the main granary of their Latin empire. When the young corn has sprung up, which it does about the middle of February, the women of the villages make up the figure of a female, the size of a very large doll, which they dress in the gaudiest fashion they can contrive, covering it with ornaments to which all in the village contribute something; and they give it a tall peaked head-dress. This image they carry in procession round their fields, screaming and singing a peculiar ditty. The doll is borne by the foremost woman, who must yield it to any one who is quick enough to take the lead of her; which is the cause of much racing and squabbling. The men also have a similar custom, which they perform on horseback. They call the image *Mata*.

By and by Mr. Hay visits a great man, to whom he has luckily obtained an introduction. Accordingly we obtain some very distinct glimpses of interior life. Indeed, as our readers shall soon see, our traveller got much further behind the scenes than is quite safe in that curious country, where even the Emperor's authority has little weight, when the distance is considerable from the seat of government. Mr. Hay thus describes his visit to the Moor:

Having passed the outer porch of the Cid's abode through a low arch of horseshoe form, the party of which I was one were conducted into a little garden, where the verbena-louisa, the jessamine, and the rose vied in luxuriant vegetation. Our path was shaded from the piercing rays of a September sun by the thick foliage of vines trained over fantastic trellises of cane, through which hung temptingly within our reach fine grapes, both red and white, with some of a singular ash-colour, and others of a long tapering form, peculiar perhaps to this country, and called, in the poetical language of the people's Arab ancestry, "the damsel's fingers." We ascended a few steps to an alcove, in front of which played a bubbling fountain, and through its jet of sparkling waters came the cool breeze scented by flowers. Here we found our host sitting on a rich Rabat carpet, in the cross-legged tailor fashion uni-

versal in this country, with many an embroidered cushion to complete the luxury of his divan. A little behind the great man, yet where he could wait and watch for every wish of his lord, stood a young bronze-coloured slave, whose fine eyes rolled their white orbs in astonishment at the Nazarene visitors. Three handsomely carved chairs had been placed for the Christians; such chairs as one might suppose to have been a gift to an ancestor of the kaid from some friendly governor of Tangier, in the time of our merry King Charles.

Our author appears to be a person with extraordinarily quick eyes. Nor can his memory be other than remarkable for its minute accuracy and retentiveness. His host became uncommonly communicative, and was even at considerable pains to point out to the author and his Spanish companion the comforts and luxuries of his domestic establishment, as well as the beauties of the surrounding scenery. But while the great man was absorbed with sundry repetitions, the Consul-General's son, with the impatience and curiosity of his juvenile years, set off on an exploring expedition throughout the mansion, "peering about into sundry nooks and passages that form the strange distribution of a Moorish palace."

At length becoming somewhat alarmed at my own hardihood, I turned to rejoin the master of the house, when a door, through the chinks of which all my movements must have been watched, was thrown open, and out rushed the Houris, black, white, half-caste, fat, thin, old and young! It was impossible for me to escape, and had I made a precipitate movement, I should have become liable to the worst imputations; so I stood stock still, and was quickly arrested by the powerful paws of a jet-black dame, and then commenced a general scrutiny of my person. "Look," said one, "I told you the Nazarenes had a mouth, and a nose, and ears, just like Mohamedans!" "See," said another, taking up my hand; "one, two, three, four, five—exactly the same number!" "But what are these?" screamed a third, who had laid hold of the skirts of my coat; "does he hide his tails here?" "And he laughs, too!" they exclaimed. From this, indeed, I could no longer refrain, although I was becoming seriously uneasy, lest my absence should be discovered by the great man; for I was now in the midst of the most forbidden fruit, although it proved far inferior to what my fertile fancy had previously imagined. Indeed, a less attractive posse of womankind I never beheld; for almost all these ladies were at a time of life when the fineness of the Moorish features had disappeared; and the only redeeming grace that remained to them, which is common, indeed, to all the white women of West-Barbary, was the large gazelle eye. As to the admired *en bon point* of youth, it had been replaced by a gross fatness, which covered forms that were once perhaps of perfect symmetry. According to the taste of the Moor, a lady is in perfect perfection when her charms are a load for a camel.

But there was one exception—a perfect Mauritanian Venus:

This was a delicate-looking girl; her age, I thought, was sweet fifteen—the prime of womanhood in this precocious country; for their beauty seems to fade with the teens. Her complexion was very fair, her eyes dark hazel, to which the black border of *Kohol* gave a languid expression. She had a coral-lipped mouth, round as a ring, as the Moorish ode describes the feature. Her black hair, braided with silver cords, waived in profusion over her shoulders. Her sylph-like figure was clothed in a pale green caftan, embroidered on the bosom and skirt in silver thread. This garment reached a little below her knees, and over it she wore an outer robe of light gauze, confined around the waist by a red zone of Fez silk. The sleeves of her caftan were wide and open near the wrist; showing at every turn an arm like alabaster which was encircled by a plain but massive bracelet of Soodan gold; and her uncovered legs were seen from below the caftan clasped with chased silver; her feet were also bare, for in her sally with the rest she had forgotten her slippers; her feet, as well as her hands, were dyed with henna of a bright orange colour. Over her head she had thrown a light muslin kerchief; but in this sudden tumult her curiosity got the better of her national caution, and she stood before me quite unveiled. During the uproar occasioned by my intrusion, the youthful damsel was the only one silent; but now taking alarm from the noise of the rest, she half hid her pretty features, and cried in an anxious whisper, "Hush! hush! hush! My father will hear; and, then, oh! what will become of this young Christian?" "What do we care?" said a barrel of a woman, with eyes that rolled like gooseberries in a saucer, and whom I took to be the most favoured dame of this party-coloured assemblage; for her dress far surpassed that of all the rest in costliness. "It was the Christian's fault for daring to—." She could not finish her speech, for the gruff voice of their lord was heard. "What is that noise? Where's the other Nazarene?" And then his heavy step came trampling nearer and nearer. Off scampered all the surrounding spirits, black, white, and grey. The little damsel was the last to move, and evidently with less apprehension than the rest. Veiling closely all her features except one dear eye, she said to me, in a quick whisper, "Don't be afraid, Nazarene. Tell my father it was all our fault; he is very good-natured, and you are so young." I had by luck a rosebud at my breast. I answered by giving it to her with a thanking smile, and instantly she flew after her companions. "*Ellee Haramy*! Hollo, young rascal!" said the big man, as he laid hold of me by the collar; and I began to feel that my head was very unsecure on my shoulders. "Kah, kah, kah!" and his fat sides shook with laughter; "So, boy! (my chin was yet smooth), you have been among my women, eh! Don't you know you deserve to die?" suiting the action to the word by drawing his hand across my throat. "Eh! trying to carry off my gazelles! Eh! you young Nazarene." Though frightened out of my wits, I had just breath enough to gasp out, "O my lord, if I have done anything to displease you, attribute it to ignorance of your customs. In my country it is usual to pay our respects to the ladies in preference to any body else." "Ah! deceiver," said he; "you Nazarenes must have a pleasant time of it too. Kah, kah! kah! I must go to your country. Kah, hah! Yes, they speak true; they speak true when they say that your Paradise is on earth. Come along, young sir; I will show you the kitchen, where I have a black beauty in a cook; pay Christian attention to her, if you please. Kah, kah, kah!"

It would be difficult to match the wild Barbary tribes on the score of superstition.

A camel led through a country town in England, could not have excited more curiosity and astonishment, than the appearance of my Spanish friend and myself, in the wild village through which we were passing. At each door stood whole families gasping with amazement; whilst the younger children shrunk in terror, at beholding such strange apparitions. One youth, bolder than the rest, having approached our party, demanded of the Hadj what kind of beings we were. The Hadj, with a grave face, replied that we were *Jins*, or evil spirits, which he had caught and was conducting to Laraiche, to be shipped for the land of the Nazarene. Upon which the lad fled howling to his hut. I remember poor Davidson mentioning to me the general belief he had found prevalent amongst the Arabs in those parts of the Levant, which travellers seldom frequent, that the Frank is in league with devils, witches, and unearthly beings. He told me that, on more than one occasion, he had profited by such fancies, when his life had been in danger from the wild tribes among whom he had ventured. Davidson was bald, and wore at that time a toupet. A body of Arabs, having surrounded him and commenced plundering his effects, and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to beware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying, "Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!" The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder. On another occasion, when making some astronomical observations, he was so inconveniently pressed upon by a crowd of insolent Arabs, that he found it impossible to continue his operations; so, turning to them, he said, "O fools, seek ye destruction? Know the power of the Nazarene!" Then beckoning one of the eldest to approach, he told him to look through the sextant, whilst he, slowly moving the index, informed the barbarian that he would behold the sun to leave its course, and approach the earth. The Arab, pale with fright, after a momentary glance, threw himself on the ground and begged for mercy, beseeching Davidson that he would forthwith leave their land, and take compassion upon their herds and crops, upon which he felt convinced that the Nazarene had the power to inflict murrain and blight.

Having had mention made of poor Davidson, we have to call attention to these further remarks relative to the plan recommended by Mr. Hay for the observance of future travellers in the inhospitable regions of Africa. He says that Davidson started from the first in a manner calculated to throw impediments in his way; that he published indiscreetly to the world his intended journey, and that the time of his coming wasb ruited about at Gibraltar,—that celebrated Rock having always been a hotbed for engendering mischievous reports,—long before he appeared. These reports, of course, soon found their passage over the Straits, and thence to the court at Morocco, in a highly exaggerated shape. The distinction too, which marked the reception of the traveller at Gibraltar, worked in the

same unfortunate manner, giving to him an importance that was sure to awaken double distrust and jealousy. In fact, he appears to have been looked upon by the Moorish people and government as an agent of Great Britain, appointed to enquire into the state of the country, and its capabilities. Then, how naturally must the suspicion have arisen of his mission being connected with plans of future conquest.

Davidson brought with him a letter of recommendation from his majesty William IV. to the Sultan of Marocco, stating that the object of his travels was purely scientific. The delivery of this letter to the Sultan was in itself an unwise measure, for it stamped the bearer as an agent of the British government, and consequently Davidson was looked upon with a jealous and suspicious eye by the Moorish court. The Sultan of Marocco little knows or cares about scientific pursuits. It would never enter into the mind of a Moor, not even the most enlightened, that any man would expose his life by travelling through the wild tracts of West Barbary, or attempt to penetrate into the land of deserts and death, solely for the love of travel and science. Gain, the Moor would argue, must be his object, and for this alone, would he conclude, the Englishman was travelling in countries where he exposed his life. To a like course of reasoning among the wealthy merchants of Fas and Tâfilelt may the death of the unfortunate traveller be attributed: these traders, and others of the principal towns of Marocco, have long held in their hands the monopoly of the trade of Northern Africa, consisting in gold-dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c. With what eyes must they then have viewed the man whom they considered the emissary of a great commercial nation, with whom these goods have long been an object of traffic! The natural inference of these Moors would be—This man is going into the interior to enter into an arrangement with agents there for sending the productions of the country to some more direct port of export than those of Marocco; and if he succeed in this object, he will destroy our trade. Impressed with views such as these, and callous in the commission of crime, it is easy to suppose that these traders would have endeavoured to prevent, either by fair means or foul, the return of such a traveller to his own country, as his success might ensure their ruin.

This statement offers important suggestions for the observation of succeeding adventurers into the far interior of Africa. And had Mr. Davidson's measures been quite the reverse of those which he adopted, had he taken the advice of those persons who have long resided in Morocco, and returned there to remain quiet for a while, and until the impression had been made that he had altogether abandoned the enterprise, he might, on changing his name, and embarking at London direct for Mogadore as a petty trader, have penetrated to "Timbuctoo, or even further if he had pleased; nobody would have heard of his journey, or if they had, they would not have thought it worth while to murder him."

'I attribute," says our author, "the failure of all our travellers

in their attempts to penetrate into the interior of Africa, to the notoriety with which their perilous journey has been undertaken, thus exciting the jealousy of both *natives* and *foreigners*. Mr. Hay farther remarks that he has not much faith in Caillies' accounts: "he may have been at Timbuctoo, but if he has, accuracy as a draftsman does not appear to have been his forte. I showed to a native of Timbuctoo, the sketch he gives of that town, and the man neither recognized the forms of the houses, nor the situation of the town itself, although on being shown other drawings of cities and villages, he at once named the places which they represented.

We have had a sample of the superstitions that are rife in Morocco. These superstitions, and the worthies that are sometimes the subjects of the very grossest errors, constitute serious dangers, not merely to the traveller, but to the residents at the principal towns. You may have to encounter a *sainted maniac*, who is always a highly privileged personage in the estimation of the Moors.

The madman or idiot is universally looked upon in West Barbary, as a person to be held in reverence. The Moor tells you that God has retained their reason in heaven, whilst their body is on earth; and that when madmen or idiots speak, their reason is for the time permitted to return to them, and that their words should be treasured up as those of inspired persons. These wretched people are allowed to parade the streets in a state of nudity, and the maniacs sometimes prove most dangerous to unwary Europeans. A French consul-general some years ago was nearly killed by a sainted madman, and in 1830 I had a very narrow escape for my life from another. I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I spied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clotted head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman, aiming at me with his gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while, in the hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayed, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the meantime the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels.

But to change our theme; let us present to our fair readers a passage descriptive of a custom upon which it is especially for them to pronounce judgment.

In the district of Bemin Sooar, a mountainous country inhabited entirely by Berber tribes, there is one place, where, during the fair, a barter of a very curious kind takes place. This fair is held only once a year, and is chiefly resorted to for the purpose of bachelors finding wives, married men adding to their matrimonial treasures, and maidens or widows getting husbands. In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves: but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure, the traffic is carried on in the following manner:—Each lady desiring to enter into wedlock, dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market place. The men, both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about the market examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing at the same time their looks and behaviour. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth; she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barter the enamoured swain is able, in some degree, to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to; and they have the right to assent or not, as they please. Should they assent, the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home. In this traffic, widows are at a low price in general, and divorced ladies sell their cloths very cheap. The wife thus purchased cannot be resold, however much the purchaser may repent of his bargain. It is evident that this curious system of barter has been resorted to by these Mahomedan mountaineers, as a means of evading the law of the Prophet, which interdicts all courtship before marriage.

One variation more. What think you of the accommodation of an Arab tent, and of the particulars of an Arab feast, as detailed in the following passage, with which we conclude?

At this spot we pitched our tent, and were visited by a son of the sheik, who, on the part of his father, invited us to dinner, which, he said, was all prepared and waiting for us. We accepted the invitation, and found our host within his tent, seated on a cushion covered with the skin of a Caracal lynx, which is said to possess one property of inestimable value in this country, to wit, that a flea will never settle on it: and close to this, fine sheep-skins had been placed for his guests. "Welcome, welcome," said the sheikh; and when we were seated, he added, "Are your seats comfortable? Have you all you require? Are you satisfied?" I replied by pouring out a redundancy of blessings on him and all his family and race, especially his great-great-grandfather. All further conversation was cut short by one of his slaves, Abd el Habeeb, appearing with a Moorish table beautifully carved and painted in arabesque. It was of a circular form, about two feet in diameter, and raised some six inches from the ground, which, squatting as we were around it, was a very convenient elevation. Upon this table was placed a large Moorish bowl containing a thic[illegible]oup,

with some kind of vermicelli in it, and highly seasoned with red peppers. In the savoury mess were four wooden spoons of grotesque form, with which we set to work most heartily. The next dish was a stew of beef, accompanied with slices of melon to sharpen the appetite; and then appeared the usual conical dish of keksoo. During the repast not a word was spoken, except it were the ejaculations of *Bismallah* (in the name of God), *al Handoo billah* (thanks to God), or perhaps a *Saffee Allah* (may God pardon me). At length the Don and I were compelled to give up the attack upon the mountain of keksoo, to the evident sorrow and surprise of the sheikh, who as well as the Kaid, continued for a long time to assault it vigorously. The ample dish being at last removed, the sheikh at last broke silence, "Truly, you *Christians* have made but a poor feast. You require pig—that is your proper food, I am told; and without it you do not thrive. They tell me too," he added, "that you milk your pigs: wonderful indeed it is how the Lord's creatures err!" "Blessings upon your beard!" said I: "what false ideas you Moslems have regarding the followers of Seedna Asia (the Lord Jesus). But let me talk with you about this meat of pig." "God forbid!" said the Arab; it is a sin even to think of it." "Sin to think of a pig?" said I, taking him rather quickly: "Sin, do you call it? Tell me, O follower of the Prophet, who made the pig?" "God," replied the sheikh. "Then," said I, "according to your account, God created sin." The old sheikh reflected for a moment, and turning to the Mallem, said—"Of a truth the young Nazarene has entrapped me; I never heard it put in that way before."

ART. XI.—*Songs, Ballads, and other Poems.* By the late THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. Edited by his Widow. 2 vols. Bentley.

To the individual, whose literary productions are contained in the above volumes, many of our readers will, we doubt not, own themselves indebted for numerous pleasant hours. In the theatre, his sparkling wit and mirth shone forth in the lively pieces issuing from his pen, to the delight of crowded audiences; while in the private seclusion of the boudoir or studio, many a heart has been cheered and upheld amidst sorrow, by perusal of his touching poetry.

His widow has furnished the public with a brief memoir of his life prefixed to the above edition of his works; from which, it appears, that his family was connected with some of the English aristocracy. His father was a gentleman of property near Bath, and had practised as a solicitor in that city. Young Bayly was an only son; and hence, contrary to the usual fate of literary men, he was bred up in affluence and surrounded by luxury. Such a state of prosperity, is not the soil in which literature seems ever to flourish, and as has been the case with many other literary men, some of his best productions were composed when difficulties and troubles pressed thick upon him, and to-morrow's sustenance (so to say) depended on the work of

to-day. He was at different periods of his youth intended for the legal and clerical professions; but the waywardness which generally attends youthful genius, led him to desert the idea of entering either, and he entirely gave himself up to the cultivation of his favourite occupation—literature.

Of course, the first thing a young poet will do, is to "fall into love," and compose

"Sonnets to his mistress' eye-brow."

After studying at Winchester school he went to Oxford, where he became particularly attached to a fellow-student, who was the victim of a slow consumption. His kind disposition led him to pay great attention to his sick companion, and he was the constant attendant at the sick-bed. The sister of his friend wrote to Mr. Bayly on the subject of her brother's real state, and a little correspondence ensued. The young man wasted away and dropped quietly into the grave, spon after which Bayly, being at Bath, where his deceased friend's family also resided, renewed his acquaintance with the lady, which soon assumed a different and more tender complexion. His hopes were, however, doomed to disappointment; for, of course, the first consideration on the affair approaching a climax was, what were his means to keep a wife?

Mr. Bayly's father, though rich, was not disposed to settle anything on him, the lady had nothing; her father had the same indisposition to do anything as the other. However poetical in theory, young Balyy could not see any chance of "living on love" with comfort, and hence they parted, after mutual bewailings and tears. Mr. Bayly grew melancholy, and travelled: while his lady, determined to make up for lost time, and looking upon the matter with a cold philosophy, soon after married!—This event occasioned the composition of two of Mr. Bayly's most beautiful productions, one of which, "Oh no, we never mention her," is too well known to need quotation here; while the other, though not so notorious, is perhaps, the superior of the two, and cannot be read without respect for the kindly feelings pourtrayed in it.

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,
Nor run from thee unfeelingly, with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee, 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee, decked in fashion's bright array;
And less could I endure, to meet thee pensive and alone,
When thro' the trees, the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me.
And often near the sunny waves, I've wandered by thy side,
With joy that passed away, as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossoms on the bough:
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow;
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee, by one unworthy thought:
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!

The air of gentle pathos that pervades this song throughout, proves how deep and refined were the the poet's feelings at his loss; but even sorrow is fickle, and does not rest in one dwelling-place long; and after a year or two's travels he returned to Bath, only to follow the example of his former love, by forming a new attachment. The circumstances of this second affair are equally peculiar as the first. Mrs. Hayes, a lady then well known in the fashionable circles of Bath, had an only daughter, who had been particularly pleased with Mr. Bayly's ballad of "Isabel," and had expressed her desire to see the young author, to a friend of his, who was one of Miss Hayes's suitors. The friend, too eager to gratify the slightest wish of her, whom he wished to please, introduced Mr. Bayly, who on conversation with Miss Hayes, found that their mothers had been school-fellows and friends in former days. This, of course, gave an impulse to the acquaintanceship. Mr Bayly was fascinated with the young lady, who, in return, was much pleased with him, though in the romance of youth, she had pictured in her mind something exceeding reality. But an absence in Paris made her miss his wit and attention, and in 1826 they were united at Cheltenham.

The incident which led to his writing the well-known ballad, "I'd be a butterfly," is somewhat amusing, and occurred while staying at Lord Ashtown's villa, at Chesel, during the honeymoon. A large party was there one day, and the ladies on leaving the table, strolled through the grounds, having received a promise from the gentlemen to join them in ten minutes. After about half an hour had passed, Mr. Bayly rose to join the ladies, while the others engaged in sacrificing to Bacchus stayed behind. The ladies, pretending to be offended at his not joining them before, fled away in an opposite direction. He saw their manœuvre and did not seek to overtake them, rambling alone, till he came to the summer-house, known by the name of the "Butterfly Bower," where, inspired by a butterfly that settled close to him, he wrote that ballad.

For a few years he lived in the possession of all those blessings which contribute to make life comfortable: fortune, domestic happiness, and delightful society: but in 1831, an unfortunate speculation in coal-mines, and the bad conduct of the agent upon his wife's property, reduced his resources considerably. His misfortunes had a considerable effect upon his spirits, and until after a residence abroad for a short time, he was unable to settle himself to composition again. His sorrow was not a selfish one, as appears from a birthday ode which he addressed to his wife soon afterwards, in accordance with his annual custom.

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound!

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been,
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah! no, that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me,
Than laboured words can speak.

But there are true hearts which the weight
Of sorrow summons forth:
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some, who have professed
So much in friendship's name;
Yet calmly pause to think how best,
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn:
They'd make me loathe mankind.
Far better lessons I may learn,
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take.
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

Mr. Bayly's literary efforts, were now, comparatively speaking, absolutely necessary for his subsistence, and he was liable to all those vicissitudes and fluctuations in pecuniary affairs, which invariably attend literary men: though he was generally successful in his theatrical productions, which were very numerous. But severe application of the mind, when weighed down by anxiety, soon had its effect upon his frame, and he died in 1839, at the age of forty-two. He was buried at Cheltenham.

It is curious, though sad, to remark that Mr. Bayly foretold his own doom in the ballad before-mentioned, ("I'd be a butterfly.")

What tho' you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are faded away.

Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly: living a rover,
Dying when fair things are faded away!

The poems and songs contained in the volumes before us, are of various sorts: some grave, some gay, some humorous, some dolorous; but, it may be safely said of all, that they contain distinct evidences of the kindness of heart of their author. Whether Mr. Bayly's works will gain any lasting fame, is uncertain; had he lived, his pieces, most probably, would have been of a more solid nature, but to say the least of them, they pourtray a great vivacity of thought, and power of expression, as well as a most amiable disposition.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*The Middle System of Teaching Classics; a Manual for Classical Teachers.* By the REV. H. P. HAUGHTON, B. A. Parker.

BY the *Middle*, Mr. Haughton means a modified and new system, viz. something about half-way between the Westminster and Eton extreme on the one hand, and the Hamiltonian on the other. Now, we do think that he advances no mean claims as an originator; at least, to us several of his principles are quite new; while in the very rejection, modification, and addition, he manifestly has exercised not only a great amount of ingenious thought, but patiently tested the points in his practice. We look upon many of his suggestions as being happily striking; nor in the perusal of the exposition of his system, can either pupil or tutor remain

unconvinced and unprofited. That system is essentially analytical; but it cannot be understood, much less appreciated, without a thorough examination of the pages in which it is described and developed.

Nothing in the little treatise pleased us more than the method insisted on by Mr. Haughton, of translating the learner's language into that which he is acquiring, instead of the old practice of translating the language to be acquired into that of the learner.

The author earnestly acknowledges, as in reason he was bound to do, the importance of Classical learning. But he also is duly sensible of the greatly disproportioned length of time and amount of labour which the old system exacted, compared with the exigencies and duties of life; while he disapproves all attempts to annihilate labour, and the pretensions to marvellously short courses, as being sufficient for the acquisition of an adequate knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues. At the same time he sets himself forward in the following-wise;—that he has "no objection to guarantee, that any youth, possessing the preparedness mentioned in the System, of common intelligence, and who is willing to apply, shall be qualified, by it, for passing the previous Public Examination of the University of Oxford, within the space of one year; and the subsequent and ordinary Examination, for the first Degree, within half-a-year more: while his general education shall not be neglected."

We conscientiously recommend to attention and trial this Middle System; while we regret that the author did not exhibit greater neatness in some of his sentences.

ART. XIII.—*The Print Collector; an Introduction to the Knowledge necessary for forming a Collection of Ancient Prints, containing Suggestions as to the mode of commencing Collector, the Selection of Specimens, Prices and Care of Prints, also Notices of the Marks of Proprietorship used by Collectors, Remarks on the Ancient and Modern Practice of the Art, and a Catalogue Raisonnée of Books on Engravings and Prints.*

THIS long and articulate title might of itself sufficiently recommend the volume to the Collector of Prints. But the work will interest the general reader also; for there is a great amount of useful information crammed into its pages, while many of the anecdotes are enlivening and amusing. We must find room for a paragraph or two.

"Stories are told of artists, more ingenious than honest, who have so skilfully copied a picture, to which they have been allowed access for the purposes of study, that they have ventured to substitute their copy for the original, and have succeeded in the bold attempt, and carried the latter away in exchange. In like manner, though not to the same extent, because the subjects are of rare occurrence, doubts are frequently entertainable of the authenticity of a statue or like ancient work; and even as early as the age of Micheal Angelo, a daring artist ventured to trifle with the cognoscenti of his day, producing as antique a fragment of a work of his own, purposely mutilated, and of which he had concealed the remainder, and having enjoyed

the admiration bestowed on his deception, produced the evidence which he had reserved for the purpose of proving the inadequacy of connoisseurship to protect himself from imposition.

"To prints nothing of this sort attaches. True it is, that of nearly all important prints of ancient masters there exists copies, deceptive copies as they are admitted to be. And there are retouched plates, and repaired impressions; but these matters will be further alluded to hereafter. Meantime, let it suffice to observe, that though these do exist, they do not prevail in the same manner or degree as in the other departments, nor so as ever to create one moment's apprehension in the mind of a judicious collector, that he has in his portfolio a single print which is other than what he believes it to be.

"Certainly, ignorance is ever liable to be deceived, especially when accompanied by conceit and self-confidence. Hudson the portrait painter, the master of Sir Joshua, was so fortunate as to obtain a fine impression of the very rare etching by Rembrandt, called the coach landscape. On occasion of this acquisition he gave a supper to his amateur friends, at which to display his purchase. Benjamin Wilson, his brother painter, who had a good judgment in this branch of art, and knew that Hudson had very little, though affecting great enthusiasm for it, amused himself at his expense. He etched a plate in the style of Rembrandt, and sent an impression to Paris, and circulated a report at home, that there had been discovered in France a print by Rembrandt hitherto unknown, and apparently a companion to the coach landscape; that money had been offered for it for the king's collection, but the proprietor meant to bring it to England for sale. Hudson hereupon, to anticipate his English friends, hasted over to Paris and bought the print. On his return he collected all his amateur friends in London to a second supper, given especially for the purpose of receiving their congratulations, and which he received accordingly. Very shortly after this the whole of the party, and Hudson with them, were invited to a supper at Wilson's. When all were introduced to the supper-table every plate was found turned down, and on the guests lifting them, behold under every one appeared an impression of the unhappy companion of the coach landscape, and under Hudson's plate lay the money that he had paid to Wilson's confederate in Paris for the purchase.

ART. XIV.—*Wanderings in Spain in* 1843. By MARTIN HAVERTY, Esq. 2 vols.

MR. HAVERTY, if not the weightiest authority or most original writer who has trodden the soil of Spain as a traveller, is at least one of the most recent of those who have addressed Englishmen relative to that distracted and ill-fated country. He has also contributed some morsels of novelty that have a considerable degree of value. Of this character the notices of the young Queen may be mentioned, although these be not highly encouraging. Our author appears to have frequently had an opportunity to observe her Majesty. One of these occasions was when she and her sister attended mass in the Palace Chapel, "as they always do on Sundays and great festivals." The report proceedeth in the terms now to be quoted:—

At length martial music was heard in the court of the palace, and echoed through the spacious galleries; a train of priests in surplices entered and took their seats on benches along one side of the open central space; priests robed for the celebration of mass followed, with the venerable patriarch of the Indies in his oriental robes; the great lattice of the royal closet was drawn aside, and the young Queen and her sister appeared inside, on two thrones, that of the Infanta being at the Queen's left. When they knelt, they appeared quite at the front of the lattice, but when sitting, the Queen was partly concealed from those on the men's side of the chapel; and the amiable little Infanta semed to devote, perhaps, too much of her attention to her royal sister, who was evidently the object of all her admiration and affection. They wore bonnets of green velvet, but on subsequent occasions, I frequently saw them wear the Spanish mantilla, of which the Queen is said to be particularly fond. When the Queen's name was mentioned in the prayers at mass, the train of priests turned round and bowed to her majesty, but she only returned the salutation with a rapid inclination of the head; and in this as well as in her other abrupt gestures, such as starting every moment from her seat, and tossing her head about violently, she displayed not only an extremely defective education, but it is to be feared a sullenness and violence of disposition also. In this respect it is apprehended that she will but too strongly resemble her royal father, as she decidedly does in certain coarseness of expression about the mouth and chin, if not in the general outline of her features. On one occasion, I saw her majesty lose temper so much, because her governess could not make her understand the part of the office in her prayer book, that she shut up the book in a pet, and refused to speak with her sister who was gently endeavouring to soothe her anger."

ART. XV.—*Two Exercises for the Degree of B. D., read in the Divinity School, Oxford,* April 18 and 19, 1844. By RICHARD GELL MACMULLEN, M. A.

THE daily papers must have informed our readers relative to the controversy and litigation to which these Two Exercises have given rise. In fact, the theological distractions of Oxford and of the Anglican Church may be said to have been brought to the touchstone by Mr. Macmullen. In the *first* he contends that not only is it the doctrine of the Ancient Fathers and of the Early Church, but of the Church of England, that the Eucharistical Elements undergo a change at consecration. In short, the general reader will be unable to distinguish between the points here maintained and those of Transubstantiation. The *second* has for its theme, Catholic Tradition, for which the author stoutly stands up; arguing that Catholic Tradition and Holy Scripture are joint authorities in the matter of Christian Doctrine, provided the former have *Antiquity, Universality,* and *Consent.* Says Mr. M., "Let this be borne in mind, that by joint authorities is not meant *independent,* or *co-ordinate,* or *equal authorities;* that it is fully admitted that the authority of Catholic Tradition, though first in order of time, and in relation to him to whom it is delivered,

is subordinate to, and may be ultimately resolved with, the supreme authority of Holy Scripture." Still, he insists, "Tradition teaches, systematizes, developes, those truths which Holy Scripture contains, establishes, and confirms. So that the statement of our Church, that "Holy Scripture contains all things necessary to salvation," does not mean that it can possibly be the duty, much less as is often proudly and profanely said, the *right* of every man to go to Scripture to gather out his system of opinion for himself, to receive no doctrine, to believe no truth, but what *he* sees to be declared therein; does not mean that we are to address ourselves to the study of it with mind, as it is said, unprejudiced; for this as a matter of fact *cannot* be; if we are not prejudiced on the side of truth, we are prejudiced on the side of error, and the end of all lawful authority, and of all right education, whether by the church or by those who in the providence of God are set over us to guide us, is to bias and prepossess us on the side of what is *right* and *true*. The authority which we know to be inherent in, and which we gladly yield to parents and elders, to those who are better and wiser than ourselves in matters of this world, we dare not deny to the Holy Church, the antitype and fulfilment of all earthly relationship, the treasure-house and repository of the Catholic Tradition, and the witness and keeper of Holy Writ."

The tenets and the tendencies of Mr. Macmullen's Exercises are obvious to the meanest capacity from what we have quoted. At present we do not pronounce upon them further than to say that he is dexterous in the marshalling authorities and witnesses, and subtle to a very considerable degree in argumentation.

ART. XVI.—*Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine.* By SAMUEL HARE, Surgeon. Second Edition.

A NEW and improved edition of an excellent work on a subject which has been often and very variously treated, but hardly ever by any practitioner, we are persuaded, with more approved judgment than Mr. Hare, whose attention has been particularly directed to the diseases of the spine from the circumstance of his having been at one time afflicted with a morbid sensibility of that part of the body; and this besides the many carefully observed facts and results that have come before him in the course of a long and extensive professional career.

Several of the recorded cases present surprising instances of success when the author had to grapple with the most reluctant and forbidding difficulties. The increase of spinal distortion has been great of late years, and principally amongst the female portion of the community. And yet strangely discordant opinions with regard both to the causes of the disease and the most efficacious plan of treatment have been propagated. Mr. Hare, however, who addresses himself in the pages before us especially to lateral curvatures, unhesitatingly attributes these for the most part to the prevalent mode of dress,—in a word to tight stays; and the means which he practically adopts, consist of an inclined plane, with weights and

pulleys, similar to the apparatus which has been so much used during recent years. The volume is full of instruction for the popular as well as the professional reader, and is rendered remarkably striking by the illustrative plates. We have do doubt of its being destined to advance from edition to edition for a series of years: for it has in its manner as well as in its matter, the features and the qualities to constitute a standard book.

ART. XVII.—*Fallacy of Phrenology.* By OLIVER BYRNE, and Professor JOHN BYRNE, U. S.

THE *first part* of a series, under the the general title of "The Fallacies of our own Times." Its object "is to discuss the principal fallacies commingled with our Sciences, Laws, Religions, Education, and Conventional Usages;" to be published in *twelve parts*, each part complete in itself. The next instalment will regard "Restricted Trade and Monopoly." It "will show that the destiny of England rests upon Free Trade; that the Corn Laws must be abolished without delay; and, that the manner in which the interest of money has been regulated is fallacious." It is also to expose "many false statistical conclusions of political economists," and "the whole of the reasoning will be conducted with the exactness of mathematical demonstration." The pamphlet indeed, both by its general pretensions and its particular handling of Phrenology, might afford pegs upon which to hang numerous remarks. For example, the sovereign cure for the Phrenological Fallacy, and for all other fallacies, no matter in what department, is pronounced to be the study of Mathematics. There is nothing like leather: Oliver Byrne is the author of a long array of works closely connected with mathematical science, and styles himself "Late Professor of Mathematics;" while Professor John Byrne is the anthor of "An Essay on the Quadrature of the Circle," "Mathematical Disquisitions;" &c. &c. Then think of there being but twelve principal or great fallacies in the whole range of our Sciences, Laws, Religions, Education, and Conventional Usages! Why, this is allowing but two and a fraction for each branch; although we actually find in the pamphlet itself the following sentence:—"Among the subtle, singular, mysterious, visionary, and unintelligible theories of the present time, may be counted the Millenium, Miller's end of the World, the Prediction of the Weather, Perpetual Motion, Animal Magnetism, the Homœophathic System, the Measuring of Storms by *un*equidistant ordinates, and One Hundred Religions." But to speak for a moment of this *first part*: It is written in a rattling, random, and undemonstrative sort of way; being calculated to amuse rather than to instruct, and to exhibit the wit and cleverness of the writer or writers, rather than to demolish the alleged fallacy. It exhibits a vast deal of pretension and sometimes a knack at ridicule, but in no respect satisfies us that the authors are equal to the discussion and dispersion of the twelve fallacies. We cite one of the happier hits at the "Bumpometers." The point is *technical terms*:—"All Phrenologists suffer in their systems; many deny the temperament doctrine; some leave portions unmarked on their busts; and others discover more organs than they can find places to mark. One has discovered a new organ called

Watchfulness, another *Agreeableness*, and a third *Naturalite*; but the cunning portions of the fraternity think it more advisable to keep an unoccupied portion of the cranium to which they assign no particular organ, so that flaws and contradictions may be thrown into this unascertained space, as into a vortex."

ART. XVIII.—*President Tyler's Message on the Annexation of Texas.*

No country, no large extent of territory, even of the American continent, can offer a parallel to the fortunes of Texas, in an equally short space of time to that which has elapsed since it was *de facto* and by universal recognition a Mexican province. It is but within these few late years that citizens of the United States began, in any considerable numbers, to migrate into it; but having, in the most thorough go-a-head style, crowded into the thinly occupied and inadequately defended state, they at length became the most powerful class of the population of it, and declared themselves *independent*. But this is not all; for wishing to be taken back into the Union, as citizens of that federal nation, they insist on carrying the Mexican territory with them. In short; having been settled in the Texan country by sufferance for a very brief period, they assume sovereign authority; form treaties, like any long established power, with foreign states, and then resolve to join themselves to the community from which they shortly before went forth, swelling that already enormous nation; and directly involving results of the deepest concernment not only to the civilized states of the world, but as regards the progress of civilization in the still barbarous regions. Yet, even here the preposterous and shameful transactions connected with Texas do not end; for the Government of the United States actually conclude a treaty,—frame it, sign it, and seal it—with Texas, with the unscrupulous class that has so recently migrated from the Union; whereby the usurped country is intended to be absorbed into the said Union; and all this violence and impudent fraud without any reservation or even notice of the rights already conceded by Texas to foreign powers, any allusion to the pending claims of Mexico, and any the slightest reference to the extension of slavery and slave-breeding, which are consequences undeniably and immediately embraced.

The following is an abstract of the chief provisions of the treaty which Mr. Calhoun, the American Secretary of State, concluded on the 12th of April last, and which President Tyler has submitted, in a commendatory message, to the Senate:—

"1. The Republic of Texas cedes to the United States all its territories, to be held by them in full property and sovereignty, and to be annexed to the United States as one of their "territories," subject to the same constitutional provisions as their other territories. 2. The citizens of Texas are to enjoy the privileges of the constitution, and admitted, as soon as may be consistent with its principles, to the enjoyment of all its immunities. 3. All titles and claims to real estate which are valid by the laws of Texas are to be held so by the United States. 4. The public lands are to be subject to the laws regulating the public lands in other territories, as far as applicable. 5. The United States assume and agree to pay the public debts and liabilities of

Texas, however created; which are estimated not to exceed 10,000,000 dollars. 6. To ascertain the amount of debts and liabilities, four Commissioners are to be appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to proceed to Washington Texas, and there to examine and decide upon all claims."

A word is not said about the boundaries of Texas, any more than of the claims of Mexico, the subject of slavery, or the existing relations of foreign states. Indeed, according to the manner in which the criminal manœuvre has been planned and conducted, the whole of the Mexican republic might be decoyed into the Union, and every inch of the Mexican territory by a stroke of the pen annexed. It is the law of the strongest, regardless of the rights of the weak, and scornful of the law of nations as of the sanctions and sacredness of justice. It is as if the Frenchmen who have found a comfortable and promising home amongst ourselves, should first declare themselves independent, conscious that their mother country was both willing and able to wrest England from the English, and then incontinently to annex Great Britain to France.

The barefaced and iniquitous idea of the annexation of Texas to the United States, is characterized by certain sentiments and doctrines that very much enhance one's ideas of the heinousness of the attempted. violence; nor need we do more in support and illustration of what we assert than call attention to the manifesto or letter respecting Texas, which Mr. Secretary Calhoun addressed to Mr. Pakenham, the British envoy, on the 18th of April.

Lord Aberdeen had laid down the rules for the guidance of the envoy, which had been and were still to be observed by the British Government; nor could anything be conceived less calculated to imitate the American authorities, or to call forth the lecture which Mr. Calhoun thought it becoming him to read to the envoy and to the world in reply. Mr. Pakenham was instructed to employ, towards the abolition of slavery in Texas, merely the means of counsel, and to take care not to excite in any way the slave-holding states of the Union, neither to resort to any measures whatever which might even have the tendency to disturb the internal tranquillity of those states. And what is Mr. Calhoun's reply? Why, that England had no right to strive, even by counsel, to bring about the abolition of slavery in other countries. But this is not all, for he enters into an argument which goes to maintain that vast benefits attended slavery, and dreadful evils its abolition, both to the black and the white races; that where slavery has been once established as the distinguishing mark of one race, whilst freedom is that of the other, it is not possible ever after to get the two races to live together in amity and on equality. He has a great deal to say of impossibilities and of dangers; but he is lamentably unmindful of the arguments which justice and humanity supply.

While the American Secretary of State's doctrine goes the length of teaching that where you have for a long period oppressed a people, you must ever after continue the system, on account of the dangers which, he argues, must arise from the adoption of mild and humane measures,—just as if in the case of a man you have once wronged, your only alternative is, that you should, for fear of his vengeance, never cease to crush him,—it is not a sufficient set-off against his unprincipled teaching, that has been put forth by

Mr. Clay, another political leader; and still less are we satisfied with the views urged by Mr. Martin Van Buren, the democratic candidate for the Presidency. In fact, this last-mentioned gentleman appears to view the annexation of Texas to be merely inopportune at the present moment, because it does not accord with the popular will. This, again, is the summing up of Henry Clay's letter against the measure :—

"I consider the annexation of Texas at this time, without the assent of Mexico, as a measure compromising the national character, involving us certainly in a war with Mexico, probably with other foreign powers, dangerous to the integrity of the Union, inexpedient in the present financial condition of the country, and not called for by any general expression of public opinion."

Here the objections seem to resolve themselves into an argument having expediency instead of unbending principle for its foundation, immunity rather than justice for a motive. The arguments are the expense of a war with Mexico, the necessity of more than doubling the army, the increase of the Presidental power, creating a military class, and the paying the Texan debt of 14,000,000 dollars at a time when the States are most reluctant even to pay their own. However, it is so far a comfort that the Senate is likely to refuse to ratify Tyler and Calhoun's treaty. At any rate, it is known that whatever be the decision of that body, a complete accordance prevails between the Governments of France and England on the subject, and that such an extraordinary measure as has been attempted to be carried on the other side of the Atlantic by our cousins, will not escape the animadversion it deserves.

There are two points which are worthy of particular attention, and forcibly suggested by the crooked and unprincipled policy pursued by our American brethren. When the chief magistrate of the Union concludes a treaty of annexation with a republic, founded on the territory of a neighbouring and allied state by citizens of the Union,—many of them of very questionable character,—it is time to look after the safety of our own property. Should the American Senate yield on the question of Texan annexation, our turn will undoubtedly come next, for Canada is already menaced. Some of the Trappers, whose friends and allies have been urging the Legislature of the Union to seize upon Oregon, it is credibly reported, have already established an organized settlement within the disputed territory. This has all the appearance of an exact repetition of what has been done in Texas. The second point to which we invite consideration has an immediate reference to the prospects, the moral prospects of the United States themselves. Can it be conceived that the public corruption which is proclaimed and unblushingly avowed in regard, for example, to the Repudiation question and the low swindling principles connected with it,—that the prolonged and accruing callousness of the slave-owners to human suffering,—or that the plundering propensities evinced with regard to Texas, shall be confined to the cabinet or to a pack of politicians? Must not the poison penetrate into social life and domestic circles, seeing that according to the character and constitution of the American nation, the immorality of the rulers is necessarily in a particular degree the immorality of all? One thing is certain, the confidence in American virtue and American progress has within these few years been most seriously shaken in the minds of the British people.

THE

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ART. I. — *Kant's Philosophische, Schriften, neu herausgegefen von* (Kant's Philosophical Works, newly edited by) SCHUBART and BRACHMANN. 6 vols. Erfurt, 1843.

KANT, the founder of modern philosophy, deprives reason of a hundred interests with which other teachers have associated it. He neither looks with *Fichte* at the combat which ensues between reason and the outward world as a sort of knightly tournament wherein the mental power is the perpetual antagonist of sense. He seeks not with Wolf to impose upon the sovereign faculty the mighty task of harmoniously perfecting the relationships of spirit and matter. He neither demands of it with *Schelling* enthusiasm for a religious system, nor presents to it the ideas of *Hegel* to be realized in national, social, or family life. All these are interesting theories which vanish with the close of the day, and are lost in the oblivion of the midnight hour; when Kant summons before our eyes the magic power of *will*, and commands us to submit implicitly to practical reason, abstract law, called *duty*.

This law Kant renders most prominent, impressive, and distinct, by divesting it of all the insinuating and alluring garbs wherewith, for the sake of attraction, both ancient and modern philosophers had apparelled it.

They pointed out the beneficial results accruing from a strict fulfilment of duty, and sought to enlist the mental and moral faculties for the service of a stern, though just sovereign, by holding out hopes of speedy psychical promotion, and the realization of whatever ideal majesty poets had ascribed to the soul. These were the highest motives exhibited to induce obedience to the law *duty*; others of a

less elevated character were not wanting. Kant, however, considered all such coaxing discipline equally futile and injurious. Reason demanded acquiescence, and she would make no compact with inclination for the honours which Deity had chartered to her sway.

The novel mode of thought opened by Kant is not only distinguished by its contemplative depth, and the strange mental world which it opens to the disciple; but for its immense progeny of notions now become inalienably connected with all metaphysical theories. How many use with influency, and instinctive refinement of diction, the categories of *subject* and *object*, without once reflecting that Kant, in his Criticism on Reason, first moulded those notions by a slow and persevering process into that philosophical profundity which has since rendered their application general and practical. Indeed, every existing mode of thought is thoroughly tinctured with the categories of Kant, not to mention the various theories professedly based upon his system. Nor can we by any possibility travel out of his sphere. We shall now endeavour to sketch as briefly and clearly as possible, the outlines of that powerful system which has wrought so great a revolution in modern philosophy.

The doctrine of Kant is Idealism, not common, but transcendental Idealism. The difference between the two is this,—common idealism considers the whole existing world as deception and shadow, and admits not the existence of objects in themselves, but only of the notions which we entertain concerning them. Transcendental idealism, on the other hand, allows the existence of an external universe, but denies that we know it as it really is. It permits us only to be conversant with those apparitions of nature, which rise before our perceptive, or cognitive faculties. Common idealism never deals with the outward world as a result, but with its constituting qualities, while the transcendentalist only denies a perfect correspondence between objects themselves, and the virtues which simple and uncritical consciousness supposes in them. Thus simple consciousness considers that all which comes in contact with sensible perception, such as colour, form, continuation of parts, their connection, &c., are contained in the object itself, and constitute its real substance; while transcendental idealism discerns in the object, the mere reflection of the cognitive power in man, which engraves upon the surface of sensible nature the impression of an innate law, resident in human existence. With the transcendental philosopher, the whole of the material world rests between two inscrutable points as its two poles, —between the objects themselves on the one side, and the power of cognition on the other. These two extreme polar points,—absolute *object* and absolute *subject*,—have undergone further investigation by Kant's successors. Object and subject form the boundaries of both theory and experiment.

All the notions which we form of objects,—all the qualities which

we attribute them—are derived either from the impression of external nature on the senses, or from the innate forms which dwell in human perception. All we really know, therefore, of outward objects, is, that they are; but what they are, remains, according to Kant, a perfect mystery. With the same mystery he likewise shrouds the true character of the pure subject in man, since its existence is real, and it may be contemplated as an object by itself. All the proper qualities which the subject discoveres in itself, to wit, the faculties of thought, feeling, desires, &c., only indicate parts of the innate experience and conceptions of which it is capable. Thus our real knowledge of the subject is bounded by its existence: we are ignorant of its absolute essence. On the other hand, the manifold forms of our perception, (which perception may be termed the eye of the subject) and the objects of the outward world, Kant admits to be perfectly intelligible and fully developed. He divides forms into two classes, the one he distinguishes as *à priori*, the other as *à posteriori* By the former he understands all that is necessarily contained in our intellect, apart from experience. The latter, on the contrary, signifies with him, everything that is deduced from the exhibition of facts.

The *à priori* class is of a twofold character. It comprises forms by which we behold and view, and forms by which we deliberate and judge. Of the former kind are space and time, together with all that we know in, and by them; viz., the three dimensions as the properties of space and sections; the arithmetical progressions which originate in the ascent and descent in the sphere of time, with all the various forms of locomotions, as changes of time manifested in space. The body of these forms of views, so far as they have been ascertained by science, presents to us an infinite field of endless and varied manifestations, in which all the phenomena, by a law of necessity, appear under the one or other aspect.

In proportion as the phenomena appear engrafted on those forms, we judge of them as, in a greater or less degree, objects of experience. The relations which we discover between the phenomena and the *à priori* forms of time and space, constitute the substance or nature of our judgment on matters of experience.

In order, however, to render the judgment complete, we must add to it the second class of forms *à priori*. The forms of judgment fall under four rubrics. We make, imprimis, either one thing, several things, or all things—the object of inquiry and adjudication. The form which comprises that process, Kant terms the *Categories of Quantity*. Our reason then proceeds to grant or deny a certain predicate to a certain object. The form comprising this process Kant calls the *Categories of Quality*. But as in attempting to judge of an object we are compelled to contemplate the qualities with which we are about to invest it, a third form ensues, which consists in the

relation of the substance to its accidents. Two conclusions or judgments may likewise be so combined that one may be the accident of the other. Thus, in saying, "when the sun rises it becomes day," *becoming day* is the accident or effect of the *rising sun.* The forms of judgment of substance and accident, of cause and effect, Kant distinguishes by the common title, the *Categories of Relation.*

The fourth form consists, in our positive or negative conclusions, with respect to the objects of judgment. A fact or thing attains its highest degree of certainty, by proof that difference or contrariety are, with relation to itself, impossible. Certainty, then becomes the exhibition of necessity. Kant designates the forms of necessity, possibility, and certainty, by the term *Categories of modality.* Thus concludes the second branch of *à priori* forms in their most essential bearing.

Our knowledge is the result of a concurrent operation in both divisions of the *à priori*, viz., the forms by which we behold, and those by which we judge. Every form of judgment has its peculiar mode of operation in the field of viewing and beholding. Thus, if we perceive therein a regular order of successive and similar phenomena; such as, the sound which ensues every time we strike upon a glass; the freezing of water whenever the cold has attained a certain degree; the display of colours whenever the sun shines; we are then conversant with those phenomena which give rise to the categories of cause and effect. On the contrary, a regular order of succession in a varying object,—such succession, for instance, as may be discerned in water changing from congelation into fluid; then into vapour or steam, the converse process; the moon's full aspect changing into the crescent form; childhood, as one mode of humanity, giving way to senility as another; the senses, vigilant during the day, surrendering themselves to sleep in the night; such order of succession gives rise to the *categories of substance and accident.* The changing states we term accidents: and the object in which the mutation is wrought, we call substance.

The knowledge of things is, with Kant, the result of an extremely artificial machine. The wheels do indeed revolve by, and within each other, and by their complicated action the science is, so to say, properly manufactured. All things which we know have previously undergone the process requisite to recognition: in fact, to know a thing, is simply to invest it with the results of the à priori operations in connexion with it. We are ignorant of the raw material of the objects. Thus, the methaphysics of Kant refuse us a view into the super-sensual empire of things as they really are. The suspicion which has been often entertained, that the deceptive and chimerical are inseparable from the mere realm of sense, is much fostered by the doctrines of the philosopher under consideration. His tenets, on the other hand, frustrate our hopes of arriving at the knowledge of things by reflection and reasoning, concerning nature and the universe.

We have now arrived at that stage in Kant's system where perfect darkness veils from our view the nature of the external world. It is in vain that the soul, in accent by turns commanding, expostulatory, and persuasive, interrogates nature of her secret. All is still as the grave; and the opaque atmosphere arrests even the voice of echo.

But although the mind pauses in bewilderment before the mystery which rests on the sphere of outward inquiry, it discovers when it returns within itself a system of wonderful consolation in the resolution of the will. Inspired by divine consciousness, it no longer carries study and investigation into the region of natural phenomena, but fortifies with stern determination—in the sphere where it receives instead of discovers—to believe in, and hope for, all the blessings to which man is fairly entitled, when he conscientiously practises the moral law uttered by our practical reason.

The resolution to consider oneself as a member of a spiritual world, extending far beyond the limits of this life, is identical with the determination to take the moral law as the standard for our conduct, for that law commands us to act in a way becoming members of a higher sphere; and it is impossible to practise it without fully believing it. Our *resolution* thus becomes identified with our belief, and shares all its fruits and consequences.

No sooner do we believe in the existence of a spiritual world, and resolve to act as becomes its members, than we acknowledge ourselves creatures belonging to two spheres, and arrive at the position from which Kant himself acted, thought, and lived.

The proud consciousness, that we, though linked to a low nature by the *à priori* forms of both spheres, transcend in the majesty of an ideal being, and in the loftiness of our destiny, the entire aggregate of the material universe; and that we are permitted even from our low position, an insight into the glorious future; this consciousness pours balm into the soul, and causes it to forget the toils of the way in the prospective of its end.

Kant's own life bears witness that he fully felt the truth of his theory. He never, for a moment, quitted his native place, Königsberg. He was born in 1724, the year of Klopstock's nativity. His parents were poor, but respectable persons, of Scottish extraction. His whole life was as a smooth river on which the image of the heavens rested in undisturbed entirety. His existence was one of perpetual thought and contemplation. He was appointed Professor Ordinarius in the year 1770, when he published his Latin treatise, "De mundi sensibilis atque intelligibilis formâ et principiis," in which he, for the first time, revealed the ideas afterwards fully developed in his criticism on pure reason. This treatise was a sealed book to the public in general, on account of the dead language in which it was written, and the strict mathematical form in which it was

couched. Seventeen years of comparative neglect rolled over his serene and thoughtful existence. In 1787, he published his celebrated work, the Criticism on Pure Reason. This, however, did not bring him into public notice until 1792, after he had been for five years exposed to the polemic attacks of the learned of all countries. At that time, Kant was in his sixty-eighth year—he had published, however, when only twenty-two, a treatise in which we fully discover the fundamental idea expressed in his great work given to the world nearly half a century afterwards. In the treatise referred to, young Kant undertook nothing less than a philosophical expedition against Leibnitz, Des Cartes, Benaali, and many other celebrated writers of the day, and set himself up as an umpire to decide the controversies which were then carried on with great zeal between the schools of Leibnitz and Des Cartes.

The treatise, as it did not espouse the opinions of either school, remained wholly unnoticed. Kant bore this neglect with the greatest equanimity. So entirely had he realised the truth that prompted his assertions, that it had become an element in his existence. His being was the world in which his philosophy made triumphant progress day by day: his views were too much associated with reality, to be affected by the patronage or the dissent of the public.

The thinking world was at that time divided between two opposite systems, the dogmatism of Wolf and the sensualism (or sensuous system) of Locke. The gigantic mind of Kant had occupied itself with equal force and influence in the investigation of both systems. As public teacher of logic and metaphysics, he was compelled to take Wolf as his text book; nevertheless he introduced into his lectures his own independent remarks, which threw doubts on several dogmatic doctrines of Leibnitz. On the other hand, in his work on Pure Reason, Kant started from the text-book of Locke, and had to defend inch by inch the elementary axioms of dogmatism, which in his lectures, previously delivered, he had taken for granted. Kant thus found himself between the fires of the contending parties; and with what almost supernatural power of genius and grasp of thought he contrived to brave the perils of that emergency, it shall be our task to develop in the following pages.

Wolf found in the radical principles of reason, the fundamental laws of the outward world, inasmuch as the relations of substance and accident, cause and effect, possibility, &c., form alike the elementary conditions of our reason, and of all that exists around us. Wolf therefore asserted that the only reality in an object was what fell within the scope of our perceptions; while the activity of our senses, or whatever forms the condition of our individuality, he considered as accidents of the substances,—the general manifestations of our reason.

Kant however, admitted only the first part of the axiom of Wolf,

without granting the conclusion to be correct. Besides entertaining many doubts as to the necessity of the inference drawn by Wolf, he even suspected that it involved a contradiction, as our notions indicate possibilities rather than realities; and if Wolf's assertion, that individual existence is the accident of notions, were correct, it would follow that reality is the accident of possibility, a supposition absolutely absurd.

When Kant afterwards resolved to base, with Locke and Hume, his philosophy upon the ground of experience, the case became entirely reversed. The conclusion of Wolf's assertion was easily established, while the first part fell to the ground. In this result Kant was most unwilling to acquiesce, and in escaping from it he was compelled to prove by argument that the fundamental laws in the outward world are identified with the primary perceptions of our world are identified with the primary perceptions of our reason; sphere appertain, as essential attributes, to our reason.

The complicated labour of reconciling systems so extreme as those of Wolf and Hume, involved him in difficulties on all points, and it is no marvel that the whole of his life was a continual devotion to one arduous task. Wolf derived all philosophic knowledge from pure reason, while Hume deduced it from the experience of the senses. Kant, in starting from Hume's system, undertook to demonstrate, *à posteriori*, all the axioms of Wolf.

Among these same axioms, that of the intelligible world,—or a world of *noumena*, in opposition to the world of *phenomena*,—occupies a promïnent place. This we shall now endeavour to illustrate.

Leibnitz, and with him Wolf, had maintained that man is a being living in two opposite spheres,—in a physical sphere known to him by the experience of his senses, and in a spiritual sphere known to him by the operations of his pure reason. Kant was, upon the whole, penetrated with the truth of this opinion. It formed, in fact, the very essence of his own philosophy, but he was compelled after all to urge many doubts against part of the assertion. He afterwards proved, in his critic on Pure Reason, under the head "Antenomies," that there is nothing beyond the limits of experience which can serve as a touch-stone for the correctness of our thoughts. Nor did he find in the knowledge which psychology affords us, with the aid of experience, sufficient evidence to substantiate the life of human nature in two distinct worlds. Being, however, morally convinced of the truth of that assumption, Kant had recourse to the moral postulates to uphold and affirm it. He thus opposed to empiric consciousness one of a higher character. He confronted, if we may so say, the obstinate silence or apparent opposition of sense with the direct affirmations of spirit. Finding that outward nature, and even speculative thought, were unable to confirm him in a conception

which haunted him as it were instinctively, he determined to accept it in all its vitality, as the result of moral necessity. This implicit evidence in the declarations of conscience forces the soul to acknowledge her own will, and points out to her the means of avoiding scientific allurements. It demands of the soul that she shall give audience to no philosophy, save that which is of an intuitive character, and never surrender the faculties to investigations solely in the field of sense; that by such discipline we may from time to time find it possible to divest ourselves of outward impressions and propensities.

Kant's philosophy, which has not only abolished all previous systems, but, as we before intimated, has interwoven itself with all subsequent theories, is distinguished by three reforms; in the method of knowledge, the deductions of belief, and the notions concerning the moral law.

The task of the subsequent modern systems, and more especially that of Hegel, the most fashionable of the day, consists merely in bridging over the immense chasm that exists between Kant's modern school and Wolf's ancient school; to the end that the old scholastic views might be transferred with greater facility and security to the new system.

The first reform of Kant was, we said, in the method of knowledge. Before his time, philosophy was withheld from assuming the rank of absolute science. Instead of keeping strictly to positive knowledge, she claimed it with respect to things of which she failed to prove even the existence. Thus, in amalgamating perfect with imperfect knowledge, she became suspected of vain and speculative presumption, based on hypotheses alone. Kant, however, undertook to banish from the philosophic sphere all notions uninvested with the character of positive and demonstrative knowledge. He disposed, one by one, of those subjects of contention which had continually given rise to controversy, and which were involved in the opposition then believed to exist between dogmatism and scepticism. Before him the philosophers conceived themselves compelled to enlist under the banners of one of these. The dogmatists, who reduced all philosophic knowledge to one principle, assuredly could not admit the opinions of the sceptics, who doubted of the certainty and positiveness of philosophic knowledge in general: but the system of Kant, which drew a line of demarkation between positive and uncertain knowledge, easily reconciled both opinions.

The second subject of contention which Kant removed by his reform in the method of knowledge was, the opposition that existed between intellectuality and sensualism, or sensuousness. According to Kant, all knowledge, though it begins its operations with sensual experience, nevertheless does not flow therefrom, since the facts themselves are conceived and properly arranged by innate and à

priori perceptions, or categories of pure reason. But the particular exhibition of those facts depends upon the situation, position, and form of the sensual vessels, which become recipients of innate contemplation.

By this method Kant proved himself the umpire between sensuality and intellect, and effected a lasting peace between the contending parties. Until his time, ever since that of Des Cartes, it had been the subject of bitter dispute, whether philosophical knowledge or conception were, as according to the sensualists, derived from pure experience, or, as according to the intellectualists, from pure reason. Kant has shown the fallacy of both opinions, by demonstrating that all phenomenal knowledge must arise from the co-operation of the outward and the inward. An intellect that loses sight of experience has no object on which to act. The objects which experience presents cannot truly be said to exist until intellect with its combining and arranging power commences its operations upon them.

The third subject of controversy which Kant disposed of by his reform in the method of philosophical knowledge, was the speculative theology in vogue from the scholastic times, and which had found an advocate even in Wolf. Here Kant did not attempt a reconciliation, but extirpated the very root of the evil. He it was who entirely annihilated that learned monster, against which many other philosophers had previously contended with more zeal than success. Speculative theology deduces its doctrines concerning God, the creation of the world, the character of the soul and its future state, from notions of pure reason alone. This ridiculous system had infected even the matter-of-fact Locke; who, though starting from the principle, that all knowledge is derived from experience, extended his categories of reason, drawn, as he supposed, from mere experience, far beyond the boundaries of all experience, and concocted arbitrary postulates with regard to eternal matter, creation, and the Deity. Kant, however, terminated the phantasy; and this leads us at once to the second reform which he wrought in belief.

The subjects of belief or faith, viz. God and immortality, are far beyond the reach of human knowledge. Belief does not rest on any soil of knowledge or perception, but solely on moral resolution of a peculiar character. Belief is always and necessarily associated with a change in mental disposition. Nay, it is even identified with that physical tendency, which attracts man from his earthly exertions and worldly interests to the serious accomplishment of the moral law. With the disappearance of that tendency, belief vanishes also, and with the return of the mental disposition, belief also returns. He who perseveres in the fulfilment of the moral law is a believer, since belief is none other than the operation of that law. The identity between a necessary direction of the will by the moral law on the

one hand, and belief on the other, may be illustrated in the following manner:

The moral law, which commands us to act uprightly, and which is inherent in every human being, requires implicit and unexceptionable submission. Man will find no difficulty in obedience, if he associates with it the idea of utility, and sees that compliance with that law is conducive to welfare, honour, or fortune; inward or outward comfort; internal or external perfection. For virtue and happiness are ideas which bear the relation of cause and effect to each other in the innate judgment of our practical reason. Thus, whenever the moral law is apprehended as the source of happiness, there is little difficulty in obedience to the former. The connexion, however, between virtue and happiness is not always perceived to exist; on the contrary, there are cases in which actions that seem to deserve the highest reward, yet apparently conduce only to misery, or even death. In such instances the moral commandment frequently appears absurd, and he who resolves implicitly to obey it, is considered by the multitude little better than insane. With many the acknowledgment of the moral law is limited by the beneficial consequences which result from it in the outward world. Such a state will never cease, while we expect as the reward of obedience to the moral law, the generation of circumstances externally favourable. That law proposes no recompenses during the period of trial. It does not contemplate man as a mere mimic warrior, whose battle with circumstances is to be fought by other agency than his own. He is not destined to combat by proxy, and to be rewarded in person; but conscience is to animate him, hope to sustain him, immortality to repay him. It is the appreciation of these truths—in the realization of the "hereafter world" that he finds it easy to render to the moral law that conformity which under other circumstances is impossible.

The belief in God and immortality is thus transformed by Kant, from a matter of demonstration into a matter of moral resolution. The system of Kant, therefore, more than any other, approximates in this particular to positive religion; which commanding us to believe even without seeing, could never allow attempts at metaphysical demonstration to supply the place of moral resolution. The system of Kant, with regard to religion, has also a close connexion with the primitive patriarchal faith, which was characterized by personal communion with God. Kant in this particular stands almost alone; the great body of modern creeds having substituted communion with the symbols of Deity for personal intercourse with himself.

The third reform which Kant wrought was in relation to the moral law. The teachers of moral philosophy before him had asserted with some plausibility, that much might be done in the field of morals by the principles of desire of good, pursuit of perfection, and social com-

fort; all of which were deduced from experience. Kant, in endeavouring to establish morality as an abstract object beyond the reach of motives drawn from experience, announced the requisition of the law in the following terms: "Act as if you would have your conduct the standard for that of all men."

Moral law must not, however, be confounded with moral instinct or moral sense, because the active power of the first is associated with moral dignity, and prohibits our inclinations from testing the value of our actions. Kant duly felt the value of distinguishing rational judgment from desire, enthusiasm, aversion, and fear. He, therefore, properly designated his task as "a chemical process of decomposition." By the simple process of applying our individual instinct to the state of society at large, the alloy of that instinct is dissolved, and nought remains of it save what accords with the moral law.

In entering deeply into the spirit of Kant's system, involving as it does, a machinery extensive and complicated as it is profound and ingenious, we cannot restrain the exclamation, "Here is indeed a new Socrates!"

Kant, like Socrates, gave to philosophy the value and certainty of a practical character—Kant, like Socrates, waged war against sophistry, and abolished the metaphysical illusions of his time—Kant, like Socrates, effected a perfect resolution in the field of thought, opposed the simple to the artificial, and positive realities to far-fetched speculations—Kant, like Socrates, won philosophy from the clouds to the earth, from the standard of theoretical investigation to that of practical belief,—like Socrates, he was hostile to rhetoric, as calculated to allure and mislead, though he himself was a master in the art of connecting and analysing logical subtilties. There is, however, another similarity between these great men. Neither of them pretended to form a new school by a complete system of their own. Both of them, on the contrary, declared explicitly to the last, that their philosophies were progressive in point of theory, and at great distance from perfection. On the other hand, both declared the practical certainty of the law respecting all that is good, and the connection that exists between the soul and Deity to be dogmatically true. Kant considered his Criticism on Pure Reason as a mere preliminary study to a future system of metaphysics; nor did Socrates disdain to resume investigation in every new dialogue, for the purpose of ascertaining whether another way leading to the Supreme Being might not be discovered. The lives of both Kant and Socrates were devoted to the analysis of all previous systems; Socrates examined those of Parmenides, Zeno, Heracles, and the Sophists: while Kant put to the test of criticism those of Leibnitz, Wolf, Locke, Hume, and the French philosophers of the last century, at the head of whom was Voltaire. Kant would hardly have

been stimulated to the profound and spirited defence of his own system by those doctrines of Wolf, which the philosopher of Pure Reason had once taught in his capacity of public professor.

But he was assailed by a hundred different and conflicting voices. The German, like the Greek, was destined to contend with the subtle theorists of the time. Helvetius, Condillac, La Mettrie, Maupertius, Robinet, and Rousseau, formed the band of modern sophists whom Kant had to encounter. There is, indeed, so striking a similarity between the situation, plan, purpose, and doctrine of the two great men whose characters we have compared, that we are induced to elucidate a little more fully the history of philosophy.

Until Socrates the ancient philosophers were constantly engaged in attempts to separate the conception of a thing from the thing itself; to form as the result of their system an abstract mode of thought, and to elevate mankind from the kingdom of sensuous phenomena into that of unmixed idealism. This process, which appears so easy to us moderns, was found difficult of accomplishment in the time to which we refer; so much so, that it was reserved for the powerful genius of Aristotle alone to consolidate and arrange systematically the common laws so essential to abstract thought, judgment, and inference. Simple logical conclusions, which are with us so lucid as to be in the mouths of children, wore in ancient times the appearance of enigma and paradox. Thus we at present find no contradiction in the assertion, "that although all negroes are men, yet all men are not negroes;" anciently, however, when the mathematical equations were more known than the logical, the preceding assertion was comprehended in the sense of a mathematical equation, and the result was since=negro=man, it necessarily followed, man=negro.

The foregoing proposition, and others of a similar character, were considered in the time of Socrates, much in the same manner as we now regard the antinomies, and paralogisms, contained in Kant's doctrine of Pure Reason at the present day. Such a theory as his, which supposes familiarity with at least the laws of abstraction, was utterly impossible in ancient times when logic was yet in its infancy. We may, therefore, refrain from wondering that Socrates had devised no measures for limiting the use of abstract notions, in connection with all that is divine; and that he, on the contrary, much recommended their free use; a line of conduct greatly deprecated by Kant. Socrates, and after him Plato, had, however, too much scientific intuition to be misled by the liberty which they allowed to others.

With regard to the practical part of their philosophy, there is this difference between Socrates and Kant,—that the former as a teacher of unprecedented moral doctrines, was compelled to explain and illustrate them by his own actions, both public and private; while Kant had nothing to do but direct public attention to that law, for

obedience to which a thousand martyrs had perished. The Greeks were a young people, principally characterized by their emulative spirit. Their olympic games were typical of their uniform disposition. The continuance of their best citizens in the paths of sobriety, moderation, and justice, was rather the result of competition than of any higher motive. Thus, with their philosophical theories, gymnastic exercises were introduced into the public arena, and made the theme of public discussion. The ancient philosopher was obliged, in a great measure, to elucidate his creed by his life; but in our own days, in consequence of the general development of perception, mental doctrines need no sensuous interpretation; and theories which effect the greatest mutations in society, may owe their parentage to men who never leave the quiet of the cell, or the seclusion of the hermitage, for personal intercourse with mankind.

We may anticipate that Kant's philosophy will exercise on the future developement of science, an influence analogous to that exerted by Socrates at an earlier period. The fruit it has already borne during the brief interval which has elapsed since his death justifies us in this expectation. As in the days of antiquity, Socrates brought forward a system entirely novel, for the development of ideas, and one which nevertheless revived in some degree the preceding doctrines of Parmenides, Pythagoras, Heracles, and Democritus; so did the theory of Kant, though in itself perfectly original, reintroduce to mankind, the doctrines of Spinoza, Leibnitz, Plato, and Jacob Böhme. Indeed it is the noble prerogative of genuis, to discern the truth that exists in all creeds, how much soever they may differ from each other. The wise architect does not reject the Doric order, or the Ionic order, in favour of the Corinthian, but he finds in each class an adaption to a particular portion of the edifice. The fragmentary and divers specimens of the various philosophic orders, Kant has combined together with the judgment of a sage, and with the taste of an artist; and has constructed for us a mental temple, according with the simple, but imposing solemnity of feelings inherent in the breasts of devout and earnest worshippers.

The theory of Leibnitz as to a supernatural intellectual world, has been embodied in Kant's system as that state of reason wherein we spiritually live, while, as physical beings, we belong to the realms of space and time. This theory is moreover recognized by Hegel, who asserts that the kingdom of God is realized in the history of the world.

The spirit of Spinoza is exhibited by Kant, who laboured to found a strict metaphysical system upon pure notions; and he may, in this respect, be associated with Schelling, who considered the various appearances of nature as so many different aspects of mental perception.

The attempt of Locke to bring the imagination under the control

of experience is, in so far as valuable, wrought out successfully by Kant, who separated and distinguished the elements of knowledge into classes, material and spiritual. This doctrine is indicated in the psychology of Herbart and Benek, which subjects the attractive and repulsive powers of the imagination to a demonstrative ordeal.

The dialectics of Plato, which treat with wonderful ingenuity of the contradictions and labyrinths in the ideal world, are reflected in Kant's doctrine of the antinomies and paralogisms, wherein he shows how blind and powerless is reason out of her proper sphere. As to this, Kant's influence may be traced in the attempt of Hegel to reconcile the difficulties contained in the antinomies, and in the endeavour of Herbert to correct them.

The construction of nature by Des Cartes, who said, "give me extension and motion, and I will create nature," is represented in Kant as a physical dynamic, from the attractive and repulsive powers, and is assented to in the philosophy of Oken, who proves the art of self-consciousness to be the same in the simple form of the atom, and in the organization of the thinking brain.

The doctrines of Grotius and Hobbes, Kant involves in his idea of natural right, which he has developed in theories of state economy, and which men like Hegel, and Krause, held to be superior even to the ideal of Plato's republic.

The theological rationalism originated by Abelard, and which transfers faith from the realm of external authority into that of men's inward conscience; Kant described as a religion within the limits of pure reason, where faith is generated by the vivid operation of our feelings and sympathies. This doctrine has found an able, and successful, advocate in Schleiermacher.

The philosophy of the present day resembles a vast edifice, which as an entity is beyond the comprehension of the beholder. Most of our modern thinkers are familiar with but one wing or section. It was for Kant to sketch the plan of the whole building. Every one after him has chosen a certain department; one, the categories; another, the *à priori* views; a third, the investigation of objects; and a fourth, the absolute subject. Thus the general survey has been gradually left. The knowledge of modern philosophers is profound and rich in experience, but at the same time limited and partial; that of Kant, on the other hand, though abstract and poor in experience, was nevertheless all embracing, and really distinct. It is impossible at the present time to be a true adept in philosophy without becoming familiar with those principles which are developed in the criticisms on pure reason. On the other hand, no sooner have we mastered that criticism, than we discern in every page the seeds of all systems now in vogue amongst mankind. We are, however, apt to prefer the harvest to the seed; and thus forgetting that they but reap what Kant sowed, the modern schools have actually

sneered at the imperfect state of his speculations. Fichte is the only man who has acknowledged his system to be a branch of Kant's. It was customary in the school of Schelling to look contemptuously on the philosopher of Königsberg, while the disciples of Hegel held the criticism on reason to be the emanation of an inferior mind. There is, however, some excuse for their severity. The fault chiefly rests with those pedantic blockheads who, adhering to Kant's system, and calling their school, very improperly, the Kantian, did not advance a single step beyond their prototype, although he himself more than once declared that his system was far from being complete. Thus it happened that the thinking disciples of Kant, who advanced with wonderful rapidity in the road pointed out to them by the latter, found it better to disown his name altogether than to bear it in connexion with those imbecile travellers who could not proceed a step beyond the spot to which they were led.

In analyzing the wonderful features peculiar to Kant's philosophy, we are primarily struck by the elevated and ennobling feelings which it awakens. In looking to the moral law as that which is to govern our conduct, and as the source whence we are to receive all communications of *à priori* science, we become aware of the dignity of human character, and of the glory of our ultimate destiny. The development of laws in the region of spirit becomes to us as familiar as their illustration in the world of matter. We ascend to the eminence of a moral observatory; the human soul is the firmament which we scan, and the immortal faculties are those worlds of which we calculate the position, ascendancy, and the eclipse.

We are led, in the second place, to perceive that the universal law which reigns throughout the spiritual and material worlds, is neither of a physical nor an intellectual, but of a moral character.

Thirdly, we are induced to acknowledge that the most valuable features of ancient philosophy have been retained in the system of Kant, and that he has superadded to them these higher qualities and forms of illustration wherewith Christianity has been endowed by its author.

But that which demands our most particular attention is, the universality of that mind which found something akin to itself in all former systems, how much soever at variance with each other; which having collected together the currency of previous thoughts, and upon which the stamp of greater principles was but partially visible, refined them together in the furnace of virtuous intelligence, amalgamated them into harmonious unity, and sealed their homogeneity with the indelible impression of truth.

ART. II.—*Sur la position de la noblesse.* Par M. GIRARDIN. Paris, 1843.

WE find in all ages and countries hereditary divisions of society into ranks, pursuits, and distinctions; we find these distinctions particularly marked when society is composed of distinct races of mankind, the one claiming superiority above the other, in civil and political rights, by dint of their superior rank in physical and moral development.

The most ancient sort of nobility seems to have been the priesthood-caste, a distinction probably granted by society to the descendants of those foreigners who had taught the rough aborigines the worship of divine beings, the rudiments of morality, warfare on an improved principle, and obedience to civil laws; and if these foreigners were themselves adored as deities or heroes, it was but natural that the heirs and children of their *superior knowledge*, should at least remain at the head of the communities founded by their fathers. Even the Romans, notwithstanding their being composed of heterogeneous parts of society, were originally ruled by the priest-caste of Hetrurian extraction.

A far different origin and rise, however, has the European nobility, ever since the emigration of nations. It is nothing more than the ancient relation of the German freemen—such as already described by Tacitus—applied to the *Sortes*, to the landholders who had joined the conquerors abroad. The Turks had something similar in their *Timars*. The hereditary right of those possessions was, however, only granted at a later period, but that right soon extended even to posts, offices, and dignities, according to the extent of support the chief or king required from his brothers in arms.

In Westphalia, there are still extant common judicial courts of the peasantry, in which are reflected those ancient forms of law and freedom. They became necessary and important at the time when the regal throne was tottering amidst its struggle, with the rising civil communities. Similar institutions we likewise trace in the present country courts in Sweden, Denmark, and, in short, everywhere the piratical Normans have gained a footing, when they modelled the social relations after those of the German races, even at a much later period, when they had become entire strangers to the German tongue, as was the case in England and lower Italy.

Also the organisation of the lands which the crusaders had for some time possessed in Asia and Eastern Europe, shows the tenacity with which the European nobility then adhered to the original principle of Germanic constitution.

By the spread of the conquering Germanic races throughout the Western world, arose a distinction between the nobility who had

settled among the Roman populations, and those who had remained at home in Germany or had only advanced as far as the Slavonic territory, and had consequently remained in uninterrupted connection with Germany, its language, customs, and manners.

The former soon amalgamated themselves by common religion, intermarriage, and fashionable life with the conquered nations, though for a considerable time afterwards, these latter were still governed by different laws, and a murdered Italian Raja entailed only half the fine of a Lombardian or Goth. As it was the conquerors who united themselves with the daughters of the land, the title of nobility naturally proceeded from the father alone. The same process of only *half-birth* was introduced also into this country by the Normans, who had already adopted the usages and customary rights of the French nobility, at the time when William introduced them here in England.

On the other hand, the nobility who had remained back in Germany, adhered to the old principle of full-birth, on both parts, father and mother, in order to perpetuate unalloyed the lineage of the original nobility. Before the dissolution of the empire, Germany was, therefore, considered as the nursery of the true and real nobility. The dynasties of her nobility sat nearly on all the thrones of Europe, and her emperor was looked on as the head of the nobility in general; nor did even the proud and ambitious Potemkin disdain the *honour* of becoming a member of that nobility. But the protracted wars of the reformation, and the rising wealth of the middle classes, in the towns and cities, have greatly contributed to impoverish the nobility, diminish their respect and influence, and bring about an amalgamation with the civilians, by which more than half of the ancient flourishing noble families became extinct.

In proportion, however, as the nobility of blood decreased, those created by letters patent increased. But the facility with which the imperial court at Vienna granted such letters, at the mere payment of pecuniary dues, without scrupulous regard to character, merit, and social standing of the claimants, naturally sunk that dignity to such a degree of absurdity and ridicule, as almost to identify a German *herr von* with an American major, or colonel.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that the forms and the ancient spirit of the German nobility have been preserved in the Russian Baltic provinces, in the same way as the ancient forms and usages of the German civil communities and corporations, have been kept up to this day in Holland and Switzerland. It is only the descendants of the ancient knights of the sword (now protestants) who are still in the full enjoyment of their original privileges and rights of nobility, which though greatly softened and modified by the spirit of the age, bear nevertheless the stamp of the rude forms and prejudices of

the previous ages, so little in conformity with the more enlightened views of our times, and more especially when applied to free communities instead of semi-enslaved peasantries, as was formerly the case.

It is true that the union of the princes and higher nobility with the town communities and civil corporations, in opposition to the imperial power and the lower nobility, saved Germany from the fate of Poland, yet it did it at the expense of its unity and integrity; and despite the leagues and feuds of the landowners, Germany could not be saved from division and dismemberment. All classes had equal shares in its fate, and none has to reproach the other with its cause. This is the gloomiest page in the history and the reformation of Germany, the fatal consequences of which are still felt in that vast region of heroism, learning, and the arts, despite the recent attempts of the custom-union to bring about a closer connection between the broken parts.

During those times of trouble, commotion, and confusion, several noble families had risen above the others, by wealth and power, and had thus unconsciously taken the lead in the national principalities, and bought up many patrimonial estates of the noble landowners; by which means the intermediate link between the prince and his people was, if not annihilated, at least greatly weakened. To these relations must be ascribed the continual misunderstandings between the ruler and the ruled, between the German princes and their subjects, as soon as the nobility had been instituted a mere organ of the states, or officers of government, in lieu of independent vassals, mediators between the people and the sovereign.

Throughout the whole of Germany, from the Rhine as far as the Giant-Mountains, from Bern to the Zyder Sea, we perceive this unpleasant position, this clashing disposition, and this want of an intermediate link in the state. And though thinking statesmen are fully aware of the necessity of filling up the vast gap between the two extremes, by some independent power which might equally screen the state from despotism and democratism, yet no steps are as yet taken to effect that end; and we see, therefore, nearly throughout the whole of Europe, public opinion in hostile array against states opinion, and public wants in opposition to private rights.

The overbearing political excesses of the *Danish* nobility brought about their own political nullity, and the rise of the regal authority. Now, after the lapse of so great a time of inactivity, and extinction of all family traditions, it cannot be expected they should ever place themselves at the head of a constitutional administration, which began with the convocation and nomination of the provincial states.

The old and wealthy nobility of *Belgium* still adheres in sentiment and principle to the House of Orange. Independent of every other consideration, even the friendly understanding and alliance with France, is sufficient to render them hostile to a Government

which might, by adopting the French system of equalisation and similar republican elements, undermine their very existence.

Holland's nobility, on the other hand, is too much in the minority with regard to the citizens, to be able, even if they wished, to exercise a power in opposition to that of the population.

The regal power of *Sweden* was for many centuries combated, with various success, by its nobility. It belongs to the remarkable and not sufficiently noticed phenomena of our time, that a foreigner, a child of Southern France, should have succeeded in establishing the regal power in Sweden, and enforcing the submission and apparent obedience of the ever unquiet, tumultuous, jealous, and proud nobility, in such a positive, firm, and withal peaceable manner, as even to cut off the last ray of hope of the old dynasty.

Entirely different is the position of the *English* Peerage. More wealthy than their continental brethren, reared in a political school for political operations, and continually fortifying their ranks by rich marriages from the middle classes, (though differing from them in political views and spiritual opinions,) by their parliamentary career and practice—they were justly looked upon as the fastness of the whole nobility throughout Europe, as the incarnation of the historical principle, during their long and ultimately triumphant struggles against the Revolution and Napoleon.

The nobility of the Roman and Gallic nations could never have attained that consummation of political rights, the share of the English nobility. Conquest, the insular position of the country, and the peculiar composition of her national church, all contributed conjointly to that end in this island. The very time which bore so little fruit to the nobility on the Continent, proved the season of developement and maturity of power of the British peerage, while the *French* nobility atoned very heavily for the confusion they had wrought in the constitution of their country by the admixture of North American repuplicanism and English notions of freedom, with the standing laws of monarchism—an admixture which proved fatal both to the regal power and aristocratic influence. How very few are now extant of those numerous noble families! How very few have retained their extensive possessions, or their ancient notions of state and government! The few families which the floods of the Revolution have washed on the shore, or the peerage which they had created by an heterogenous admixture of the old and new races, hardly know of, or act upon aristocratic principles, while the rapid and almost bloodless Revolution of 1830, plainly shows their inaptitude of representing a *House of Lords* in our sense of the term. Legislation, customs, manners, a desire for pleasures beyond the means of continental landowner, everything in short, lead in France to the system of equality and the levelling principle.

Italy, on the other hand, possesses as yet a nobility, remarkable for

its number, traditions, and aristocratic notions of times of yore. The whole, it is true, is composed of parts differing from each other in origin, views, and position; it might nevertheless form, under a different Government and Church, a powerful bulwark against arbitrary despotism on the one hand, and anarchical demonstration on the part of a restless populace on the other.

That the *Pyrenean peninsula* presents a still more wretched aspect of political decay than even Italy herself, is solely owing to the wanton subversion and systematic depression of all the social elements which might constitute an intermediate link between the highest and lowest members of the state. Even the church is there in the service of the state. Fawning statesmen and *mignon* courtiers, after the eastern fashion, have now for more than two centuries falsified the honourable and knightly character of the Spanish nobility. These latter were too numerous, too poor, too much bound to the throne by the knightly orders, and too unequally sharing the privileges of their class in the various provinces of the realm, to form for themselves an independent and powerful corporation. To give a faint notion of the facility with which the title of *hidalgo* (*hijo d'algo*) was conferred on individuals, we have only to allude to the fact, that even *foundlings* were not excluded from it; arguing as the court did, *that the father might possibly have been an* HIDALGO, *if not even something more.*

But the more systematically and perseveringly the crown absorbed all the independent powers of the state, the more formidable was the reaction, the outbreaks of the revolution, when there was no power to oppose them, and when there are still wanting those social conditions to remould an order of things on a tolerably safe footing for society in general.

The evil is still more increased among the southern nations by their evident show of disrespect for all historical rights, and the striving of the lower classes to rank among the higher, and be considered as such. In entering into the class of nobility, the citizen thinks to pass thereby from the *conquered* to the *conquering* ranks of society, composed as it is of so many heterogeneous parts. Among nations of homogeneous parts, the various gradations in society is the natural effect of the various pursuits in practical life, while in a mixed society, such as the southern nations are, these gradations are looked upon as degrading and ignominious by the inferior classes. Moreover, the continual residence at court and in the capital, to which the southern nobility are bound, withdraws them altogether from their original position. On the one hand, their expenditure is increased, while their revenues are, on the other, decreased for lack of personal vigilance and administration of their estates—a circumstance which acts with double force on the destruction of their popular influence.

The nobility of the *Slavonic* nations were never in a condition to develop their social powers from their own resources. The whole formed one compact mass at the side of royalty, without any distinction between higher and lower nobility. The peasantry were absolute slaves, and the free town communities did nothing to awaken emulation or salutary jealousy on the part of the nobility, while the eastern regions were continually open to the inroads of the Asiatic hordes. This last circumstance, and more especially the long dominion of the Tartars in Russia, protracted a sort of existence, which, in the rest of Europe, had already successfully adapted itself to the exigencies of the times, long before the period of the crusades.

But the most injurious effects upon the Slavonic nations and countries, proceeded from the absence of a free trading class in society. With them, were also absent the vehicles for the arts and sciences, the capitals for commercial enterprises, and the necessity on the part of the nobility of living economically, in intellectual activity and rational rural pursuits, in order not to be behind the citizens of the larger towns, in civil and social progress.

In Poland, the evil was still more increased by the peculiar position of the Jews. Commerce and trade, which form in other countries the occupation of the third or middle classes, were here exclusively carried on by the Jews, without exercising, at the same time, their beneficent influence on society in general. As every nobleman shared equally with all the others the prerogatives of their order, every one considered himself consequently as a sort of *crown prince* of that electoral throne, so that their individual interests were continually clashing with the general. The Catholic reaction of the 17th century was, indeed, nowhere fraught with more disastrous consequences than in Bohemia and Poland, for the reasons specified.

The necessity of expelling the foreign conquerors, soon led in *Russia* to the supremacy of the regal power, to which Peter the Great also added the supreme power of the church. The title of nobility passes there over to all the sons of the head, without regard to primogeniture. The consequence is, that the title becomes a burden to the poor, and proves no distinction to the rich. The title is, moreover, conferred on all, foreigners not even excepted; and many of the latter were, until the present reign, even in almost exclusive possession of the power of the state, to the no little dissatisfaction of the nobility by birth.

Hungary alone presents as yet the original picture of an aristocratic nation, vanquishing and domineering over an agricultural people with all the primitive weapons of early customs, ruling with preponderant power over all the new classes of society,—the towns, cloisters, and churches not even excepted; and possessing exclusively

the soil of the land, which the *misera collectabilis plebs* are to cultivate for them.

Indeed, ever since that aristocratic nation thinks to stand no longer in need of the protection of the kings and the neighbouring nations against the inroads of the Turks, they are making strong efforts to put themselves also at the head and in advance of the people and government, in all matters of political import, at the risk of their very existence, since *all* cannot rule over *all.*

Should the middle or industrious classes ever come to a state of development in Hungary, should a true popular civilization there take place, common to all the four races settled in the country—then might Hungary repeat the main features of our English history, in which we see that the House of Commons derives its force and power, only by acting in common with the House of Lords, originally the sole and only seat of the legislative government. The democratic principle may be subadded to the aristocratic, but not the latter to the former. *Goldsmith's* view of the peasantry —

> But a bold peasantry, the country's pride,
> At once destroyed, can never be supplied,—

may with equal force be applied to the nobility; and there can be no doubt, that though the nobility appear, upon the whole, still, in Europe, formally and collectively as one uniform and distinct class of society, they have nevertheless undergone in process of time, and by press of circumstances, various modifications in the various countries of Europe, and are now, as it were, suffering from derangement of the adhesive functions. The course and curse of the French Revolution, acted more on the decomposition of their order, than of the regal power. Modern history shows, almost in every page, that the decay of all the great institutions of the middle ages, proceeded from *above* or *below*, from the throne or the populace; and that the nobility, as the intermediate class, were always the suffering party thereby. When the Catholic church formed, as it were, an alliance offensive and defensive, in the Romanic countries, with the throne, the injurious influence on the nobility was soon felt, first in Spain then in France, and from thence in all the other countries on the Continent. Their resources and revenues were, in the first place, diminished by the incorporation of all the great feudal estates with the crown, while their expenditures were, on the other hand, increased by their being transformed into a court-nobility and officers of the state.

France disseminated the confusion of notions throughout Europe, which was carried to such an extreme, as to laud Ancarström and the murderers of Cæsar as patriotic democrats. The mob plundered everywhere anything was to be gotten, and no wonder that their first attack was directed against the nobility, while the development of *all*

the powers of the state, and the necessity of altering the forms in every relation of social activity, could only prove injurious to the historical principle, and consequently to the nobility themselves.

Even in this struggle of life and death, the nobility were far from being united. It was only the English nobility that understood their position in its true light, while the German high nobility warred more at the side, than under the impartial power which had previously been weakened by themselves; and the consequence was, that when the flood of the revolution had somewhat abated, the higher nobility presented a body of complete independence, while the lower nobility had either vanished altogether, or were converted into mere oppressed and ruined subjects of the state.

Even the attempts of Napoleon, to restore the order of nobility, and incorporate it as an organ in his states policy, did more harm than good to the order. The regal power may proceed from the nobility, but the latter not from the former *alone*. Without public opinion, such an imitation of an institution which the people had just before destroyed, could not take root among them. Neither did the German nobility at the court of *Jerome*, play that respectable part that was expected from an independent order; while the nobility, in the other parts of Europe, manifested either their disapproval or ingratitude at the restoration of their institution, as at a mere emanation of a despotic whim or policy. It was, in short, satisfying no party; the nobility demurred to its too little reality, and the people, to the very attempt of acting in defiance of the primary principle of the revolution.

The old families had dwindled away into a minimum; the greatest part of their possessions had been disposed of, all personal dependence and bondage dissolved, their political rights contracted or altered, while a vast number of new-created nobility eclipsed those of birth, by personal influence and popularity, if not even merits, being the children of, and owing their rise to the spirit of the times. In the same proportion grew also the importance of the capitalist over the landowner, while the last efforts for the delivery of Germany in 1813 and 1814, had exhausted the last resources of the nobility, and left many of them in absolute poverty.

All notions had become confused, all privileged orders had been either abolished or limited, all profitable prerogatives of the order withdrawn, while the expensive and burdensome alone had remained —and no wonder then, that at the time of the congress of Vienna, many a nobleman smarting under the privileges of his order, wandered about—as did once Giovanni da Procida,—enlisting opponents against the existence of an institution which proved so ruinous to its members.

Living on a more saving and economical footing, as bad times rendered it necessary, was, moreover, another cause of the diminishing

popularity and influence of the nobility. An impoverished nobleman rather *drags* than bears his title, the people being upon the whole accustomed to identify the notion of ease and independence with that superior standing in society.

In proportion as the poor nobility became indifferent to the maintenance of their profitless privileges, the rich civilians and citizens, on the other hand, became active and persevering in acquiring them. Already before the outbreak of the French revolution, the last vestige of *outward* distinction had disappeared from society. Thus, the wearing of long hair and swords, the previous marks of distinction of the nobility, had been adopted and imitated also by the gentry, while the children of the latter had acquired similar rights of equality at the universities and public schools. When, at last, the notions of equality were about to manifest their tendency in the spirit of the age at large, both parties found it expedient to lay aside hanger and pig-tail, as something offensive to the national feeling in general. In Austria, a Jew was, for the first time then created baron, while Frederic the Great first nominated a civilian to the post of minister of state, without finding it even necessary to make him knight at all. Joseph II. carried all his reforms with the evident design of destroying all the intermediate powers in the state, while the nobleman in Prussia was reduced to the sole possession of the ground, by the reformations brought about in the political and civil relations of the peasantry.

We do not, therefore, go too far, when we say, that the present position of the nobility on the Continent, is far less advantageous than that of the simple citizen; the former having duties towards himself, his name, and rank to which he belongs, which the latter is an entire stranger to. To restore to the nobility their former advantages, becomes every day less possible, by the new formation of the state of society in general, so that the burdensome duties of the order, must necessarily become more so every day. The nobility are no more what they originally were, neither *can* they acquire what they may in justice lay claim to, while they are not yet so low as to become common tradespeople, which they are sure to be in process of time. At once hated and envied, they *must* not renounce the old principle of travelling out of the common way of farming, to try their fortune in another more lucrative department. The nobleman is unhappy in the midst of the relations, views, and customs inherited from his parents; and what is to be his reward, becomes a source of undeserved sufferings. Everywhere around him, enjoyments of life are multiplied, and luxury is on the increase, but his position in society interdicts him to engage in pursuits which have enriched the *upstart*, or to curtail, on the other hand, his expenses, that he might not appear less rich than the latter.

Every impartial reader must, therefore, find it very natural, that

ever since 1815, respectable noblemen have done their best, by word and action, to change their existing condition on any terms whatever.

We see even in the United States of America, a hankering after titles, despite the prevalent democratic principles. The Yankee will take it amiss if *Esq.* is not put after his name, and he preserves with the most jealous care the family escutcheons his ancestors have brought with them over from Europe. Nay, he has created a new aristocracy for himself, that of *complexion.* There is, in short, a sort of moral necessity in man to base his institutions upon some historical principle or other, and we find usually always those individuals at the head of public opinion, whose family virtues or traditions have won for them a name among the people, while *tone* and stability in social intercourse are usually maintained by those who, as bearers of an ancient name, have more to lose than gain by innovations. The only question among the nobility is, how far their ancient privileges might exist without coming into collision with the public advancement at large. Wherever the crown is hereditary—consequently in the greatest part of Europe—there *must* be an intermediate power between the throne and the masses; there *must* exist several steps leading from the foundation to the top of the social structure, and the privileged classes ought, therefore, to possess power and independence enough to protect the people from arbitrary despotism, and the throne, on the other hand, from anarchial commotions.

The nobility may, indeed, in many countries, now be termed a mere *Zero,* but they help to multiply the numbers, which, without them, would never advance beyond mere *units !*

ART. III.—*Life of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians.* By CONVERS FRANCIS. Boston.

WE have frequently looked into "The Library of American Biography," conducted by Jared Sparks, with interest and satisfaction. The Life of Eliot occupies the fifth volume, and must be held as one of the most important and striking portions of the select series. It appears to us, besides, that a few extracts from the work will be read with some special attention and profit along with what has so recently gone before in the "Monthly Review" on the subject of Christian Missions.

With regard to the plan and the merits of Mr. Sparks' literary enterprise, we have to repeat a hearty commendation, in so far as we have had opportunities to look into the publication. It was not his purpose to attempt the methodical arrangement or the comprehensiveness of a dictionary, in which the number and proportional length of

the articles are matters to be considered; but rather to select prominent names, to be dealt with according to the opportunity, the inclination, and the competency of the different writers at his command. Several of these writers stand in the first rank of living American authors; while Mr. Sparks himself is well known to be deeply versed in the annals of his country, and judicious as well as accomplished.

The plan of the work at starting was to embrace the lives of all persons, who have been distinguished in America from the date of its first discovery to the period when the literary enterprise was commenced. Whether the encouragement has been sufficient to enable the editor to carry out his scheme completely, is a point into which we have not particularly inquired. But this observation readily suggests itself,—that he has been fortunate in the conception of the undertaking, both in respect of the time and the field to be traversed; that is to say, should he have contemplated a pause as soon as he arrived at the origin of the present constitution. The country is not so new as to offer merely a scanty list; nor yet so old as to preclude something like completeness in the selection. A principle of selection and a scale are pretty obviously indicated to the mind, so as to comprise and present a tolerably perfect history of the country, of its political progress, social condition, and advancement or features of every kind, since each of these features and conditions receive their tone and colouring from a comparatively few eminent individuals; or, should you take the impulses and directions in another way,—a few individuals, whether in the achievements of thought or of action, become the representatives and the sign-posts of the aggregate tendencies and the general characteristics. By crossing the line, however, which seems to be distinctly at the origin of the existing American constitution, the biographies would become too contemporaneous, perhaps, to be impartial, seeing that political or other prejudice may still at this day reach to that epoch, and break in upon the survey to its disturbance and vitiation.

But there is no occasion for fearing that any bias or prejudice shall in our day affect the honesty or integrity of a written account of John Eliot's career. At the same time, he was a worthy of such character and importance as to entitle him to hold a prominent place in any comprehensive and discriminating collection of American biographies; although, we dare to say, that not a few of our readers may never have heard of him, and may not be prepared for such particulars as we are about to notice and to cite; the great political consequences of the war of the revolution having thrown into comparative obscurity the earlier events and actors in the history of the British North American colonies.

John Eliot, who is familiarly known in New England history as the *Apostle to the Indians*, was born at Nasing, in Essex, in the year

1604. At this distance of time, however, little information can be had of the early part of his life, which seems to have been passed in his native country. At length he became a young Puritan preacher in England; but being made uncomfortable on account of his non-conformity, he passed over to New England, and was established as teacher of the church in Roxburg, Nov. 5th, 1632. He exercised a long and faithful parochial ministry. He became early and deeply interested in the moral condition of the Indian tribes of his neighbourhood,—an interest "inspired by his sanctified love of doing good, and increased probably by his belief, that the Indians were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel." He visited them and received their visits; preached to them, and taught them the facts and the principles of the Christian faith; made himself acquainted with their language, so as to be able to make use of it in his intercourse with them; and, finally, he translated the whole Bible and several books into it: he also made an Indian grammar. He acquired a great influence over many of the people, and even of the chiefs; nor can it be doubted that he was the immediate instrument of numerous conversions. He wisely laboured, besides, to introduce the arts of civilized life among the benighted race; and in due time he collected a great portion of his converts from various tribes into a settlement of their own, called Natick; there a church was formed and municipal authorities were instituted, still under the paternal and apostolic guidance of Eliot. It is not difficult to form a strong conception of the zeal, combined with prudence and patient industry, which must have been in operation for the accomplishment of all this. There is abundant evidence, indeed, that in none of these points and requirements was he wanting. Mr. Francis, in a congenial tone, enables us in the following passage to understand the outline of Eliot's life and labours:

> The design seems to have sprung up amidst the silent workings of his own mind. No voice of invitation or encouragement, at the first, came to him from without. No eloquent appeal to his piety or his compassion was made by others. No man had gone before him in the enterprise, and returned to tell the story of the Red man's wants, and to arouse the White man to supply them. He hearkened in silence to the admonition within his breast, which he revered "as God's most intimate presence in the soul," and which told him, that a work of benevolence must be performed for the neglected and forlorn barbarians. He went forth to perform it amidst discouragement and obstacles, which were ever driving back his spirit on the resources of faith; amidst suffering, danger, and personal exposure, which were ever making large demands on his power of endurance.
>
> No trace of spiritual ambition, no mark of self-complacency, no word of vanity appears in the whole course of the labours of more than forty years. He cared not who had the praise, so the work of God were done. There have been achievements more brilliant than his; there have been enterprises

more susceptible of attractive embellishment in the description than his; but none more unequivocally marked with the spirit of Christian disinterestedness. We cannot hesitate to yield a full assent to the testimony of Gookin when he affirms, that "Mr. Eliot engaged in this great work of preaching unto the Indians upon a very pure and sincere account."

Such is the outline of this apostolic Puritan's missionary exertions and success. A perusal of the Life enables the reader to understand how that outline, even to many minute particulars, was filled up. The biographer, indeed, appears to be singularly well qualified for the performance of the task undertaken in the volume before us. He is manifestly well read in New England antiquity, at the same time that he brings to the treatment of his subject, such a hearty and reverent sympathy with its peculiar spirit, so keen a relish for its quaint conceits, even in the matter of phraseology, as to satisfy one that he is competent to deal with the old heroic age of the country. But it is not alone that the biographer displays a skilful and discreet hand in the treatment of his theme,—not alone that his enthusiasm is healthful and hallowed,—for while his tone maintains a dignified measure, he takes views of an enlarged and philosophic nature, estimating the real value of all men and of all times, by the standard of everlasting and priceless worth. Very happy has he been in his gleanings; and it is from various and fragmentary sources he has collected the curious and instructive matter. The result is that he makes us quite at home with the *Apostle*, and with his associates the Indians. We are sure that nothing which we can extract from the volume could fail deeply to engage our readers, and therefore we shall with considerable copiousness adduce enriching passages. Certainly, no apology is required for the length of the following, concerning the famous Indian Bible. It is the concluding passage of Mr. Francis's account of the character and history of the work.

The Indian Bible has become one of those rare books, which the antiquarian deems it a triumph to possess. The copies in private or public libraries are very few. It has acquired the venerable appearance of an ancient and sealed book; and, when we turn over its pages, those long and harsh words seem like the mysterious hieroglyphics in some time-hallowed temple of old Egypt. It failed to answer the pious purpose for which the translator laboured in preparing it. But it has answered another purpose, which was perhaps never in his mind, or, if it were, was doubtless regarded as an inferior consideration. In connection with his Indian Grammar, it has afforded important aid as a valuable document in the study of comparative philosophy. Though the language in which it is printed is no longer read, yet this book is prized as one of the means of gaining an insight into the structure and character of "unwritten dialects of barbarous nations," a subject which, of late years, has attracted the attention of learned men, and the study of which, it is believed, will furnish new facts to modify the hitherto received principles of universal grammar.

On this account scholars of the highest name in modern times have had reason to thank Eliot for labours, which the Indians are not left to thank him for. While the cause of religion missed, in a great degree, the benefit designed for it, the science of language acknowledges a contribution to its stores. Mr. Eliot translated the Bible into a dialect of what is called the Mohegan tongue, by all the New England Indians, essentially the same, but varied by different dialects among the several tribes. By Eliot and others it was called the Massachusetts language.

There is, besides, a moral aspect, in which this translation of the Scriptures should be viewed. It must be regarded as a monument of laborious piety, of painstaking love to the soul of man. Would the translator have had the spirit to undertake, still more the perseverance to carry through, a work so wearisome and discouraging, had he not been animated by the deep, steady, strong principle of devotedness to God and to the highest good of his fellow-men? The theological scholar, who translates the Bible, or even one of the Testaments, from the original into his vernacular tongue, is considered as having achieved a great task, and as giving ample proof of his diligence. Yet such a work is easy compared with the labour which Eliot undertook and finished amidst a press of other employments, which alone might have been deemed sufficient to satisfy the demands of Christian industry.

Among the many remarkable doings of the Apostle to the Indians, this bears the most striking testimony to his capacity of resolute endurance in the cause of man's spiritual welfare. We justly admire the moral courage, the spirit of self-sacrifice, which sustained him in the tasks of preaching, visiting, and instruction, never deterred by the dark squalidness of barbarity, never daunted by the fierce threats of men who knew no law but their passions, never moved by exposure to storms, cold, and the various forms of physical suffering. But when we represent him to our minds, as labouring at his translation of the Scriptures in the silence of his study, year after year, in the freshness of the morning hour and by the taper of midnight, wearied but not disheartened; continually perplexed with the almost unmanageable phraseology of the dialect of the barbarians, yet always patient to discover how it might be made to represent truly the meaning of the sacred books; doing this chapter by chapter, verse by verse, without a wish to give over the toil; cherishing for a long time only a faint hope of publication, yet still willing to believe, that God in his good providence would finally send the means of giving the printed word of life to those for whom he toiled and prayed,—we cannot but feel that we witness a more trying task, a more surprising labour, than any presented by the stirring and active duties of his ministry among the natives.

It was a long, heavy, hard work, wrought out by the silent but wasting efforts of mental toil, and relieved by no immediately animating excitement. It was truly a labour of love. When we take that old dark volume into our hands, we understand not the words in which it is written; but it has another and beautiful meaning which we do understand. It is a symbol of the affection, which a devoted man cherished for the soul of his fellow man; it is the expression of a benevolence, which fainted in no effort to give light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death; and so it remains, and will ever remain, a venerable manifestation of the power of spiritual truth and spiritual sympathy.

Well hath it been said by another American authority,—"Since the death of the Apostle Paul a nobler, truer, and warmer spirit than John Eliot, never lived; and taking the state of the country, the narrowness of the means, the rudeness of the age, into consideration, the history of the Christian church does not contain an example of resolute, untiring, sucessful labour, superior to that of translating the entire Scriptures into the language of the native tribes of Massachusetts; a labour performed, not in the flush of youth, nor within the luxurious abodes of academic ease, but under the constant burden of his duties as a minister and a preacher, and at a time of life when the spirits begin to flag."

The passage next to be copied out illustrates the sort of influence which Eliot exercised over his converts. It was the time of Philip's war, when the colonial government deemed it necessary to resort to some severe measures of precaution, with regard to the Indians professing to be friendly, as was always the case with the Christian converts,—"praying Indians," as they were called.

In consequence of the prevalent excitement, the court passed an order that the Indians of Natick should be forthwith removed to Deer Island, having first obtained the consent of the owner of that island. Captain Thomas Prentiss, with a party of horse, was appointed to superintend their removal. He took a few men to assist, and five or six carts to carry away such commodities as would be indispensable for the Indians. When he arrived at Natick, and made known to them the pleasure of the court, they sadly but quietly submitted, and were soon ready to follow him. Their number was about two hundred, including men, women, and children. They were ordered to a place called *The Pines* on Charles River, two miles above Cambridge, where boats were to be in readiness to take them to the island. At this place, their spiritual father and ever-faithful friend, Mr. Eliot, met them, to say a few kind and consoling words before they embarked. While he sympathized in their sorrows he exhorted them to be patient under suffering and firm in their faith, reminding them that through much tribulation they must enter into the kingdom of God.

There is an affecting moral beauty in the scene. That settlement, towards which the heart of the good apostle had yearned alike through seasons of discouragement and of hope; the foundations of which were laid by his own hands, and hallowed by his own prayers; where the tree of life, as he believed, was firmly rooted in the wilderness; where, by the patient labour of years, he had made the word of God understood, and had reared civil and social institutions; that settlement, which probably, next to his own home, he loved better than anything else on earth, is suddenly broken up, in consequence of a misguided excitement, and its inhabitants are hurried away from their fields and homes into what is little better than an imprisonment. At the hour of their departure, the venerable man, on whose head more than seventy years had shed their frosts, stands with them on the bank of the river to pour forth his prayers for them, to mingle his tears with theirs, and to teach them the lesson, not of resentment against man, but of submission

to God, the lesson of meekness and of strong endurance. The whole company present were deeply affected to see the quiet resignation "of the poor souls, encouraging and exhorting one another with prayers and tears." On the 30th of October, 1675, about midnight, when the tide served, they embarked in three vessels, and were transported to their destined confinement on Deer Island.

We must not withhold the following just and beautiful reflections upon the enterprise to which John Eliot devoted so much time and energy.

The question has been, and will be again, asked, What, after all, was the use of this difficult effort, this hard toil? Was it not a wasted labour? Were the Indians benefited, or was Christianity planted with an abiding power in their wigwams and villages? Did not the whole disappear, like the snow-wreath in the sun? These questions are sometimes put in a sneering and contemptuous spirit, which becomes neither the Christian nor the philosopher. If the natives of our forests derived no permanent benefit from the exertions of Mr. Eliot and others, let it be remembered that these natives vanished from among men, before the experiment could be tried on a large scale, and for many successive years. They dwindled away in presence of the ever-restless enterprise of the New England settlers; and well might they say of "the pale race" around them,—

> "They waste us,—ay, like April snow
> In the warm noon, we shrink away;
> And fast they follow, as we go
> Towards the setting day,—
> Till they shall fill the land, and we
> Are driven into the western sea."

I do not say that blame is necessarily to be attached to those by whom they were crowded out; for the world over, it is, and has been, generally a law of human progress, that civilized man must overtop and displace uncivilized man. But I say, that it ill becomes us, who have taken possession of the broad and fair lands of New England, to ask in derision, what was the use of all the Christian zeal displayed in behalf of the race that once roamed over our hills and plains, when we recollect that they disappeared, to make room for us, too soon for the great and final results of that zeal to be fairly unfolded.

But the question may be asked, on the other hand, Was there no good done? It is true, indeed, that both the Red man and his Christianity, such as it was, vanished ere long from the roll of existing things. But while he remained, did the religion which he had received, do nothing for him? True, it was a very imperfect and rude exercise of faith; his conceptions of what he had learned under the name of Christianity were, as we should expect, coarse and narrow. But was even such a form of moral life useless to them? God has endowed spiritual truth with a power, which, when it has

once found its way to the heart, cannot be wholly suppressed or extinguished by any rudeness of apprehension, or any poverty of knowledge.

> "Who the line
> Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
> That even imperfect faith to man affords?"

I cannot readily believe, that any portion of spiritual culture is entirely lost. Somewhere and somehow it has worked, and will work, for good. Even in the comparatively faint moral life kindled among the Indian settlements founded by Mr. Eliot, before they were broken up by war and discord, there was far more of the substantial good that belongs to man in his true attributes, than among all the tribes who still roamed in vaunted freedom through the forests, unchained by any restraints of order or religion.

But even if not one of the Indians had been personally benefited by the labours of the apostle Eliot, still those labours, like every great benevolent effort, have answered a noble purpose. They stand as the imperishable record of good attempted by man for man; and such a record, who, that values the moral glory of his country, will consider as a trivial portion of her history? It constitutes a chapter in the annals of benevolence, which every Christian, every friend of man, will contemplate with pleasure, even if his gratification be mingled with the sad reflection, that so much was done for so small results. When the settlers of New England came hither, and built new homes on these shores, they and the natives, the stranger emigrant and the old inhabitant, stood side by side, each a portion of God's great family. Had our fathers never cast one kind regard on these wild men, had they never approached them in any office of kindness or any manifestation of sympathy, had they stood off from them in surly or contemptuous indifference, except when occasion might serve to circumvent or crush them, a melancholy deduction must have been made from the reverence with which every son of New England loves to regard their character and doings.

It is always a pleasure to record instances of self-forgetting benevolence; nor is the interest of any such instance weakened, although it may be chargeable with improvidence. We have to thank Mr. Francis for preserving a characteristic anecdote in the paragraphs now to be cited.

In the performance of his duties among his congregation and elsewhere, he was eminently remarkable for his free and self-forgetting bounty. The pecuniary resources of New England clergymen, slender enough at any time, were then scanty indeed. But Mr. Eliot, in the unchecked freedom of his liberality, made the most of the little he possessed, in works of benevolence. To the poor he gave with an open hand, till all was gone; and they looked to him as a father and a friend. The amount of his personal charities in this way alone, at different times, was many hundred pounds. He did not wait for suffering to come in his way, but sought it out diligently. As other men would search for hidden treasures, he searched for opportunities of raising the wretched and relieving the miserable. When his own means

were exhausted, he applied to those who were blessed with abundance, and begged of them contributions for the children of want. His bounty, to be so profuse, must sometimes doubtless have been indiscriminate and injudicious. With a benevolence too incautious, he often distributed his salary for the relief of others, before the wants of his own family were supplied.

On this subject there is a well-known anecdote, which, though probably familiar to many readers, is too characteristic to be omitted. When the parish treasurer was once about to pay him his salary, or a portion of it, knowing his habitual propensity, he put it into a handkerchief which he tied in several hard knots, in order to prevent Mr. Eliot from giving it away before he reached home. After leaving the treasurer, the benevolent man called at the house of a family who were poor and sick. He blessed them, and told them God had sent relief by him. His kind words brought tears of gratitude to their eyes. He immediately attempted to untie his handkerchief; but the knots had been so effectually made, that he could not get at his money. After several fruitless efforts to loose the handkerchief, growing impatient of the perplexity and delay, he gave the whole to the mother of the family, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

There are two or three chapters of the volume on the private life and personal traits of Mr. Eliot. We extract a few of the notices.

His habits with respect to personal indulgence were of the most simple and severe kind. He had attained a complete mastery over the pleasures of sense, and held them in despotic subjugation. The lessons of self-denial, which he had thoroughly learned and daily practised, and his indifference to outward accommodations, fitted him to endure without complaint the privations to which he was often exposed in his ministry to the Indians. He allowed himself but little sleep, rising early and beginning his labours in the freshness of the morning. This habit he recommended to others, especially to those who were engaged in intellectual pursuits. He would often say to young students, "I pray you, look to it that you be morning birds."

His food was always the plainest and most simple. Rich viands and highly seasoned varieties, it seems, were not unknown in New England, even at that time. For these Mr. Eliot had no relish himself, and but little mercy for the relish in others. When he dined abroad, he partook of but one dish, and that the plainest on the table. He was habitually a water-drinker, and seldom deviated into the use of any other liquor. The juice of the grape he did not denounce, but rarely tasted it himself. "Wine," he was accustomed to say, "is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it; but, as I remember, water was made before it." He thought very justly, that intemperate eating deserved to be severely rebuked, no less than intemperate drinking. In his correspondence with Baxter, he remarks, "I observe in yours a thing, which I have not so much observed in other men's writing, namely, that you often inveigh against the sin of gluttony, as well as drunkenness. It appeareth to be a very great point of Christian prudence, temperance, and mortification, to rule the appetite of eating as well as drinking; and, were that point more inculcated by devices,

it would much tend to the sanctification of God's people, as well as to a better preservation of health, and lengthening of the life of man on earth."

Extravagance or finery in dress was likely to draw from Mr. Eliot a witty or a serious rebuke. His own apparel was not only without ornament, but frequently of the most homely kind. It is said that, like John the Baptist, he sometimes had a leathern girdle about his loins; but this, it is likely, was worn only or chiefly during his missionary excursions. In some men, habits like these might justly be supposed to proceed from an affectation of homeliness; for there is a pride of plainness, as well as a pride of finery. But Mr. Eliot was too guileless a man to be suspected of such folly.

With regard to whims, of which even this primitive-minded man was not entirely free, we note a few; and to these he is said to have been pertinaciously attached.

One of these was an unsparing hostility to the practice of wearing long hair and wigs. He could not endure it; he regarded is as an iniquity not to be tolerated. The man, and especially the minister of the Gospel, who wore a wig, he considered as committing an offence, not only against decency, but against religion.

His zeal about "prolix locks" was warm but unavailing. He lived to see the practice prevail in spite of his remonstrances, and at last gave over his warfare against it with the despairing remark, "The lust has become insuperable!" The readers of New England history will remember, that in 1649 an association was formed, and a solemn protest published, against wearing long hair, by Governor Endicot and the other magistrates.

In this punctiliousness we see the influence of sympathy with the English Roundheads carried even into trifles. In England periwigs were permitted quietly to cover the head soon after the restoration of Charles. But for more than thirty years after that time, they were deemed by many a sore grievance in New England. Gradually during that period they were coming into use; but they needed all the authority derived from the practice of such divines as Owen, Bates, and Mede, to find protection at last. The intolerance they experienced from Mr. Eliot was not, therefore, a singularity in the good man; he only persevered in his stern hostility against them longer than many others.

To the use of tobacco, the introduction of which had caused no little disturbance in New England, he had likewise a strong aversion, and denounced it in the severest terms. But his opposition in this case was as ineffectual as in that of the wigs. "In contempt of all his admonitions," says Allen, "the head would be adorned with curls of foreign growth, and the pipe would send up columns of smoke.

But we must draw towards the close of the life of this eminent servant of God, who, in his old age "sat waiting, as it were, in the ante-chamber of death, quiet and full of hope." He sometimes would pleasantly say that "he was afraid some of his old Christian friends who had departed before him, especially John Cotton of Boston and Richard Mather of Dorchester, would suspect him to have gone the wrong way, because he remained so long behind them."

He still, however, looked around for some labour of benevolence and piety, such as his now enfeebled powers might be able to perform. One of his objects was to instruct the negro servants in his vicinity; and with that view he proposed to many of the families within two or three miles of his house, that they should send their blacks to him once a week. It was in this benign work that he occupied some of his last hours. And now for the closing scene of our Apostle's life.

While death was fast approaching, his mental powers, though dimmed and broken, were still retained. He rejoiced in the thought, that he should soon carry to his friends in heaven good news of the prosperity of the New England Churches. When some one inquired how he was, he replied, "Alas! I have lost every thing; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; my utterance fails me; but, I thank God, my charity holds out still; I find that rather grows than fails." One of his last remembrances lingered sadly among those to whom he had given so much of his strength and life. "There is a cloud," he said, "a dark cloud upon the work of the Gospel among the poor Indians. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that expression *my doings*. Alas! they have all been poor and small doings, and I'll be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." When a short time before his death, Mr Waller came into his room, he said, "Brother, you are welcome to my very soul; but retire to your study, and pray that I may have leave to be gone." Mr. Eliot died on the 20th of May, 1690, aged eighty-six years. The last words on his lips were "*welcome joy!*"

Such was the life and such the end of John Eliot. New England bewailed his death, as a great and general calamity. The Churches, whose growth and prosperity had always been among the things which lay nearest to his heart, felt that they had lost a spiritual father, whose venerable presence had been to them a defence and glory. So deep was the sentiment of reverence for his character, that Mather observes, "We had a tradition among us, that the country could never perish as long as Eliot was alive." One, who for a long series of years had filled so large a space with eminent usefulness, on whom the confidence of the best men in church and state had reposed without wavering, and over whose name, age and great services had shed a saintly consecration, could not depart from those with and for whom he had acted, without leaving a community in mourning. The Indian church at Natick wept the loss of their venerated instructor, as rough men in simplicity of heart would weep for one who had loved them, who had prayed for them, and guided them to the things of their everlasting peace.

It is impossible, we think, to lay down Mr. Francis's book, without being assured that everything has been done by him for the memory of John Eliot that lies within the rightful province of biography; nor without being as strongly convinced that the "Apostle to

the Indians" was one of those goodly number of great and excellent men whose services and efforts deserve to be chronicled. Such lives are among the best chapters of history. They are not less interesting and instructive than is the contemplation of masses and communities; for while the one order of subjects furnishes the best means for the study of policy and expedients, the other is more needful as regards the touching lessons of humanity and the home cultivation of the moral sentiments in their higher and healthier exercise.

ART. IV.—*Histoire Critique du Rationalism en Allemagne, depuis son Origine jusqu'à nos Jours:* (A Critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its Origin to the present time.) Par AMAND SAINTES. 2me edition, revue et augmentée. Paris, 1843.

To the author of this volume the public are likewise indebted for a *History of the Life and Works of Spinosa.* We are not aware of the character attaching to this latter work, but we believe it suggested, or was the immediate occasion, of a somewhat popular essay upon the writings of that philosophical writer in our own country some short time back. With regard to M. Saintes' qualifications to write on such a topic, as well as on the one indicated above, we have not a very high opinion, though we cannot but give him credit in the book before us, for much profound research, considerable learning, and a tolerable acquaintance with the various theological authorities whose labours he has undertaken to explain and criticise, whose systems he reviews, and whose merits he discusses. He seems to us to be too deeply wedded to some favourite notions of his own, to be considered an entirely unprejudiced expositor, just historian, or candid critic. Still there is much in his book that we gladly welcome and hope duly to appreciate.

We are told that in Germany this volume has given rise to great dissatisfaction. The theologians of that country have thought themselves aggrieved by the method of treatment this writer has pursued towards them. There may indeed be some show of justification for this complaint; but when we consider the diametrically opposite views which most of the rationalistic writers of Germany entertain on matters of religion to those of which M. Amand Saintes is the avowed advocate, we may well cease to wonder at the cause of the alleged grievance, namely, the disposition which M. Saintes almost uniformly manifests to arraign their views and systems at the bar of Christian truth, as expounded by the universal church in all ages. Whatever may be said about the "setting up and the maintenance of one unvarying standard of truth and excellence, whether in literature or theology, betraying a narrow heart and but a partially cultivated intellect,"—it will be surely admitted by all sound Christians, that in

regard to the latter at least, or subjects appertaining to it, there is and ought to be such unvarying standard, whether we are inclined to concur in it or not. There may exist differences in the interpretation of it; but when the interpreters, in their rage for novelty or innovation, or the gratification of a selfish vanity, or the ambition of literary distinction, choose to wander so far in their metaphysical speculations and abstractions, as almost, if not wholly, to forget and lose sight of the one simple "truth as it is in Jesus," the good which they should ever have in view, as it is that from which they set out,—it ought surely to give them no uneasiness if one starts up to admonish them of their errings, and advises them to retrace their steps. Nor do we see so much to condemn in the tone of M. Saintes' book as is alleged by some of his critics. We perceive nothing in it unscholar-like or unjust, though we cannot always coincide in his objections. His style is undoubtedly liable to censure; it is often embarrassed and indistinct; that which should be clear and perspicuous, especially in the exposition of a philosophical or theological system, or the appreciation of a religious tendency, is often overlaid with a profusion of unmeaning epithets, and his sentences are in general too lengthy and discursive. There is wanting an ease and elasticity in his expressions, and a power of graphic delineation; there is little or no warmth, no fire, no enthusiasm; all is measured, formal, and cold; and the constant recurrence of the like involved and long-drawn paragraphs tends to weary the reader, and to persuade him that though the writer is sincere in what he advances, it is not a subject exactly suited to his taste or his talents.

The author of the work before us divides the critical history of German Rationalism into two books; in the first, he discusses the state of the church and of the theological sciences in Germany, anterior to its introduction; and in the second, its origin and progress. At the commencement he observes, somewhat naïvely, that at first he believed the word to express the wise and constant employment of human reason in matters of religion; but in studying its history he soon found that the term was like many others that have lost their primitive signification, and now express the very opposite of what their etymology would seem to indicate. And after describing rather indistinctly, we think, what we are not to understand by modern rationalism, he remarked that it lays claim to be considered as alone qualified to decide what is suitable for man to believe or not to believe in matters of faith, what to do or not to do in the subject of morals; and that if by habit we yet owe respect to revelation, it is only when this latter shall consent to prescribe nothing of what reason should think proper not to receive. If reason had been sufficient for humanity, why should revelation have been sent to counteract its will and power? But rationalism, which, unlike deism or naturalism, calls itself the friend of revelation, and yet cannot reply

to this question without renouncing itself, has been forced to deny revelation by explaining it after its own fashion, and by accepting as revelation only the will of God manifested in nature or in the providential march of history. Moreover, while rationalism constitutes itself the supreme arbiter of Christianity, "it appropriates in reality," says our author, "none of its enduring doctrines, the only ones that take hold of morals; its action, if we observe it well, is far from penetrating to the depths of man's being; and it is not to be forgotten that one of its essential characteristics is to make war to the death on all the supernatural elements in which the whole Bible abounds, and whence it is the sworn object of rationalism to cause them to disappear. An enlightened supernaturalist will very willingly admit that, with the appearance of reason and much good faith, one may very well profess naturalism, see it even in all the systems of philosophy wherein the philosophic elements are least to be found; but plain good sense forbids one to believe that he can profess modern rationalism, and at the same time call himself a Christian."

M. Amand Saintes traces the successive transformation which rationalism has undergone, beginning with what he calls the empirical and exegetical rationalism of Ernesti and Semler. Before the Reformation it was customary to fix rules for the explication and interpretation of the scriptures. It was necessary not to lose sight of the rule of faith, that is, the universally received doctrine, the ordinary practice of the church, the manner in which the most distinguished ecclesiastical doctors had rendered the sense of the passage that was to be explained; in fine, the decisions which had been given by the assemblies of the heads of the church, and which had the force of law. So likewise the Reformers pretended that it was right to keep to a literal interpretation, without troubling themselves as to whether the doctrine which might thence result should be conformable or not to the ancient interpretation, persuaded as they were that the consequences would always be in harmony with their own doctrine. They laid it down further, as an exegetic principle, that the Bible could find no better interpreter than itself, and that it was by some passages more explicit that light was to be thrown upon those that were less so. This method, it must be allowed, was too exclusive: that of Ernesti was more liberal, though incomplete. He gave it to the world in 1761 by his work on the laws of a rational interpretation, and from that time, this founder of the modern exegesis has been the guide of all rationalist expositors. His principle was that it was necessary to apply to the explication of the Bible the same rule that was applied to profane authors, namely, to make use of history, philology, to take note of the epoch in which a book had been composed, and to seek for the connexion of every article about to be explained with those that can possibly have any relation to it. Such a method, as applicable to the interpretation of Sacred Writ,

may indeed be liable to objection in the minds of many, but it can be seriously combated by no one who believes in any revelation whatever as contained in the Bible. We may leave then to Ernesti the glory of having restored the solid and wholesome studies of classical literature; and it will ever be an honour to German theology, of which it cannot be deprived, that of being able to show, at all epochs of the national history, some theologians who have exercised the largest degree of influence over the progressive movement of the sciences.

However, it must be confessed, that in the exegetic principle of Ernesti, there was left a void, which neither science nor erudition could adequately fill up. Though good in itself, its completion was to be brought about by the enlightened views of Spener, if indeed it were wished that something else should flow from its adoption than the sad ruins it has caused in the domain of sacred criticism. Notwithstanding the incompleteness, and the fatal consequences of his critical theory, Ernesti kept within the limits of the Lutheran faith; for his works, and particularly his sermons, testify that he believed in the doctrine of the Atonement. He was not a rationalist in the modern acceptation of the term. Compared with his successors he was truly moderate. Rationalism needed a less timid writer, and more capable of remorselessly delivering over Christianity to philosophy; and such a writer was found in the person of Semler, who, for more than thirty years that his professorship continued at Halle, made use both of his office and his pen to undermine the Christian edifice even in its very foundations. The rationalistic direction which he pursued in his works, dates from the first interview he had with Baumgarten, who taught him to recognize no shackles in the domain of historical and exegetical criticism. He became at first his *collaborateur in the Nouvelles de la Bibliotheque Allemande*, as well as in his translation from the English of the Universal History by Guthrie and Gray, then his colleague at the University, where he commenced that series of works which caused him to be recognized decidedly as the father of modern rationalism. But if justice is to be rendered to the activity of Semler, to his judicious observations upon many points of ecclesiastical history, we must not omit to say, with all his contemporaries, and as we are enabled indeed to judge from his writings, that he wanted the talent necessary to constitute him the chief of a school, namely, that of elocution; and still more, perhaps, that of a lucid exposition. The same disorder that reigned in his discourses, was apparent also in his writings; and his success can only be accounted for by the novelty and the hardihood of his opinions. He constantly maintained, by an excess opposite to that of Spener, that piety had nothing in common with the theological sciences,—a principle that Wolf had already brought into repute,—and the justice of which was acknowledged by plain good sense; as if there

were not an intimate connection, a secret but real union between sanctity and wisdom, between knowledge and obedience.

In the matter of exegesis, Semler agreed with Ernesti, that we should be bound by the grammatical sense; and he declared this method of interpretation sufficient to arrive at the understanding of the sacred books. Thus we see that sacred criticism was the first *champ de bataille* of Semler: "Criticism," says he in several places of his works, "was, at the epoch of my earliest essays, a field as yet uncultivated. "This science," says he in another place, "that has newly arisen, at least among German theologians, I have named criticism." Before Semler, however, it must be recollected, that a Frenchman, Father Richard Simon, had veritably laid the foundation of sacred criticism; his works had found a place in Semler's library, as of all professors of theology; and if to him we join Spinosa, who was no christian, but simply a philosopher, as acknowledged by the publication of his theologico-political treatise,—Spinosa, who with less of erudition than Simon, but with more boldness, expressed his doubts on the formation of the canon and the authenticity of a great part of the Bible; Spinosa, who for a Jew manifested a great friendliness towards Christianity, though he despoiled it of its supernatural character,—we shall then comprehend, that if Semler founded sacred criticism, as he seems somewhat to boast, it was only in his own country; and truth must always oblige us to assert that Spinosa must be regarded first in the order of time as the father of modern rationalism.

Besides, the criticism of which Semler was the author and originator, is chiefly negative; and yet it is of an exclusively destructive character; for in that, like Ernesti, he went far beyond his own dogmatic principles, a circumstance anything but a mark of genuis; for genius rejoices in unity, and far from grovelling on the earth as empirical science, places itself at a commanding height, whence it may better discover the objects of its contemplation, and be able the better to seize their *ensemble*. Semler principally manifests this desire for destruction in his works upon the formation of the Canon, and especially that of the Old Testament.

We see then that if Semler has rendered true service to the science of sacred criticism, even when it might only be by forcing the supernaturalists to studies, the results of which do infinite honour to those who do not separate knowledge from faith, intellectual light from piety, we do not the less deplore the too hardy tone of his conjectures, and that imperturbable assurance of a writer who has more faith in his own proper sentiment than we witness in those whose feelings were in the general as pure and sincere as his. Thus, it was by an *à priori* process that Semler decided in the last resort concerning facts that cannot well be judged of except in detail. And may it not be considered another defect in his manner of conceiving of Christianity,

that he adopted this system of accommodation to which he has given so great a latitude, and which his successors have so glaringly abused by a difficulty inherent in its very nature, that of assigning limits to it? We find the first traces of this system of accommodation in an *avant-propos* of Semler, to his paraphrase of the Epistle to the Romans, and he develops it afterwards, in many of his writings.

There is also another idea peculiar to Semler, and which concerned exegesis, and that is, that he ranked the distinction to be observed between the things mentioned in the Bible, which are only local and temporary, from those which are of all places and all times. It was the fundamental idea which he always put foremost in matters of exegesis. Ernesti had not hit upon this idea. We may observe how Dœderlein shows, in an article upon the paraphrase of the Epistle of St. James, what degree of credit this notion of local circumstances already possessed: "It is thus," says this theologian, "that so many talented interpreters of the Bible glided over this troubled ocean (*i. e.* the ocean of dogmatic and ascetic exposition), who were buried in the abyss as soon as they wished to purify and clarify its surface. Many things remained therefore incomprehensible, and will remain so until history itself becomes enlightened, and in its mirror we are able to see the persons of whom the Apostles have spoken in their letters, where, assuredly, many local circumstances are to be found. With this torch of ancient history in his hand, Doctor Semler, who, wherever he has shown himself, has sent forth a new light into the paths of science, penetrates into the spirit and views of the Catholic Epistles in general, and particularly the Epistle of James; he seeks and finds truths, although we foresee that, on one side, some will not be able to endure so much light, and that, on the other, there are yet many things in their simple state of twilight, and that here and there we observe a false light.

We may readily divine the destructive influence which such principles exercised. An exegesis which discovered in all parts of the New Testament only ideas varied according to their relations, and therefore transitory, bereft the dogmatic of all its positions; hence it may be said of Semler, that, consistent with himself, he accords no value to dogmatism in general. This is why he insists so much on the difference between Religion and Theology; as if this difference could exist otherwise than in words, as if it could exist in the spirit of him who is able to comprehend its true signification; unless it is intended to be said that theology only systematises what is in the domain of religion; but still theology would be in this case only the form in which religious ideas should be clothed, and not a system regularly co-ordinate with that of religion. It is, however, what our theologian thought when he established this new distinction between private and public religion,—this latter being free from all attack, as public order

requires it; while the other is able to change and to vary according to the pleasure of individual consciences. The accusation of indifferentism brought against Spener, one would think might have been much more justly directed against Semler; and yet those singular notions were with him only a false manner of conceiving, and not of indifference; for they were so deeply rooted in his mind, that he always maintained them with great warmth, and with no equivocal signs of conviction with his friend Niemeyer a few days before his death. "They cling too much to the exterior," said he; "always too much to the letter and too little to the spirit of Christianity. You well contend that the first Christians knew much less of exterior history than we imagine that we know." Then having spoken of many things which are contained in his writings, and in particular of the canons and the inspiration of the Scriptures: "There is only ignorance in history," he added, "and it is that which has caused the Christian religion to be confounded with the Bible, as if there had been no Christians before there was a book which is called the Bible; as if a Christian man were able to be more or less good only in knowing some one of the four Gospels, or some one out of the quantity of epistles that we possess. Before the fourth century, said he further, there was no complete New Testament, and yet there have always been true disciples of Christ, stronger or weaker according as they have been able to detach themselves from the ancient Judaical spirit."

We may conclude what we have further to say respecting Semler, by a short exposition of his religious theory as given by M. Amand Saintes.

There existed, according to this theologian, in the bosom of the most primitive church, when it was yet in its cradle, two parties, one of which desired to unite to a philosophical belief the religious system of the Jews, and the other wished to declare itself independent of every influence. Christ appeared in order to conciliate them. Thus we see that, when he held with the Jewish party, he was anxious to render homage to Moses, and when on the contrary he addressed himself to the Gnostic party, he gave judgment strongly against the prejudices of his nation. After the death of Jesus, his disciple Peter put himself at the head of the Jewish party, and this explains why he limited the circle of his activity within Judea. Paul declared himself for the party of the Gnostics, and this is why the views of Paul are so liberal and his ideas more applicable to the human race. It was impossible that after the death of the apostles these two parties should not divide themselves into a multitude of other parties; the Christian churches felt the inconvenience of them, and then was conceived the project of a Catholic or universal church. It was then that the bishops united themselves in council and fused together the views of Peter and those of Paul. Thence arose the Church, such as it was at the epoch of the Reformation.

In all these arrangements, in all these combinations, do we see shine forth the least sparkle of the spirit of God? Is not all of it considered as the work of man, the work of his wisdom which the Scripture sometimes terms

folly? And what character is Jesus made to enact in this collision of parties? But that is not all: "The four Gospels that we possess," pursues Semler, make a part of the school exclusively Judaic, and those which contained the discourses of Jesus with the Gnostic party, are lost, with the exception of that of Mark. As for the Epistles of St. Paul, they belong, it is true, to this last category; but the catholic epistles of James and of Peter were written merely with the view of operating the fusion so anxiously desired of the two parties." This, then, is the theory, which, it must be confessed, is ingenious; but has it not its sole source in the imagination of Semler? Suppositions and always suppositions;—this is the manner of proceeding of this writer; and when something occurs to thwart him in his course, (for example, the epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, for which the time was not yet arrived to reject its authenticity, and which carries the impress of what Semler would have named the Judaic party,) then, without troubling himself either with history, or other testimonies as significant, he calls imagination to his aid, and says that Paul composed it purely to please the Jews, and this at an epoch of his life when he hoped still to bring them to a reconciliation with his Gnostic ideas. Semler added further, that the Epistles of the Apostles were not addressed to churches as is generally believed, but to their spiritual conductors; and when the unanimous testimony of antiquity was alleged against him, he replied that it was not necessary to lend our confidence to the evidence of the ancient doctors, inasmuch as they were deprived of the benefits of science. However, this is not a question of transcendentalism, and of which all intelligences are not capable; it is simply a question of historical testimony, for which it is alone necessary to have eyes to see and ears to hear; the position of the ancient doctors enabled them to depose better concerning a fact, than a man of the eighteenth century shut up in his cabinet, and who pretends to give forth his assertions for unexceptionable proofs.

Such are the principal views that, during a long career passed in the work of tuition, Semler sought to diffuse; and we are told that the zeal of his disciples oftentimes went to such lengths as to incur his displeasure.

Great progress had been consummated among the Protestants of the reformed communion since, aided by the labours of Reuchlin and Erasmus, they had beheld successively Calvin, Theodore Beza, the Stephenses, the Buxtorfs, Leclerc, Grotius, and Wettstein throw into the history of the Biblical text and antiquity, the light of a sound criticism; and that far from shaking the authority of any of the canonical books, they had on the contrary much strengthened it. M. Amand Saintes favours us with a short account of the state of sacred criticism, and its scope and object anterior to the time of Michaelis, on which, however, our limits will not permit us to dwell. We therefore pass on to a brief history of this great theological critic.

One of those who most exercised their talents in biblical learning and criticism at the beginning and middle of the last century, in

Germany, was a man remarkable for all the qualities which make a writer of the highest merit; this was Jean David Michaelis, born in 1717, who acquired in 1739 the title of doctor in philosophy by a learned dissertation on the antiquity of the Hebrew points. He soon afterwards rendered himself famous in classical and oriental literature, and in 1751 he filled the offices of professor at the University and of secretary of the Academy of Sciences, which was then recently founded, at Göttingen. His scientific reputation, chiefly in the knowledge of the oriental tongues, was so spread abroad that during the seven years' war, the French troops acted towards him in the same manner as the imperial troops had acted in respect of Fenelon in the war of Flanders, and the Academy of Inscriptions of Paris admitted him into the number of corresponding members. Michaelis owed this reputation not only to his talents as professor, which were admired from the richness of the ideas that he was capable of imparting to all questions, but still more to the great number of his works, all of which tended, by means of philology and history, to throw light upon a multitude of questions having reference to any of the branches of oriental literature. Thus, whilst in France, they were casting the most misplaced pleasantries upon the Bible, Michaelis made it the object of his brilliant labours, and forced the admiration of those even who could not comprehend it. We must reckon as first in the number of his most important works, his *Mosaic Law*, which is full of laborious research, and so well adapted to snatch from the hand of every detractor of the Pentateuch the pen that would sully its pages. But Voltaire did not know the German literature of his age; and hence the heritage which he bequeathed to France of those meagre ideas and views of French and English deism. We may next cite from Michaelis his *Introduction to the New Testament*, translated by the late Bishop of Peterborough, a work most rich in materials, and at the same time so proper to enlarge the view already opened by Semler and Ernesti as regards the subject of the authority to be accorded to the sacred books; for he made of profane history the same exclusive use that Ernesti had done of profane philology. In effect, it is in this work that he frankly hoists the colours of rationalism in depriving, as he does, on his own responsibility, two of the Evangelists of the prerogative of inspiration, whilst he concedes it to the two others.

It is true that Michaelis thought that he should so much the more contribute to establish the veracity of the Evangelists Matthew and John, by refusing it to Mark and Luke, whose narratives appeared to him to be in contradiction to the others. With a more attentive examination he would have been able to have perceived that some small discrepancies only contradict the details of a fact, and not the fact itself; from that moment his theory of inspiration thus arbitrarily circumscribed, would have fallen to the ground. It is a re-

markable circumstance, that writers the most versed in criticism, have almost always resolved to quarrel with one of the fundamental principles in matters of faith, not upon historical testimonies, but on account of systematic prejudices as in Semler, and this solely to escape from the difficulty of discussion or examination. Michaelis, in order to render his views as plausible as possible, endeavours at times to weaken the testimonies of antiquity. Who, however, than the primitive ecclesiastical writers, could better decide as to the authority to be accorded to the two works of the two disciples of the apostles? Who can be made to believe that all Christian antiquity was deceived respecting the value of the works of which the New Testament is composed? Moreover, the supposition of Michaelis is so little calculated to lighten the difficulties on the subject of contradictions, that one discrepancy concerning a fact suffices to aggrandise his theory, and to take away from his two favourite Evangelists a part of the privileges he had so graciously conceded to them; that is to say, he questions their infallibility when they report historical facts, while he recognizes the truth of their inspiration when they treat on doctrinal matters. In these dogmatic works, Michaelis seems sometimes surprised at the boldness of his own criticisms, and appears anxious to reconstruct, as far as he is able, and without too great self-contradiction, the doctrines which depend upon the facts that his criticism goes to bring into question. With all these drawbacks, however, such as they are, there is no doubt that Michaelis has added very considerably to the funds derived from the labours of theological criticism, more perhaps than any of his predecessors.

In a dogmatic direction, wherein the elements of supernaturalism and of rationalism contended for the pre-eminence, Michaelis was followed by several theologians of a reputation equal to his own; but in the department of exegetical criticism, it was not long before he was surpassed by one of his own disciples, more fearless than the rest in his critical explorings, namely, Eichhorn. But before alluding more particularly to the works of this eminent disciple of Michaelis, we may just observe that our author discusses the merits of Doderlein, Morus, Nösselt, Reinhardt, Schott, Zimmerman, Klein, Planck, Böhme, Storr, and Steudel; and concludes the chapter in which this discussion occurs with an interesting account of the supernaturalist theology of Zöllich. He then gives us some historico-critical researches in theological matters, and describes Kant as coming to the aid of theology. The Kantian theologians were Fichte, Schultz, Tieftrunk, Heidenreich, Schmid, Erhard, Joseph Schmid, C. L. Nitzch, Staüdlein, Krug and Ammon. The two last advocated a system of perfectible Christianity. From the description of such a system to that of modern Socinianism, the transition was easy and natural, and our author in pursuing it has taken the opportunity of pointing out the distinction between the ancient and modern So-

cinians; but whether that distinction, as indicated by him, be such as to meet the approbation of the present followers of Socinus (if indeed there really be such a sect, which we are somewhat inclined to doubt), is a question which we will not here attempt to answer. Among this class of religionists in Germany, M. Amand Saintes enumerates as most conspicuous, Röhr, Neyscheider, David Schultz, Cöln, and Cramer.

At all epochs, rationalism in Germany has met with but a feeble resistance. Its appearance in modern times ought to surprise no one. Under other forms it has existed in all ages of the world; and we may believe that its principle will last as long as human beings shall inhabit the earth. The fact is, it represents in the Christian faith what scepticism represented in the Pagan faith, that is, human intelligence sitting in judgment, so to speak, over the divine intelligence. At certain intervals there has been a kind of armistice between the contending parties thus signified; but the struggle is sure to be renewed whenever minds awake from their indifference. Doubtless it will happen, by the very nature of things, that one of the two principles will always be in a minority in a greater or less portion of the inhabited globe, because the lights of knowledge and thought in diffusing themselves, will inevitably cause the balance to incline on that side in which human nature shall find the most to satisfy its longings after a knowledge and love of the truth. For the true supernaturalist,—for him who has not alienated the faculties of his being,—for him who rises from the sole divine word as revealed in due time by Christ, the question cannot be for a moment doubtful. When the dangerous essays of empirical rationalism, Socinian or speculative, shall have ceased to enchant souls, and has left void all hearts; when supernaturalists shall have perceived that it is not necessary to sort out religious dogmas according to the ill-understood nature of man, but to discover in this same nature points of contact with *all* religious dogmas; in a word, when men shall have come to signalize the imposing harmony of revelation with the moral wants of the human heart and mind,—then it will require only to reflect in order to adopt at once a religion consonant with that force and those dictates of reason which impose silence on the vain and presumptuous instincts of our nature.

To counteract the influence of the advocates of Rationalism, the author of the work before us, adduces the names of Klopstock, Claudius, De Hippel, Gellert, Lavater, the Baron de Stack, the Count de Stolberg, Herder, and Reinhardt. The character and history of Herder are thus briefly summed up:—

After a youth passed in privations, Herder, who was born in 1724 in eastern Prussia, saw at length a more brilliant dawn arise over the horizon of his life, and the deep studies that he went through at Königsberg an-

nounced in due time that his name would not pass down without glory to posterity. Herder showed himself by turns the able theologian, the distinguished orientalist, the poet, even in works where we are accustomed to look as the last place in the world for the manifestations of poetry. So do we see him incessantly more occupied in urging faith upon souls by means of this sweet poetical view, than to convince the same by means of a powerful dialectic. There are few persons who are unacquainted with the most important work of Herder,—a work that seems to combine all the rays of his brilliant genius. "While yet a youth," said he in reference to this subject, "and when the fields of science began to lay open before my eyes their morning beauties, which the sun of the meridian of our life insensibly effaces, I felt already arising within me this sentiment,—why—since every thing in the world has its philosophy and its science, should not that which comes the nearest to us,—the history of humanity in its entirety—why should not this also have its philosophy and its science? Every thing conspired to make me think of this; metaphysics and morality, physics and natural history, but more particularly religion." Preoccupied with these high thoughts, he wrote his *Ideas on the History of Humanity*, in which all the branches of human knowledge are made to deposit their tribute, and wherein are unfolded the physical and the moral world, the past and the future, until, after this harmonious movement, a sweet calm succeeds, and relieves you from the fatigue which is necessarily occasioned by the multiplicity of certain details, the unforced analogy of certain facts, and the uneasiness that one involuntarily experiences at not seeing, in the work of Herder, the same God that Bossuet indicated in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*. Oh! what a beautiful work would that be that should combine in it the faculties of these two choice writers, Herder and Bossuet!

The author who contributed perhaps as much as any one of his age, to thwart the influence and spread of Rationalism, especially in its excesses, was the celebrated theologian Reinhardt. He occupied successively a chair of philosophy and of theology at Wittenberg, and was called, in 1792, to the dignity of first preacher at the court of Dresden, an office which assigns to him on whom it is conferred a large part of the administration of public worship in the kingdom of Saxony. In the discourses which Reinhardt published as the fruits of his ministerial services there, somewhat remarkable for their prolixity, (for there are as many as thirty volumes of these sermons,) it is observable that from year to year there appears a sensible gradation of the preacher towards more spiritualist doctrines, until Christian faith comes at last to crown them wholly. Indeed, the fruit of all his researches, as of all his meditations, was a firm and entire faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ; and although in his dogmatics he has made some rather strong concessions to innovators on questions of revelation and inspiration, he has never pretended or attempted to shake the authority of the sacred monuments of our faith. It was at this period of profound studies that the most important of his writings appeared, those which enjoy the most deserved

celebrity. Such were the means supernaturalism engaged at the commencement of this century to repel its puissant adversary. Imagination, poetry, the noble qualities of the heart, and pure intentions. —these were more than enough to occasion the triumph of a cause, if such cause were destined to triumph. But at this epoch, rationalism, now impassioned, now insinuating, sometimes scoffing even to impertinence, at other times austere even to rigidness, as with certain Kantists it possessed all the avenues of literature, and by its journals was the dispenser of celebrity;—so it had in its keeping the *posse-comitatus* of the *belles-lettres* and the fine arts; for it was the time when Wieland, by his Epicurean philosophy, and his flighty notions on the subject of religion, furnished amusement for all the talking *bel-esprits*; the time in which Jean-Paul caused to vibrate, in the name of an unsettled religion, the chords of a sentimentality, of which the sensual nature of man is pleased to feel the harmony; then it was that Schiller, the chief of a deep and inward poesy, saw nevertheless in Christianity but its objective side, which left him delighted in a vague region of his own creation among the pomps of Paganism and those of Christian worship; whilst Göthe, the eccentric man *par excellence*, the poet of deified humanity, if we restrict the word humanity to the sublime author of so many immortal works—Göthe,—who, in reply to his friend Lavater, remarked, "that if they would not leave him his Christianity as he conceived it, he would prefer Atheism, because after all, no clear idea was had of both beliefs:"—Göthe, rationalist above all, since with him intelligence predominated, stifled in his soul the sentiment without which he could not be a Christian;—Göthe in short, with whom art was the sole Deity to which he sacrificed, paganised, if we may use the term, by his adoption of all art, a generation of writers who have followed him in his tendencies. So many diverse causes, and all united together to rationalize what is not submissible to the known laws of the human understanding, will give some idea of the progressive triumphs of rationalism in Germany. And if we add to these causes of triumph the defective unity of action among those superior minds who may be termed the opponents of rationalism, and the false impulse given to the scholastic studies in general at the period in question—and *that* by men of reputation and esteem—we shall find the solution of that historical enigma which so forcibly strikes foreigners, that the country which so justly enjoys a great reputation for the religious spirit, is, after all, in our times, the country the least *positively* Christian.

Among those who contributed the most efficaciously [says M. Amand Saintes] to spread this religious spirit as distinct from Christianity, and whose honourable character seemed to be a sure guarantee of the goodness of their doctrine, we must chiefly reckon Campe, Dinter, and the mysterious author

(now known to be Zschokke) of those *Heures de recueillement* [*Stunden der Andacht*] wherein is described the best phrase of the religious sentiment, but from which is well nigh banished all the Christian essence. If we would know Christianity thoroughly, we must know ourselves! We cannot but be charmed with a work that, by the variety of its subjects, by the warmth of the sentiments which are there unfolded, is calculated to captivate a serious person without, meanwhile, entirely confirming him; for repose or conviction cannot exist when you are lulled by the deceitful sound of a harmony wholly terrestrial. Campe published that crowd of works on education, wherein he places himself so happily at the very portals of youth, and gives such wise lessons to parents, such judicious instructions to all those who devote themselves to the education of infancy; still we cannot but remark therein with lively regret the absence of an evangelical spirit, which alone could give savour to the precepts of religion and morality, so strongly recommended, and yet so feebly supported.

With a zeal truly worthy of respect, Dinter also consecrated his whole life to the material and moral amelioration of schools, but his writings, impregnated as they are with a grievous rationalism, seek to raise a baseless edifice. In effect, however, Dinter seasonably set himself the task of forming good schools, and of contributing by his books to the imitation of his example. Assuredly, if everybody were to set themselves thus to fulfil a moral office, the lives of most would not be fraught with such a nullity as they are. But what we have most to deplore in Dinter is, that he seems devoid of the true Christian sentiment; he loved religion and morality, and he wished to make them loved; but what is religion without the belief in moral wants, that are only to be satisfied in an order of ideas which revelation alone makes us to know and be sensible of.

Frederic Dinter was born at Borna, near Leipsig, in 1760, and studied at the university of that town. He was first a teacher of youth, then pastor in a small town; and it was in the exercise of his functions as a minister, that he came to perceive that one of the chief means of exercising influence over the morality of a parish is to provide it with good instructors. As a proof that the tendency of these instructions in the normal institute which he organised in his parish, and in that which he afterwards directed at Dresden, was of an unobjectionable nature, we are told that the venerable Reinhardt, who then presided over the ecclesiastical affairs of Saxony, offered him a superintendence as a recompense for his services: Dinter preferred other duties which could not exclude him from a participation in the instruction of youth. We are told moreover, but how true the statement is we have no means of knowing—that the Christian faith has to reproach him with having published an edition of the Bible for the use of teachers, which Rationalism claims on account of its notes and the expositions appended thereto.

To return to the subject of critical writers upon the Old and New Testament, the first that trod close upon the footsteps of Michaelis, as we have before noted, and who made his vast knowledge of lan-

guages available in his biblical criticisms, was Jean Gottfried Eichhorn, who deposited the fruit of his researches in several journals of which he was the founder, and which are still mines of precious treasure to the learned. But his hypotheses on the Old and New Testament, such as we find them in his *Primitive History* and in his *Introduction to the New Testament*, rendered his name still more famous in the domain of rationalism. Already had he, in his examination of the fragments of Wolfenbüttel, made very liberal concessions to naturalism, in admitting that an immediate intervention of the Divinity was not to be taken to the letter in all that the Ancient Testament reports on this subject, and in taking much pains to excuse the authors of the books that compose it, of all participation in an imposture. It was the general belief of the people of that time, said he, that God often interposed his authority in the midst of the events of life, and that in a visible manner or by his messengers; what is there astonishing that men, superior in light and wisdom to all their contemporaries, should have profited by their position and the received belief to render themselves useful to humanity, which had need of their attentions, their devotedness, their light? It is true, adds Eichhorn, that oftentimes the writer seems not to have seen himself the facts that he recounts, since he exaggerates their proportions, but we must attribute it to the enthusiasm that such results have inspired him with, and not to the desire of altering them. We perceive however that Eichhorn was not at his ease with an exegesis of this nature, and there seems in him considerable hesitation in giving development to these ideas; he preferred committing that task to Gabler and Paulus, who consecrated to it all their labours.

Gabler and Schelling contributed, in their turn, to add to the list of expositors and critics in what concerns the old Testament, until L. Bauer, more bold than they, published in letters his Hebrew Mythology. He there defined the myth as an historical legend (*historische Sage*) upon the most ancient facts in the history of the earth and its inhabitants, principally as respects those which concern either a tribe or a nation; or again, as reasonings resembling something historical upon cosmgony and geogony, upon the physical causes of things, and upon material objects worked into a wonderful shape and insensibly adorned in divers ways:* from which we see that his system was applicable only to the Old Testament; so also the writers who favourably received his hypothesis confined themselves, contrary to the course followed by the empirical and philosophical rationalists, to glean the myth in the fields of the ancient covenant. We have not space to pursue this subject of myths any further, though our author devotes several pages to it. We must therefore be content

* Hebräische Mythologie, 1st part, p. 3.

with refering the reader to the book itself. Next to Eichhorn, the name of Paulus has long been celebrated, and we shall therefore make no apology for introducing some account of him here.

Paulus was born at Lemberg, near Stuttgard, in 1761. In fitting time he conceived the desire of reconciling, according to his view, the Christian religion with the sciences in general, which it was his good pleasure to cultivate; and with this design he set himself to study the monuments upon which it is founded; he supposed then, that Jesus had no other thought than to establish Theism upon the ruins of Polytheism, and that it was to this noble end that he made all the high moral qualities concur, with which Providence had endowed him; but as he was very superior to the men of his time and to the companions of his labours, the impression which he made upon them, easily produced exaltation; and from exaltation to adoration the distance is not far. In the meanwhile, when certain among them wished to transmit to posterity the recital of what had so greatly struck them whilst they enjoyed the society of the Saviour, their words expressed their admiration, and as they did not think that the new association ought to show itself in anything inferior to the old, they resolved to give to the events in the life of Jesus, the same marvellous air which formed the glory of Moses and the other prophets. It was upon similar *data* that Doctor Paulus, more familiar with the divine Word, asked himself, whether, by translating differently from others, or by disengaging from the historical fact the circumstances that environ it and are purely accessory, though full of the marvellous, a narration might not be extracted from the evangelical accounts, which should preserve the whole historical basis, and challenge the criticism of every adversary in the faith of Jesus, as the sacred founder of the purest theism; and Paulus having set himself to the task, there resulted thence his commentary on the New Testament, which for twenty years impressed so fatal a direction on the theology of Germany. It is true, that the professor displays great originality, gives us much instruction in the various branches of human knowledge, and manifests a certain gravity which we are fain to believe serious; but we observe also that the ingenious writer opened the New Testament to seize its spirit and intelligence in the same manner as he would have opened the Metamorphoses of Ovid, to explain them to his pupils. For, to see in the Gospels only oriental metamorphoses, is surely to despoil these narratives of their supernatural glory: his whole aim was to fashion a life of the Saviour so as to resemble in a considerable degree, if not altogether, that of the great men of antiquity whose characters we admire, without, nevertheless, admitting in the recital of their exploits anything which surpasses the powers of human intelligence or of the human will. But, says Madam de Stael very excellently and truly: "it is wrong to direct the spirit of this kind of investigation otherwise than by applying it to truths that we

can feel and be sensible of only by the elevation of the soul and spiritual contemplation. The spirit of inquiry ought to serve us towards the recognition of what is superior to reason, as the astronomer marks the heights to which the view of man does not reach; thus it is to make use of the spirit of examination, to signalise the incomprehensible regions, without pretending either to deny them or submit them to language."

It will not be thought very astonishing that, after so arbitrary an interpretation of a book hitherto venerated for the real and positive facts of which it contains the recital, other writers should have fallen foul of the Bible, and, like birds of prey, have sullied it in zealous emulation of each other. When they saw that Eichhorn, for example, maintained that the prophets never thought of announcing events as future contingent, but that they expressed themselves solely in a poetical manner; when they saw that Paulus employed many pages of his *Commentary* in denying the evidence that Jesus ever spoke of his future resurrection, while he admits the authenticity of the words of Jesus; when they heard a Bauer advancing, with an assurance which only the gift of infallibility could give, that all commentators had deceived themselves when they imagined they had found in the Old Testament ideas which coincided with the New; then indeed it was that the rage for offering insult to the Bible (for how can we term it otherwise?) was carried to extravagance, and rationalism was able to judge itself of the excesses to which, by a slippery descent, its principles necessarily conducted.

Indeed, it was then that Scherer, rather than deny the existence of the prophecies which are too evidently contained in the Bible, preferred condemning the prophets *en masse* as impostors, adding, that without them the true faith would better have established itself in the world; it was then that Professor Buchholtz took Moses to task, and reproached him with having governed his people by terrorism; that Jänisch, a preacher at Berlin, speaking of the God of the Old Testament, whom Christ calls his Father, makes of him a kind of penates to whom the family of Abraham had vowed a special worship, and who had been raised subsequently, doubtless for the services he had been pleased to render to the people of Israel, to the dignity of sovereign of heaven and earth; it was then that Professor Lüders of Göttingen said of the God of Israel, that he had neither the heart belonging to souls of sensibility, nor the mind of those who knew how to think, for these two sorts of persons withdrew themselves from him;* it was then also that a superintendent of Hildesheim said that he could exalt the glory of Jesus by proving that the

* Histoire inconographique des principaux peuples de l'ancien monde. —Braunschweig, 1800.

juggler's tricks which he permitted himself to play in the midst of his nation, had no other object than to facilitate the reception of a better religion; and it was then, in short, that the author of a serious work, published at Helmstædt, proclaimed to the world, in order the better to defend the things contained in the New Testament, that Christianity ought to have its mythology as well as all other religions, and that the sacred writers could not do otherwise than insert their legends, if they wished to cause the maxims of their morality to be accepted by superstitious nations.*

M. Amand Saintes proceeds to describe the direction given to theological learning by Ewald, Hitzig, Berthold, and their disciples, and dwells for a short time on the supernaturalists school of Henry Ranke, Hævernick, and M. Baumgarten. Nor does he forget to give us some account of the philosophical essays of Fries, Fichte, Schelling, and their followers, and at length arrives at the religious philosophy of Hegel and of Jacobi.

Hegel was born at Stuttgard, in 1770, and gave himself early to the studies of philosophy and the natural sciences. The elementary education of youth was confided to him, first at Berne and afterwards at Frankfort on the Main. But this occupation, interesting as it might be in itself, was no more able to satisfy him than Fichte and Kant, who voluntarily relinquished it; and, after their example, he seized the first favourable moment to enter on a career of public teaching. He made his *début* at Jena as a professor and writer; and the philosophy of Schelling, then just obtaining notoriety, having appeared to him to unite the conditions of the future, he set himself first to elucidate its principles, and to show the use thereof in science; then believing that he discerned its weak side, he waited to be installed in the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg in 1816, and at Berlin in 1818, when the death of Fichte opened to him the gates of that University; and he now founded that philosophy of mind which he hesitated not to announce as the last expression of the human understanding, in very opposition to his own fundamental principle, which fixes no limit to the development of the mind.

But as our task consists more particularly [says our author] in explaining the religious side of the system of Hegel, we ought to say how he has acquitted himself by purely rationalistic studies. It was at Tübingen, Rosenkrantz tells us, that the first contests of Hegel with the reigning theology are reputed to have occurred. He was then only a student there, and yet we see him in the midst of the conflicts then waging in the domain of religious matters, principally excited by the *Life of Jesus* which the venerable Herr de Zürich had just published, and which caused so much discussion as to the plan that Christ ought to have formed for the realization of his views. We there see him, we say, taking part in those disputes and causing already to

* Vindicio sacrarum N. T. Scripturarum. Helmstadt, 1824.

transpire his predilection for a philosophy the importance of which he must needs extol at the expense of theology, by adopting comparisons according to the order of the day, between Christ and Socrates, as Priestley and some others did in England; and yet, unlike Priestley, indicating the superiority of the son of Sophronisca over the Son of Mary. In Switzerland he abandoned this direction borrowed from the naturalism of Lessing and Reimarus, and without caring as to what was the conduct of Socrates, he followed Jesus of Nazareth step by step in the hope of causing to issue from the *ensemble* of his temporal life, something which religion and philosophy might agree in proclaiming to be truth; and the result of these studies was a *Life of Jesus* still unpublished, and in which Christ is considered as a divine man with whom all is pure and sublime, and who has rendered himself chiefly remarkable by his triumphs over vice, falsehood, hatred, and the spirit of servitude common to his time. The question of miracles is not touched upon in this history, and Rosenkrantz, who has seen it, does not the less affirm that the reading of it produces a sublime effect.

Hégel represents to himself Christ in the plenitude of his human reality as much by his teachings as by his intercourse with his disciples; and in his desire to outdo Bahrdt and Venturini, he endeavours by paraphrases to exalt the words of Christ to an ideal height far removed from the simplicity of evangelical expressions.

But, in these preparatory studies, Hégel did not confine himself to the elements of what constitutes the position of the Christian faith; he already sought to discover a synthesis which might explain to him the reason of Christianity in the world, and that of its historical development. Like Leibnitz, who had reconciled reason and faith in explaining the difficulties which the knowledge of truths given out as evangelic, presented to the spirits of his age; like Kant, who had proposed the religion of reason as the best antidote of naturalism; like Fichte, who had made use of the Gospel to give forth Christianity as the acquisition of the beatitude to which man aspires; like Schelling in short, who from the commencement of his philosophic career had sketched for himself a historical construction of Christianity,—Hegel was equally anxious to form to himself a positive religion which might be at the same time his philosophy; for great minds can support no dualism between their religion and their philosophy, and he set himself to reflect on a generative principle of universal life, which he found in love considered in the movement of one's self into another, without ceasing to be one's self, and returning to one's self in order to pass anew into another, [*le mouvement de soi dans un autre sans cesser d'être soi revenant à soi pour passer de nouveau dans un autre,*] and this is what led him to his dialectic method. Has he not said, indeed, in his "Phenomenology" as well as in the "Philosophy of Religion," that the nature of his dialectic method might be represented as the play of divine love? [*le jeu de l'amour divin?*] This principle once discovered, it was not difficult for him to make the application of it to Christianity, which shows us that what God loves in us cannot be foreign to us so much as that can be foreign to him which we love in Him.*

* We may compare this fundamental idea of the religious philosophy of Hegel with the proposition of Spinosa. "Mentis amor intellectualis erga

Whatever may be thought of the philosophy of Hegel, it is certain that the collection of his works, which some devoted partisans, such as J. Schultze, Michelet, Marheinecke and Förster, published after his death, is a durable monument consecrated to his genius—a genius investigating the depths of human thought, under whatsoever form it may appear in civil life, in history, or the arts; it classes the author among those oracles that will be frequently consulted in the philosophical sciences; but Hegel will not the less have perverted all the ancient ideas of Christianity which he pretends to have restored.

The author of the work we are noticing, devotes one chapter of his book to speculative theology, based upon sentiment, and thence introduces the commencement of the career of Schleiermacher, the most eminent preacher perhaps in Germany, as well as some remarks on his discourses on religion, addressed to cultivated minds:—

The theologians [says he] did not remain idle spectators of these intellectual conflicts; but there was this difference between these and the partizans of the philosophers which preceded Hegel, Schelling, and Jacobi, that with those of modern times, theology became speculative, and thence underwent a complete transformation. Philosophy was no longer either its ally or its enemy; it brought over theology to itself by adopting its language and by yielding none of its pretensions; so that modern rationalism, by this transformation, may be called, theology absorbed by philosophy. It is true that the theologians have not avowed this; they have always appeared as if they made use of philosophy as a support to the decisions of their speculative spirit; in reality, however, it is philosophy that has dictated their decisions, and which, in spite of them, has governed all their new systems. Jacobi and Schelling speak by the mouth of Schleiermacher, Twesten, and Nitzsch; Schelling alone by those of Eschenmayer, Schwartz, Daub and Steffens; Hegel by those of Marheinecke, Conradi, and Strauss, and also of Daub. These theologians, each in his peculiar direction, have sought to elevate theology to a speculative science, and to prove that philosophy had no worth except in as far as it was exalted to the height of theology, and was identified with it. It was by this means they have preserved, in the very face of philosophy, which denies this identity, but which does not refuse, however, to yield to evidence, many Christian truths which vulgar Rationalism had rejected as contrary to reason. But if the Christian dogma has appeared to strengthen itself by the efforts of speculative theology, it will soon be seen that it has run risks so much the more to be feared as they are less known.

Deum est ipse Dei amor, quo Deus se ipsum amat, non quatènus infinitus est, sed quatènus per essentian humand mentis, sub specie eternitatis consideratum, explicari potest. Mentis amor actio est quâ mens se ipsam contemplatur, concomitante ideâ Dei tanquam causa, id est actio quâ Deus, quartenùs per mentem humanam explican potest si ipsum contemplatur concomitante idea sui; atque adeo hie mentis amor pars est infiniti amoris, quo Deus se ipsum amat."—(Ethices V.)

Now, the first to attempt this great work—a work demanding an intellectual power of no mean order, nay, of the very first order, was Schleiermacher, the Dr. Chalmers of Germany,—who deserves, as much by his real importance as by the influence, not less real, which he exercises still over the theology of the age, some special notice. Born at Breslau in 1768, he was, down to the day of his death, which happened in 1834, the witness of all those extraordinary events which presaged to clear-sighted minds the dawn of a new era to the nations; and he saw how necessary it was, in order to bring together in advance the materials for a new social edifice, that intellectual men should labour, if nations were not to be taken unawares, and thrown by the course of events into those social complications from which there is no escape except at the cost of many trials and sorrows. Meanwhile Schleiermacher, whose aptitude for all mental cultures would have been enough to distinguish him among those who were to have the direction of public affairs, chose for himself a more modest part in the eyes of the multitude, that of the regeneration of the religious ideas of his epoch; and as he belonged to that class of richly endowed men who, in all positions in which they find themselves, cannot but fix attention, it must be confessed that notwithstanding the mean terms of which he availed himself, to bring about a reconciliation among parties, and that sort of fusion of rationalism with spiritualism, the occasion of which we do not always perceive, he has contrived to diffuse light and life, by his preaching and teaching, and to raise religion from the abasement whereinto she had fallen, and to impart to evangelical Christianity a portion of her ancient glory. His influence over German theology has consequently been great. Our author employs a chapter upon this little topic; but our limits compel us to forego any detailed allusion to it. We therefore pass on to the position of Augustus Neander in the domain of theology, looked upon as a consequence of the sentimental school of Schleiermacher.

M. Amand Saintes, having given us some interesting pages on the speculations of de Wette, Lücke, Twesten, Baumgarten, Crusius, C. J. Nitzsch, and Hase, goes on to advise Christians of the Schleiermacher school not to despair amidst all the opposition they have to encounter, for that an "excellent model is afforded them in the learned professor who was the friend and colleague of Schleiermacher, and who in order to arrive at the Christian verity, does not adopt "the high *priori* road," but that of experience, by no means taken in the empirical sense of the word, but as Jesus himself understood it when he wished those to regulate and purify the conscience who would be convinced of the divinity of his doctrine. In effect, Augustus Neander founds all his dogmatism, if indeed we can thus designate the Christian doctrine put into action, the diverse evolutions of which through ages he describes—he founds it, we say, upon sen-

timent, but it is for the purpose of making it the judge between the moral wants of the soul and the remedies which the Gospel pretends to procure for it, even to its complete healing. His work on the *Remarkable facts of the History of Christianity*, attests how efficacious this method is to remove the mist of error from men of good intention; and his great history of the Christian religion has no other design than to show, in that large and imposing *tableau* which he spreads before us, that from all time the religion of Jesus of Nazareth has owned a divine force and energy which by itself alone has caused more virtues to spring up than all other religions united have ever been able to do; and that thus the history of Christianity is a school of experience for the religious and moral life, and that we have only to attend to it with sincerity to hear its sweet voice resound marvellously in our ears, and to feel in the very depths of our being a warmth which verifies as much as it enlightens. Not that Neander disdains the least in the world, the use of science in matters of religion. Certainly he who, when twenty-two years old, published the *Age of the Emperor Julian*, that of *St. Bernard* a year afterwards, and some years subsequently the History of the Gnostic Systems as well as the *Epoch of St. J. Crysostom;* he who, ten years since, without experiencing the least interruption to his various avocations in the University of Berlin, enriched the public with one vast history of the Church, which is to be found throughout Germany as much upon the table of the man of the world as on that of the learned by profession,—is one of whom it may be justly asserted that—"all this proves undeniably that he does not despise scientific aids, but that they furnish him with the means of establishing the truths already perceived by the heart, when he has placed it under the influence of him who hath said that he himself is the truth as well as the life."

One chapter of his elaborate work, M. Amand Saintes devotes to that species of speculative theology termed gnostic, or that which is founded on knowledge only, its chief organs being Strauss and his followers,—the former of whom has gained, as many of our readers are probably aware, a singular and extensive notoriety on the continent by his late work, *Das Leben Jesu* (the Life of Jesus.) Our author observes what is probably correct, regarding this work, that Strauss himself believed in all sincerity that his book would be read only by persons of his own profession; and so believing, he ought to have followed the example of Bretschneider, whose *Probabilia* was not written in the German language. And what would have been the result had such been the case? "The people would not have been so well instructed as they now are by this novel method of extirpating Christian ideas from the world, and the nomination of Doctor Strauss to the theological chair of Zürich would have been made without opposition. When therefore Doctor Strauss com-

plained that the laity mixed themselves up in a controversy which was foreign to them, he might have understood that the voice of God loves oftentimes to make itself heard through the voice of the people, and that everything had been prepared for that.

We have neither space nor time to adduce even a *resumé* of the reasonings of this rationalistic writer, whose work has made such a noise in the learned world; nor do we wish to make known through these pages, what the press of England has hitherto refused to promulgate. We will make only one observation upon it, namely, that the Prussian Government having interdicted its entrance into the Prussian states, the learned professor of Berlin, Augustus Neander, was induced to criticise it in the form of another *Life of Jesus*, which cannot be *literally named* the *contre-partie* of that of Strauss, but we may judge of its importance by reading the words of Strauss himself in the preface to his third edition:—"With the *Commentary* of De Wette," says he, "and the *Life of Jesus Christ* of Neander in my hands, I recommenced the examination of the fourth Gospel (that of St. John,) and this renewed study has shaken in my mind the value of the doubts that I had conceived as to the authenticity of this Gospel, and the credence which it merits; it is not that I am convinced that the fourth Gospel *is* authentic, but I am no longer so well convinced that it is not."

There is scarcely any author of note, perhaps not one, who has written on subjects of theological rationalism, that escapes the notice of the author of the work before us. He devotes one chapter, *con amore* no doubt, to the state of Catholic theology in Germany in the 19th century. He dwells complacently on the conversion to Catholicism of Frederic Schlegel, de Stolberg, Hamann, Werner, de Haller, &c.,—and after some remarks on the different and numerous directions given to theology, concludes the chapter with the condemnation of Hermesianism. The closing portion of the work is taken up with the account of the present position of Supernaturalism in Germany;—observations on its eventual probable triumph in a constitution that shall reunite the elements of liberty and authority;—the recent disputes about the confessions of faith; and the mediation of Bretschneider and Schelling with the new phase given to his philosophy. Our author concludes in the words of Twester:

The ground, then, is prepared; nothing more is wanting than to sow there the grain of living faith; its fields are ripe for the harvest, may the Lord send therein his reapers! And why should we not trust to Him, who amid so many difficult circumstances, has known how to establish, to propagate, and preserve the Christian religion? He, whose assistance has sustained, through so many painful conflicts, our Evangelical church, will not abandon it now. May he send us some one who, endowed with the spirit and the power of Luther, may be able to change the hearts, and to bring back

the children to the sentiments of their ancestors; or it may be among his decrees that the crisis shall unfold itself gradually, and that the life of the Church shall return by degrees to health and its ancient vigour! Many symptoms of the age indicate a movement more profound and general towards the faith! If at the commencement recourse is had to the true fountain-head, in a short time we shall see something more decided; indecision will acquire firmness, coldness warmth, and lukewarmness will be dispelled; and those accessories which here and there rendered the good cause at one time suspected by good thinkers, and gave to adversaries the appearance of some foundation for inimical reviling and repulsion,—these accessories, I say, will be repudiated.

The author then proceeds with some just and judicious and eloquent remarks of his own, with which we close this article:—

In this contention of supernaturalism and rationalism, there is a force ill-understood, especially for many persons who have been accustomed to lend thereto but a distracted ear *(une oreille distraite.)* It is necessary that they should know how to strip the question of some superficial appearances with which it is enveloped in certain localities, and which give occasion to a false manner of judging it. It was well said by an able critic of Hamburgh, there are no longer some interests of the Church which seek the supremacy; it is not to destroy religious liberty that innovators are set at defiance; no, it is the Christian revelation, whole and entire, that wars against powerful adversaries who combat it in the name of rationalism; it is the renewal of the conflict between Christianity and Paganism; and this is why the battle can never cease but with the destruction of one of the combatants.* But it is not necessary that the contest cease, in order that peace should be restored in the hearts of Christians. They ought as much to dread a complete triumph as a defeat. What would an entire victory serve them, which is not in the nature of things, and which, in supposing it feasible, would only tend to puff up or enervate them? Do they not know that it is by conflict, and an unceasing conflict, that truth purifies and maintains itself? What they ought above all things to desire is, that into this vast and rich harvest the master would send forth workmen animated with his spirit, in order that they may bring about the triumph of truth by knowledge united to charity. Then the true light will propagate itself, and with the light of juster notions to follow on the route, they will attain to what all souls desire, the possession of truth.

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* *Feuilles litteraires et critiques de la Börsenhalle*, (Litterär. u. Krit. Blätter). Hambourg, 1839. page 1028.

ART. V.—*Discourse on the Integrity of the Legal Character.* Delivered before the Law Academy of Philadelphia, by Job R. Tyson, one of the Vice-Provosts.

IT is hardly possible to name a field in the regions of classical antiquity, which one would traverse with higher attractions than that which was constituted and occupied by the Roman Bar under the Republic. The profession of Advocate at that era was illustrated by the character and efforts of more truly eloquent and influential men than at any other period. At any time, with reference to any school as well as to any date in the history of that school, the popular mind is entertained and instructed by tracing the lives and the fortunes of professional men, perhaps long gone before; and this, although there should be no great events connected with their career, no romantic incidents in their course. The mental history—its progress, triumphs, eccentricities—of an eminent divine, physician, or lawyer, always draws strongly upon the curiosity, the speculation, and the sympathies of the reader. What then must be the prying interest of the modern barrister with regard to the business-histories of those celebrated ancient men,—the Ciceros and the Crassi of Rome,—many of whose anxieties and necessities he may be called upon to live over. What were their hopes and fears with and without briefs—their preparations and labours in private—their manner and bearing to their clients when in closet consultation—the methods and steps by which they attained their dignities—the arts resorted to for cajoling and perplexing the court—how did they interrogate witnesses—and a multitude of other points which must have had their much talked-of illustrations, their forms and characteristics. Most probably, however, mankind will have always to deplore the want of minute and of all distinct information on these matters; for it is almost entirely by inference that we can arrive at any considerable degree of satisfaction relative to the Roman Bar during the rule of the consuls. This want or loss may be accounted for in more ways than one, independently of the remoteness of the period contemplated. There was the despotism which immediately succeeded the men and the period we are speaking of, which could have no friendly aspect towards the statesmen and orators who had so recently flourished. The annalists of the empire were rather paid to forget than to remember such men or their measures. But perhaps still more must the blank and deficiency be set down to the account of the lines of distinction which obtained between the bar and the forum; for while these lines were dim and vague, it is certain that the dazzling displays in the latter, left the more grave, sober, and common-place services of the other comparatively unnoticed. Hence contemporaneous history teacheth us of the bar only by implication; on the other hand, state problems, conspicuous persons, mighty sensations, and prodigious

oratorical feats, impressed an age with an indelible stamp, or brilliantly emblazoned it, for the wonder and study of all succeeding generations.

Still, a variety of testimonies and hints may be picked up and combined relative both to the theory and practice of the Roman bar, that may to a certain extent satisfy curiosity and reward inquiry.

The Roman lawyers were, at least before the empire, almost exclusively of noble or gentle families, and stood in regard to their clients, much more in the situation of patron and continuous protector than is the case at the present day, or than can well be understood without a clear notion of the constitution of Roman society and the relationship which existed between the patrician and the plebeian branches into which it was divided; the one being greatly dependent on the other. But we pass on to notice certain practical and routine points, together with recorded facts.

Of the mode of educating the Roman law students, it is pretty clear that, during their first years they were kept usually under the charge of Greek masters, by whom they were instructed in grammar and rhetoric. Greek instruction was almost universal. At the age of about seventeen, they took the *toga virilis*, that is, they became of age; and at this age they were very usually placed under the charge of some distinguished lawyer, by whom they were introduced to the forum, where all the judicial proceedings were transacted, and under whose direction they prosecuted their professional studies. But those studies did not impose upon them anything at all like the drudgery which face the aspirant in our day; for probably all the law which was worth reading might have been comprised in two or three volumes of the size which Blackstone usually assumes; so that to make himself master of this *corpus* was looked upon as but a trifling labour for the student. This is clear, judging from the early age at which the Roman lawyer made his appearance at the bar, and sometimes, too, in suits of great moment. It is not clearly ascertained at what age Cicero first undertook to plead a cause. The first recorded was for Quinctius, at the instance of the comedian Roscius, in the twenty-sixth year of his age; but he expressly states, in his speech on that occasion, that he had tried many smaller cases before. The great Roman orator, indeed, professed himself when only about twenty years old, so well acquainted with the mysteries of the law, as to be able to sustain an argument on any legal question with the greatest lawyers of the age. But he is to be exempted from the ordinary class, or such as those whose course represents the customs of an age, not merely because of his elaborate style of preparation, but of his emulous eagerness to rival the mature Hortensius.

By far the largest portion of the attention of the Roman lawyers was bestowed upon purely rhetorical studies, in which their labours to perfect themselves did not cease, oftentimes, until the close of their

public lives. To shine as a lawyer was to shine as an orator. Cicero's ardour in this respect could not be exceeded. Besides taking lessons from the most competent teachers of eloquence, independently of preceptors of logic, he never intermitted, he assures us, for a single day, some oratorical exercise; declaiming not only in Latin but in Greek; in the latter more frequently, because he found that that language furnished a greater variety of eloquent expressions. And such was precisely the preparation which was to be recommended to others or to himself, even had he entertained no political aspirations.

A course of study so different from our own, was for the transaction of an equally different kind of business. The lawyer's professional learning was rhetorical, and his successful achievement eloquence; because, in the first place, it was upon a peculiar susceptibility to impressions from that quarter that the interests of his clients depended; and in the second place, most of the legal business had no precedent, appealing rather to sentiment than to authority. The progress of civilization, which has brought with it a comparatively equal distribution of the privileges and opportunities of life, has made crimes of a flagrant character almost to cease, except in the very lowest class of the population, being still out of the pale of this equalization. No general interests are involved in their condemnation and acquittal. Too poor or degraded to secure eminent counsel to defend, not worth the expense of a learned prosecution, and the nature of the cases after all being commonplace and of a routine character, they receive their sentence without exciting great public interest in one instance out of a thousand. Not so when the prosecutor was the state, when the defendant was a proconsul of the Roman empire, and the audience were the enraged victims of his oppression, and their sympathizing friends! when all that wealth could add to the skill, or admiration and gratitude to the devotion of the advocate, were lavishly contributed by both contending parties. On the lips of the orator often appeared suspended the happiness of millions, and when successful immense was their reward. They were regarded at once as the preservers and benefactors for whom no amount of gratitude was sufficient, no sort of devotion extravagant. Besides, perhaps there never was an audience which in all respects the orator would prefer to that which the eloquence of the advocate addressed. The profoundest scholar and the most brilliant rhetorician had ample scope for all his powers. The people were not only of a susceptible but of a firm nature. They nobly kept faith with their advisers; and were in this respect greatly unlike the capricious and fickle Greeks. They always liked as well as admired Cicero; almost always went his ways; nor when they once espoused a project, were they without a plausible if not a logical and rational reason if they deserted it.

In all their great efforts, the preparatory labour of the Roman ad-

vocates appears to have been prodigious. Every known science and art were brought under contribution, and a whole life was viewed as being too brief to satisfy their aspirations. Even with regard to the circumstance of action the most scrupulous and studious attention was paid. Hortensius devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study and practice of gesture. It was said that so fascinating was his manner, that many did not know whether they went to the forum to hear or to see him. Cicero, whose action, was originally defective, used to receive instructions from Roscius and Esopus, one the most successful tragic, the other the most successful comic actor of his age. A great deal too was made of stage effect. Nor was our own Lord Chatham unskilled in this kind of stratagem, not deeming it unworthy of his great powers. One of the most distinguished of his partisans often complained that he never could obtain admittance to his lordship's room till everything was ready for the representation, "till the dresses and properties were all correctly disposed, till the light was thrown with Rembrandt-like effect on the head of the illustrious performer, till the flannels had been arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery, and the crutch placed as gracefully as that of Belisarius or Lear."

There is one species of preparation, generally considered by us as inexpedient and unworthy, which the Roman advocates and orators practised. It was usual for them to write out their speeches in heavy cases, and to commit them to memory. There is good reason for believing that all of Cicero's celebrated efforts were composed and written out with the greatest attention to condensation, precision, and polish. Hortensius owed much of his success to his prodigious memory, which, according to the testimony of Cicero, distinguished him from every other person he ever knew. He remembered whatever he had written with ease; and he also employed this faculty so skilfully, that having also remembered all that had been stated by his opponent, he turned the weapon to the best and most dexterous account for his own client. Indeed, the numerous artificial means by which the Roman orators were accustomed to aid the memory, sufficiently indicate the importance they attached to this species of cultivation. Even the internal evidence afforded by such of their forensic productions as have reached us, sufficiently attests the fact of the most patient and elaborate pains having been taken preparatively with their speeches.

And yet in modern times, and in our own country, there are well-known instances of writing and mnemonical preparation, by men too of eminence as orators and debaters. Lord Brougham, by his own confession, wrote out the peroration of his speech on the trial of Queen Caroline seven times before he was satisfied with it. A large portion of Canning's great speech on Portuguese affairs, furnished abundant internal evidence of having been carefully composed and

reduced to written correctness. Sheridan used to wither or crush his adversaries with impromptus which he had meditated for months, and written out with every regard to perfection. Mr. Macaulay, whose *début* on the Reform Bill, Macintosh pronounced the most splendid probably ever made in the House of Commons, had written out the whole of his speech, and spoke it from memory, a habit which he is understood to continue, and as the performances themselves frequently lead one to surmise. Sheil was convicted, we believe, of having sent a speech to the press before the House had met, on the occasion for which the speech was reported to have been delivered; and Macintosh's disquisition upon the Reform Bill, is said to have been all written and committed to memory. In fact, the sort of luminousness and the philosophy which distinguish the piece, tell you as much. Still, the instances of such preparation with us must be comparatively rare; nor could the practice of our Bar or of our Senate allow of the constant use of the method. Indeed, high admiration is bestowed upon the debater that is clever at extempore reply. With regard to practitioners in the courts of law, written speeches on the part of persons with extensive practice, and the committing of speeches to memory must be impracticable. Yet, we have the authority of the preface to *Law Tracts*, Hargrave, for saying that "there are some nice points both of law and equity, which in respect of the extreme precision requisite to a proper treatment of them, may be more satisfactorily elucidated in that way than by the most brilliant energy of rhetorical eloquence."

The Roman Bar differed from ours very materially in respect of compensation. Its distinguished members were in most instances, where the duties required the highest accomplishments and the greatest exertions, munificently rewarded. At the same time any pecuniary remuneration was pronounced illegal. Of course, in these circumstances, reward was contingent, which fact alone was calculated to exclude from the bar all who were not in possession of a tolerable fortune at the commencement. But we need no historical records or intimations to convince us that a law forbidding compensation to counsel for professional services, must have been, although a stumbling block, scarcely an obstacle. How could presents, given by stealth and with cautious dexterity, be prevented; for it is in perfect accordance with man's nature, that unless the discharge of duties requiring a high order of intellectual talent and extraordinary effort be liberally rewarded, men of the first order of mind and accomplishment will not be procured.

A usual and a legal way of recompensing professional lawyers, was by testamentary devises. Immense fortunes appear to have been accumulated in this way; and no more satisfactory evidence could be given of a lawyer's ability than the amount of his inheritance from this source. Cicero frequently alludes in his letters to favour

of this kind extended to himself. When, upon one occasion, Antony falsely declared that the orator had never received any such assurances of his client's regard, Cicero replied that he had bestowed upon him upwards of two hundred thousand pounds, not like Antony, from the forged wills of strangers, but as testamentary donations from dying friends.

Nearly every Roman, under the Republic, who distinguished himself, went into political life, and generally through the law; but what was not so praiseworthy a means,—some unfortunate province was, in most cases, consigned to him to be plundered, as the cheapest and easiest way, it is presumed, of maintaining a nobility. The fortunes which were sometimes thus acquired were princely. Hortensius, who was successively a soldier, military tribune, edile, prætor, and consul, had his sumptuous villas at Tusculum, Bauli, and Laurentium, besides his splendid house on the Palatine hill, which was afterwards to form the centre of the imperial palace. His olive plantation he was accustomed to nourish regularly with wine. Yet, notwithstanding this profuse practice, his heir found ten thousand casks in his cellar after his death. Cicero is said to have had eighteen villas in different parts of Italy, besides numerous bathing-places which he had built for his convenience when travelling. And yet neither Hortensius nor Cicero were very notorious for their wealth at that time.

Now, since none but men of very distinguished abilities could hope to receive presents sufficiently large to supply the place of a regular income,—for such men would not wish to incur the penalty of a violated law, much less the risk of detection in an act which would have been considered undignified, had he taken a trifling fee,—it is obvious that the law tribunals would only be resorted to in cases of deep importance. Besides, lawyers of distinction must have been the only ones who were adequately paid; for that humble class of the profession, who, with us, care for the interest of the lower orders, where only a small compensation can be offered, would meet with but poor encouragement, and therefore their number, it is presumed, would be very limited. This also necessarily follows, —that the humble classes would in a great measure be disfranchised of the benefit of the law, and that the cases of oppression by the wealthy and the great would be innumerable and gross. One consequence more,—seeing that none but men of great mark would be likely to receive briefs in heavy cases, and that such alone were liberally paid, the list of lawyers taking them altogether must have been small, while that of those who could presume to live by their profession, and in a style of grandeur, must have been still more narrowed. Indeed, we hear of very few Roman lawyers. Cicero, in a sketch intended to cover both the bar and the forum, enumerates only about a dozen men as prominent at any one time, and that, too, in overgrown Rome.

Of the Roman mode of procuring clients, and also of the bearing of the lawyers to their employers, a few notices may be added. These professionalists appear to have been the best equipped of *drummers*. As in all other countries and ages, the legal practitioner must have depended much upon the extent of his personal acquaintance, which he would be always most desirous to enlarge. A lawyer is especially a citizen of the world, and hence it is also that much of the completeness of his character is derived. But in the universal political aspirations of the Roman gentlemen of the long robe, there was an additional incentive to the widening of their personal acquaintance. Nearly all the magistrates under the Republic were elected by the people; hence not only the candidates wanted clients, for the *present*, but voters for the *future*. Accordingly electioneering for both purposes was reduced to something like science.

To flatter strangers and to avoid offending forgotten acquaintances, was the first lesson learned and the last habit surrendered by the aspirant for public consideration. The lawyers and politicians were daily accustomed to take with them, when they went into the street, a slave or two, who knew every man of distinction in Rome, and whose duty it was to whisper to his master the name of any such who happened to approach, in order that an *old friend* might be greeted with adequate familiarity and courtesy. These slaves were called Nomenclators, and sometimes Monitors.

The probability is, that the manner of the Roman lawyer was always respectful to his political peers, and, upon occasions, sufficiently haughty to his inferiors. One's birth, or station in life, was a legitimate subject of sarcasm in the forum. "I myself," said Cicero, referring to one L. Cæsulanus, a plebeian lawyer, "heard him, in his old age, when he endeavoured, by the Aquilian law, to subject L. Labellius to a fine for a breach of justice, but I should not have taken any notice of such a *low-born wretch*, if I had not thought that no person I had ever heard could give a more suspicious turn to the cause of the defendant." But although the lawyer of distinction might be ever ready to extend the light of his countenance to his plebeian friends, or even his slaves, as a favour, we may be sure that he could become indefinitely supercilious and saucy when the courtesy was claimed as a right.

True, the democracy of Rome, in its organized and united state, was feared, and its asserted claims respected by the nobility; but its individual representatives were despised. Any principle that united the people made them paramount; but when separated, or broken down to the component parts, the rights of a man were as a rotten thing which the Patrician might trample under his feet with impunity. The Christian religion had not yet taught the equal value and accountability of any human soul, nor had modern democracy established equal rights for all before the laws. The plebeian's deficiency in blood qualifications in ancient Rome, could only be imperfectly

supplied by multiplication of numbers. It was only the aggregate people that was respected; and the suit of any one of this mass, if taken up at all, was for the glory of the orator, rather than the protection or the righting of the injured. We shall only further notice upon this subject, that in his business intercourse, the lawyer seems ever to have observed a considerable formality. A kind of state was kept up while receiving his clients; for he gave his opinions usually from an elevated seat.

It was optional with the Roman lawyers, but not customary, to accompany their opinions with reasons, as if their *dictum* placed the question beyond dispute. And, indeed, these opinions were of great authority, though they had legal force only by courtesy before the empire.

In what singular contrast was this with the abject humility which they would, if occasion called, assume, to secure a favour or a vote from the plebeian order. The co-existence of a people continually winning new rights from the vast domain of ancient conservatism, and an aristocracy too proud almost to breathe the same atmosphere, accounts for the anomalous union. A privileged class uniformly become mean when they become weak; but the peculiarity of the law-aristocracy at Rome was, that all legislation had, either naturally or artificially, so hedged around them and clung to them, that they became not only distinguished for the ordinary vices of an over-indulged and dominant class, but they furnished from their ranks most of the scholars and generals as well as of the statesmen and orators of the remarkable era we have been considering. In short, whoever pauses to contemplate that brilliant period, must be impressed with the conviction, that the Roman Bar, prior to the empire, with all its vices and weaknesses, its contradictions and anomalies, presented one of the most accomplished and powerful bodies of men that has ever existed. But to come to modern times, and to the Discourse before us.

The community is deeply interested in the promotion and maintenance of the purity and integrity of the legal character; for are not the members of the bar the expounders of the laws, the guardians of private rights, the conservators of justice, and the body looked to as the ready harnessed defenders of public liberty? In a government of laws, the highest and most important services must be naturally claimed at the hands of the lawyer. All classes feel and practically acknowledge the benefit of his counsel, or the effects of his exertions. Wherever the law is to operate or be anxiously expounded, his presence and voice are indispensable. How wide and exalted then must be the sphere of his duty! Whatever therefore improves, purifies, or elevates the character of this minister,—whatever inspires him with an adequate sense of responsibility, influence, independence, and fearlessness,—whatever tends to render him incor-

ruptible in the discharge of his duties, promotes the general interests, and strengthens the safeguards of society. It has been the custom, arising more from a disposition to good-humoured banter than seriously and bitterly to censure or denounce, to charge the professon with the arts of chicanery, and the abuse of power, knowledge, and dexterity. Different reasons have been assigned for the charge; but these, perhaps, may be reduced to two. The whole profession, like a family, suffers by the delinquencies of any one of its members; and again, those persons who feel the effects of the law, are disposed to be revenged. It is certain that neither justice, nor the ministers of justice, can be held in favour by him who conceives himself their victim. There is, besides, a natural disposition to resist power and to depreciate the agent, whether it be unflinchingly directed to the preservation of the rights of persons or of governments. But the *lawyer* in the proper and full sense of the term, has rarely been accused of being the willing instrument in the hands of despotic power. On the contrary, there are many illustrious instances, during periods of tyranny and corruption, of his coming forth the manly defender of the oppressed, the undaunted advocate of liberty, and the stern proclaimer of justice. Mr. Tyson gives memorable examples.

The noble conduct of Sir Edward Coke, in resisting the disgraceful servility of a powerful court, and the tyranny of a capricious monarch, is a memorable illustration of the value of the lawyer in perilous times, and a striking example of moral intrepidity and personal firmness. In the reign of Louis XIV., and the regency of Orleans, that great lawyer, D'Aguesseau, rescued unhappy France by his patriotism and courage, from the intrigues of ambitious favourites, the corruptions of the tribunals, and the stupendous and dazzling projects of the infamous John Law. The annals of juridical biography over the world teem with similar examples.

These present the noble conduct of a great English and a great French lawyer making successful efforts to rescue their country from royal oppression and base intrigue, from favourites, judicial corruptions, and even from such gigantic projects as threatened the liberty and happiness of mighty nations. Attempts, it is notorious, have frequently been made to overcome the advocate, sometimes by the people, and sometimes by the government. These, however, have generally been, in perfect accordance with the character we are eulogizing, resisted and contemned to the sustainment of high professional honour and incorruptibility. Our author adduces an illustration of insidious and unjust efforts manfully scorned in British history, accompanying it with just and strong remarks.

Many occasions occur in the course of an extensive practice at the bar, when, from the blindness of popular prejudice or the easiness of public credulity, a counsel finds himself in situations which may expose him to ruin,

without the sympathy and support of his brethren. In the memorable case of the libel against Paine, for that part of his "Rights of Man" which attacked the English Government, Erskine stood forward his intrepid and eloquent defender. All the arts of intimidation were employed to drive him from his purpose. A conspiracy was formed to deprive Paine of the benefit of counsel; but despising promises, and regardless of threats, Erskine was true to that independence of action and integrity of purpose, which should ever characterize a member of the bar. For this act of disobedience, he was put under the ban and deprived of office. Now that time has mellowed the passions of the moment, we look in vain for their excuse or justification. He was the defender, not of language tending to sedition, not of an inflammatory attempt to excite opposition to law, tumult, disorder, or misrule; not of calumnies against the living magistrates; but of a sober effort to bring about the redress of acknowledged grievances, by addressing the universal reason of the nation. He remained under a temporary cloud; but true to himself, and fortunate in the adherence of his brethren, he emerged from the vapour which obscured him into the brightest sunshine of popular and royal favour.

Fearless and independent conduct like that of Erskine, can be matched with many examples in the history of the legal profession. Indeed, the fact is so well known, so appreciated, so relied upon, and so established in British thought and practice, that it is not possible, at this time of day, to conceive of a case of sedition, treason, or of any enormity intended to destroy royalty or the constitution, in which lawyers of the highest character, both morally and professionally, would not be looked for in defence of the accused. An advocate would reap universal approval for volunteering his services, unless indeed it turned out that he was inadequate and incompetent as regarded its demands upon his knowledge, tact, and independence.

There are certain peculiarities in the properly regulated training and the frequent position of the lawyer, which seem to be friendly in the way of fostering high character and the habitual sense of demands for its exhibition. The cultivation of a knowledge of the principles of right, is calculated to inspire him with the spirit of freedom and independence. Then, again, he is much exposed to criticism, and this must tend to render him vigilant, ready, and resolute. But to quicken his sense of propriety, he should be taught both by precept and example, that the sphere in which he moves is exalted; that the obligations which it imposes are very exacting, at the same time that they are high and holy; that, in short, he is one of the ministers of human justice. To prepare himself for the performance of his duties, and to protect his profession from odium, he should not merely cherish a chivalrous idea of its scope, susceptibilities, and influence, but most earnestly strive after that knowledge, those accomplishments, and those sentiments required by the legal character in its most dignified and serviceable capacity. Professional

integrity comprises many qualifications as well as solid gifts. It requires truth and prudence, of course, but it also calls loudly for sound and polished learning. In the first place it demands of the professed lawyer,—

That his legal knowledge should be profound and exact, in order to direct his client wisely. He will be distinguished not only for the assiduity necessary for this, but for honour, sincerity, and truth, in all his relations with the client, the court, the bar, and the community. If sincerity be loved in the common intercourse of life, how desirable to find it in a counsel, into whose ear has been poured, perhaps, the cofidential breathings which have been withheld from every other mortal!

In the rude ages of chivalry, veracity was esteemed a cardinal and indispensable virtue, and without it the dignity of knighthood attracted to its possessor only the contempt and infamy of his order. Of all the detestable properties for which a man of liberal aspirations may be known, is falsehood, a vice equally unpolitic and base. But, on the other hand, how noble a consciousness does he enjoy, how proud a niche does he occupy in the hearts of his fellow-men, whose lips have never been polluted with untruth, and whose promise, without the sign manual to attest its nature, has always been scrupulously and to the letter redeemed.

But the ignorant lawyer can hardly be honest. He assumes to perform duties which require learning; he appears as the expounder of laws he does not understand; as the advocate to protect his client from illegal punishment, the nature of whose offence is to him unknown; and as a sentinel, to prevent the bench from invading private and public right the boundaries of which he cannot define.

With regard to the benefit to be derived from the pursuit of liberal studies, Mr. Tyson observes that they

Are necessary to counteract the circumscribing and benumbing influences of a professional addiction to law. The man who devotes himself exclusively to its details, becomes as pitiable in his helplessness as the blind or hoodwinked mill-horse, unsuited for every purpose but the round he is accustomed to travel, and only fitted for that by the appliances which confine him to his circle. Too strict an adherence to legal forms cramps the energies and contracts the mental vision, rendering it acute in the perception of immediate objects, but by disqualifying it for a wider range, lessens the sphere of its observation.

Not only are liberal studies necessary for ornament and recreation, but no lawyer can faithfully discharge his duty without the various knowledge thus imparted. Without them he cannot sustain the dignity of his profession, or honestly, as has already been remarked when speaking of ignorance, engage in its practice. Those who affect to despise them, wish to level the profession to their own low tastes and condition. Who is more capable successfully to defend his fellow

citizens than he who has devoted his youth to the study of the best authors and models, and his manhood to the accurate and profound study of the laws of his country,—whose mind has received impressions sound and durable from the great lawyers and orators, patriots and statesmen of ancient and modern times? In the performance of his various duties, he is constantly deriving aid from these. A person thus imbued, thus prepared for forensic exercises, is ambitious of excellence and eminence for their own ennobling sake, and despises the sordid acts and low tricks of the pettifogger. He cannot tolerate legal quackery, which is only another name for knavery. He will not endeavour to pull down the elevations which his brethren may have reached by untiring and honourable efforts, by deep learning and vast industry, but on the other hand, will strive to come up to them through the same path. The reverse of such a character must ever be open to the seductions of gain, and prone to deviations from moral rectitude. He may crouch to seize his prey; may become the scourge instead of the defender of the poor and helpless, may serve to poison the fountains of justice. Learning and ability are naturally allied to integrity and success; ignorance and little thoughts with dishonesty and defeat. While all civilized nations have held the upright and able lawyer in the highest esteem, the keenest and most sarcastic wit has been directed against the pettifogger: *leguleius quidam cautus atque acutus, præco actionum, cantor formarum, auceps syllaborum.*

All the studies of this great profession, when properly pursued, tend to liberalize the mind and exalt the sense of duty, of honour, and of patriotism; hence meanness, ignorance and deception cannot be tolerated in its members. The incongruity of ignorance and presumption assuming the place of learning and dignity, of chicanery attempting to substitute itself for honesty and talent, as we have already said, long ago justly provoked the ire of the wits, and made the attempts most odious. The disasters produced by such usurpations are destructive of our rights, subversive of confidence, generative of vindictive litigation, and bring the profession into disrepute, tending to inefficacy.

In his "Decline and Fall," Gibbon says, "The profession had fallen into the hands of freed men and plebeians, who, with cunning rather than skill, exercised a sordid and pernicious trade. Some of them procured admittance into families for the purpose of fermenting differences, of encouraging suits, and preparing a harvest of gain for themselves and their brethren. Others, recluse in their chambers, maintained the dignity of legal professors, by furnishing a rich client with subtleties to confound the plainest truths, and with arguments to colour the most unjustifiable pretensions. The splendid and popular class was composed of the advocates who filled the forum with the sound of their turgid and loquacious rhetoric. Care-

less of favour and of justice, they are described for the most part as ignorant and rapacious guides, who conducted their clients through a maze of expense, of delay and disappointment." How symptomatic of the degradation and ruin of empire was all this!

The ignorance, corruption, and venality of the lawyers, produce many national evils, as well as disorganization in society; while the purity of justice, the prosperity of the country, the preservation of rights, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of liberty, depend greatly on their integrity, honour, knowledge, and patriotism; for all these qualities are necessary to the administration of the laws:—

> The lawyer exists, (says Mr Tyson,) and can exist only in the genial atmosphere of freedom. It is from him especially, that traditional errors and practical abuses must find a correction. Reform and improvement, under his auspices, hope for stability and progress. But he stands not only as a sentinel against the inroads of a political despot, and the scourge of public abuses, but he is the shield of private injury and the assertor of legal retribution. He is interposed between the corrupt, incompetent, and erring judge, and the wronged and trembling suitor. The avenger of the innocent, he visits upon the wrong-doer the penalties of the law, and protects the weak and defenceless from the overbearing hand of oppression and power.

People are not generally aware or thoughtful of the many benefits, public as well as private, which are derived or are inseparable from a learned and independent bar. Indeed the prejudices which vulgarly prevail against the body, ought to be denounced; for the grovelling spirit that would bring down the qualifications of its members, aims a blow at the interests of morality and of patriotism. The delusion alone that a man with little learning can become a great lawyer, is pernicious and fraught with essential evil. Yet the credulity of the world in favour of the truth of the miracles of quackery is often exhibited in raising to temporary importance and fame a mere pretender. The pettifogger, and those who support him, maintain the opinion which our author rebukes, that the reading of the lawyer cannot stray with safety from the beaten track of his profession. "A sentiment of this kind is so inimical in its spirit to the genius of the age, and so injurious in its practical tendency to the public and to the profession, that so opportune an occasion as this should not be omitted to present and expose its fallacy. The law is not only a learned but a liberal profession; and the lawyer, of all men, should elevate and fortify his principles by various and enlightened studies against the insidious temptations to which he is on every side exposed." "The sparks of any science," says Finch, "are taken up in the ashes of the law." How dark and bewildered would the progress be, if the student were to grope his way without a more certain guide than these sparks. Mr. Warren, in his *Law Studies*, says, Your mere lawyer is a pettifogger.

He seldom distinguishes between principle and technicality; the latter of these, according to Lord Kames, invariably leading to corruption and depravity. "He who thus observes the outside instead of advancing into the penetralia of the temple, is as partial in his scope of observation as the underworkman so felicitously described by Dean Swift; and confining himself to the outworks, is a stranger to the grander conceptions which would be inspired by the amazing extent and beautiful proportions of the interior and principal structure."

Of no ordinary importance in the performance of every part of the lawyer's duties, is the possession of honest feelings and correct moral habits. The cultivation of integrity makes his perception of wrong quicker, and his rebuke of it more indignant and weighty. If honesty be the element which binds the moral world together, how necessary must be its cherished strength and spirit by the members of that profession who are by their office the guardians of the constitution and the laws. Our author has very properly made the integrity of the lawyer depend on adequate learning, pure morals, unsullied honour, magnanimity of sentiment, and unruffled temper. And he introduces exemplifications of such principles, conduct, and bearing, with striking accompanying observations, forming an interesting portion of the able discourse. Many of the great lawyers of former times have displayed noble and heroic virtues, given a first movement to reform in government, and contributed to save the honour and blood of nations. They have often become conspicuous for their courage and patriotism, guiding their country through perilous times. The have even entered the tented field, and led armies to victory, to the assertion of the most valuable institutions and principles of everlasting worth.

We conclude our paper with a passage from Mr. Warren's *Law Studies*, addressed to students standing at the threshold of the Bar. "Surely," he says, "something more than aptitude for the acquisition of law learning is to be looked for in him who comes to the bar with proper feelings and objects—who aspires to become an honour to an honourable profession; one which fills so large a place in the public eye; which is fraught with such heavy responsibility as conservator of all that is dear and valuable in society—the property, life, and character of every member of the community; which enables a man to become the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse, to his fellow creatures; which—a very Hippomenes to Atalanta—at once supplies its members with the most ennobling incentives to perseverance in the path of rectitude, and the most incessant, alluring, and potent temptations to deviate from it; which affords almost equal scope for the exercise of the best and the basest qualities of human nature—for integrity and corruption, for generosity, fortitude, fidelity, as well

as 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness;' capricious, moreover, and often tantalizing to its most worthy votaries: well may the student, anxiously and distrustfully pondering all these things, exclaim, Who is sufficient for them! Let him not suppose that the above is an over-wrought picture of the profession he has selected; for every day's experience will serve but to corroborate its fidelity. Numerous as are, and have been, the ornaments of our profession, their numbers would probably have been trebled, had but a correct and comprehensive estimate been formed of it at the outset—had its candidates but been cautioned against its peculiarly-besetting dangers, fewer would have been deflected from the paths of honour and integrity, or would have rested satisfied with a low tone of moral feeling, or even with intellectual mediocrity."

ART. VI.—*The Philosophy of Marriage; in its Social, Moral, and Physical Relations, &c. &c. &c.* By MICHAEL RYAN, M.D. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 388. 4th Edition. 1843. Baillière: London and Paris.

MARRIAGE, considered physiologically or morally, presents a variety of points for the exercise of the intellectual and economical faculties. The lover meditating marriage, and "sighing like furnace with a woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," thinks only of angels and angelic beings and hours of bliss. But the contemplative bachelor, putting aside sentimental considerations, wisely and warily weighs the advantages and disadvantages of single and wedded life—examines the *pour et contre*—and reflectingly contrasts the "unopened paper" and "solitary tea cup" on the breakfast board, with the eight or ten juvenile "mugs," and—

> Dreading that climax to all human ills,
> The inflammation of his weekly bills—BYRON

—cries "off," and descends into his narrow tomb, a single and a solitary man.

We shall not quote what Johnson says of marriage, and the probability that all marriages would be as happy were they brought about by lottery, as they now are by what is termed mutual consent; for we suppose that opinion of the moralist is two well known—but we cannot avoid alluding to it. Jeremy Taylor, however, has a passage which somewhat rescues modern society from the view taken of it by Johnson, and as we have no desire to withhold that which may mollify the opponents to his opinion, we shall give them the advantage of the passage by inserting it:—

Celibacy, like the fly (says the Bishop) in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and exercises, many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

Possessing little of that sourness which is supposed to be an attribute of the Reviewer *ex officio*, we shall not insist here upon much that might be adduced in condemnation of the manner in which the union of young persons is generally brought about, for we are desirous to escape from the ungrateful task of reprobation; and leaving that duty to the preacher, we gladly seek refuge in the gratification of philosophical research, by which we shall rather assume the office of the nuptial historian than the sceptre of the acerbate critic. For according to the views of some philosophers, men err more from thoughtlessness, vanity, ignorance, indifference or accident than from love of vice as vice. Nay, one of the characters in a present fashionable novel,* is made to blame vice and not the vicious; for she says, "there would be no vicious people if there were not vices; and no dicers if there were no dice." This is excellent sophistry, but bad morality; an apposite concatenation of proposition and inference, but defective in conviction and reason. Nay it is reversing the legitimate end of reason; an abandonment of Bacon, to take up with Protagorus†—or at least his followers, who, as is generally the

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* Chatsworth, 1844.

† Protagorus, a native of Abdera, was originally a porter,—but according to Aulus Gellius (v. c. 3,) being overtaken one day by Democritus, carrying logs upon his shoulders, the philosopher was so struck by the neatness and regularity of the bundle, that he desired him to stop and rest himself. Protagorus complied, and Democritus examined the bundle, and finding that it was put together with mathematical exactness, inquired if he himself had made it up? To this he replied in the affirmative, and to convince him, undid the bundle, and put it together again in his presence. The philosopher then expressed much admiration at his ingenuity, and said to him, "Young man, follow me, and your talents shall be employed upon greater and better things." He consented, and accompanying Democritus, was boarded and educated at his expense. He subsequently amassed much money; but in consequence of some expressions of an atheistical tendency, he was banished from Attica and his works burned in the market place. (*Vide. Enfield Hist. of Phil.* p. 252.) Some of his tenets were sceptical. He taught that contradictory arguments could be advanced upon any subject, and that all natural objects are perpetually varying. The passage in his

case, with imitators out-herod, their Herod. Be this as it may, we shall not delay to examine the merits or demerits of this philosophy—a school which seems to make perplexity the rule, and perspicuity the exception to human reason, [some notice of their tenets will be found in note,] and proceed to make a few brief remarks upon the institution and usages connected with marriage in the several nations of the world, which will promptly and properly introduce us to the contents of the work before us. For these facts

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work on "the Gods," which led to his banishment, is given both by Enfield, and by Dr. White in the translation of Diogenes Laertius's Lives of the Philosophers," published in London in 2 vols. 8vo, 1696.

"Concerning the Gods, I am wholly unable to determine whether they have any existence or not; for the weakness of the human understanding, and the shortness of human life, with many other causes, prevent us from attaining this knowledge.—(Enfield.) Dr. White's translation is somewhat different: "As for the Gods, I have nothing to say; neither do I know whether they are, or whether they are not; for there are many impediments to our knowledge, the obscurity of the matter, and the shortness of man's life."—(*Translation of* 1696 *referred to.*) He held also, "that man is the measure of all things; of things in being, as they are, and of things not in being, as they are not." He conceived the soul to be nothing but the senses—that all things were true—that is,—whatever seemed to a man to be true, *was true.* He was the first who distinguished parts of time, and introduced disputes about words. He was also the inventor of the porter's knot, and was drowned according to some authorities, on a voyage to Scicily; according to others he died on the way 620 years B. C. Diogenes Laertius tells the following story of him, which will give a better idea of his sophistry, than any lengthy resumé of his doctrines. One of his scholars, Euathalus, bargained with him for a considerable sum, to be taught oratory, half of which was paid down, and the remainder was to be paid off as soon as Euathalus should gain a suit at the bar. But Protagorus, perceiving that now that the scholar had learned all that he could teach, made no haste to gain a suit, sued him for the remainder, and added these words: "Foolish young man! I shall be paid this money, whether the cause go for me or against me; for if the court pronounce for me, then the law gives me the money; but if it gives sentence against me, then thou art bound to pay me by thy contract, because thou hast got the better." To which Euathalus answered, "Most wise master! neither way shall I be forced to pay this money; for if the court pronounce for me, then I am discharged, because I have got the better; if against me, then the contract is void, because I have not got the better." This reasoning (?) seemed to have puzzled the sophist himself, for no mention is made of the issue of the trial. It is astonishing how very long this mode of mystifying ideas of right and wrong prevailed in the schools of Europe, and even now has been revived by the ultra economists, and the no-corn-law-league.

and opinions we are principally indebted to Gilbert Stuart*, unless when otherwise noted; for though this author in his turn owes much to Tacitus, still as he has fused the opinions which he held, and copied the picture which he drew of the state of the Germanic tribes, with respect to manners, customs, and observances, into his own text, it is not only more convenient, but indeed more appropriate to quote direct from him, than from the Latin author, whose works is so well known;—moreover, because Stuart not only gives all that Tacitus said of the marriage customs of the Germans, but has blended with his text, the views and opinions of writers down to the 18th century—an union of authorities which cannot but be serviceable to the reviewer.

The state of society, (says Gilbert Stuart,) which precedes the knowledge of an extensive property and the meannesses which flow from refinement and commerce, is in a high degree propitious to women. To treat them with cruelty does not consist with the elevation of sentiment which then prevails. Among the people of whom I speak (the Germans,) even the slave † was exposed to no studied insults or oppression. Of the women, the warrior and the citizen considered himself as the friend and the protector; and their weakness only served to render the attachment to them the more lasting and tender. While courage and strength and feats of prowess gave glory to the men, the women were judged of by a different standard. They were studious to recommend themselves by the performance of domestic duties. They attended to the cares of the family and the house, and the mother found a long and a serious occupation in the rearing of her children, who were not allowed to approach the father in public till a certain ‡ age. To her daugh-

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* A View of Society in Europe, in its Progress from Rudeness to Refinement, &c. &c. By Gilbert Stuart. LL.D. 2nd Ed. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1792.

† *Verberare servum, ac vinculis et opere coercere, rarum.* (*Tacit, de Mor. Germ.* c. 25.) In imitation of our author we append the translation. "It is unusual to scourge a slave, or punish him with chains or hard labour."

‡ *Domus officia uxor et liberi exequuntur.* (*Tacit. de Mor. Germ.* c. 25.) "The domestic offices are performed by his wife and children." *Liberos suos* [says Cæsar] *nisi quum adoleverint, et munus militiæ sustinere possint, palam ad se adire non patiuntur; filiumque in puerili ætate in publicolo in conspectu patris assistere turpe ducunt.* [*De Bell. Gall. lib.* 6. c. 18.] "They do not suffer their children to come before them publicly till once they have grown up; and they think it unbecoming for a son in his boyish years to stand up in public in the presence of his father." This was the practice to a certain degree in England up to a very recent period. (*Vide Wade's Brit. Hist.*) In the time of Canute, the English sold their children like horses to the Irish. The sale, however, was forbidden, as well as the marriage of priests, by Canute. [*Ibid.* p. 17.] *Vide* also a pamphlet, *On the Intellectual Powers of the Negro, by E. Binns, M.D.* London, 1844; p. 8. It is not long ago since the son or daughter (we forget which) of a

ters she endeavoured to give the accomplishments which might win to them the chiefs who were most celebrated and powerful. To her sons she recited the exploits of their ancestors, and formed them to valor. (pp. 12-13.)

Was it therefore to be wondered at, that women who thus fulfilled the duties imposed upon them by the Great God—the creator and upholder of all we see, hear, feel or understand,—should have at last come to be considered as beings superior to the rude race who physically and organically were their masters, but intrinsically and intellectually their inferiors, and that at length, they should have been viewed in the light of beings with whom correspondences with entities of invisible but substantial existences, were a matter of every day occurrence, a source of divination, and a medium of power? We should say not. We are inclined to look up to woman as a being of superior intellectual faculties, superior physical organization, as to endurance [for what man could endure the fatigue of a London lodging-house wench in the Bloomsbury or Strand circle of lodging houses?] and superior sensibilities as regards ethical perceptions—but that is woman in the intellectual or poetic sense. To expect this of *cockney* women, whose ideas never extend beyond outside appearance or the art of dazzling by concealing—were indeed absurd. For how can women, educated and brought up as three-fourths of the London women are, be anything but automata? Imitators of imitators? It is at this class of women — not the fine old English stock of the gentry [emphatically *Yeomen*] — that Mrs. Ellis most particularly aims in her recent work. These are a sort of hybrid class between the lady and the lady's maid, — mere pretty things for carriages and *carpeted* garden walks. It is this race of women which will be the bane of Englishmen and English character—the forced fruit of boarding schools and summer trips to Paris: for indeed these women seem to think that they have nothing else to do but dress, dance, drive about, and (as they call it) enjoy themselves. Alas! there are few Cornelias among them, and the love of approbation and the desire for admiration destroy their taste

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distinguished American President, was publicly sold in one of the cities of the South! Succeeding races of Americans will read this with as much dismay and incredulity as we do now the sale of British children in Rome in times long past, which gave rise to the Mission of St. Augustine, in 597. For passing through the slave-market, and seeing some very beautiful children for sale—he asked of what nation? They replied, *Angli*. (English.) He rejoined, *Non Angli, sed angeli, si forent essent Christiani.* "Not English but angels, had they been but Christians." On the inauguration of a Roman Catholic Bishop at Birmingham, for New Zealand, in 1842, Dr. Wiseman, the erudite principal of St. Mary's College, Oscott, beautifully alluded to and dwelt upon the Mission of St. Augustine.

for domestic duties and their culture of domestic feelings. How different was it with the German women—our ancestors—as described by Stuart!

But what evinces their consideration beyond the possibility of a doubt, is the attention which they bestowed on business and affairs. They felt, as well as the noble and the warrior, the cares of the community. They watched over its interest, considered its connexion with other states, and thought of improving its policy and extending its dominion. They went to the public councils or assemblies of their nations, heard the debates of the statesmen, and were called upon to deliver their sentiments. And, what is worthy of particular notice, this consequence in active scenes they transmitted to their posterity.* Such, in general, was the condition of women among our ancestors, while they were yet in their woods; and, such, I should think, is in

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* *Nec aut consilia earum aspernantur, aut responsa negligent.* "They neither despise their councils nor disregard their responses." (*Tacit. Mor. Germ.* c. 8.) Plutarch says (*De Virtut. Mulier. Polycænus in Stratag., lib.* 7,) that it was the privilege of the Gothic women, as well as the Celtic, to deliberate on affairs of state. Indeed they assisted at the councils of the nation upon all occasions. Goguet (part 2, b. 1, c. 4) declares women enjoyed this advantage in ancient Greece. Charlevoix (*Journ. Hist. let.* 13—18) relates also that the American women are called to the national meetings to offer their council and opinion. They are the first to speak, having previously consulted among themselves. Addison (somewhere in *The Spectator*) ridicules the idea of women taking part in affairs of state, and says something about the awkwardness of a commander-in-chief being taken in labour on the eve of a battle—or a Lord Chancellor being seized with labour pains on the woolsack. But commanders of great renown have been seized by disease in the moment of action, and Lord Chancellors have left the woolsack in mortal agony, yet these accidents have not been alleged as causes why men (who are all liable to sickness) should not contiuue to be commanders and chancellors. Among the Franks and the Anglo-Saxons, the queens had an active share in the government, and Gregory of Tours (b.4) mentions one of the Frank queens who received a national homage. The Saxon Chronicle (*Chron. Sax. p.* 48) states that Werburg, Queen to Wight-red, assisted at the Wittenagemot, held at Berghamsted. Malmsbury (lib. 2) speaks of a parliament convened by King Edgar, in which he was assisted by his mother Alfgina. Mathew of Westminster (*Flores Historiarium*, p. 423) tells us that Canute in a national assembly acted by the advice of Queen Emma "and the bishops and nobility of England." We believe this is the statement of Mathew Paris in his *Hist. of the World from the Creation to the Conquest*, 1571. We have throughout this note rather closely, but not entirely, followed Stuart. These are his own words: "When the crown fell to a prince in his minority, the queen-mother had the guardianship. Thus Fredegund had the guardianship of her son Clotarius II., Brunchild of her grandsons Theodebert and Theodoric, and Bathildis of her son Clotarious III." (p 170.) We merely glance at the history of Boadicea,

a great measure their state in every country in the globe, in an age of society and manners which knows not the cares, the corruptions, and the distinctions of property.*

That the marriage ceremonies of such women would be simple and sensible, and that they would typify their future lives, is to be expected; accordingly, we find that parties brought together from choice and appetite, experienced the happiness of reciprocal attachment and exhibited the influence of mutual kindnesses, and by those delicate attentions which constitute the sum of human happiness, proved to others the condition of bliss which they enjoyed. That such a state should be coveted was natural, and that those who coveted should imitate it, was also natural. Hence a simple proposal from a man to a woman, or from a woman to a man,—for there is nothing contrary to nature in this supposition,—"to do as so and so had done," would be all the preliminary and all the ceremony of marriage. It is possible, however, to suppose that, as the Germanic tribes married late, that they first constructed a hut, and prepared certain provisions against the possibility of want and the certainty of offspring. The bride did not "turn all manner of colours" at the bare mention of swaddling clothes, or at the sight of a cradle. She felt through her God the workings of that spirit of maternity which, though struggling in embryo, was only to be released through the medium of union with the opposite sex; and she did nought to check its movements or repress its advances. She had no sin, and knew no shame.

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and call attention to the fact of the presence of three female sovereigns reigning at present in Europe—in England, Portugal, and Spain, to show how highly women are estimated even at the present day.

* Damascenus (St. John) John of Damascus (*De Mor. Gent.*) says, *Apud Saunitas vel Samnites, de adolescentibus et virginibus quotannis publicum habetur judicium. Quem igitur eorum optimum esse sententia judicum pronunciarit, is sibi ex virginibus eliget uxorem quam vult, deinde sccundus abeo alteram, et sic de cœteris deinceps.* "Among the Samnites, there is a public examination held every year of the young men and virgins. Among the youths, he who is pronounced best by the sentence of the judges, has his choice of a wife from among the young women; when the second has his choice in the same way, and so on the rest." The same author says, *Saromatæ uxoribus in omnibus obtemperant, tanquam dominabus.* "The Soromates obey their wives as their superiors in every thing." Heraclides (*De Politiis Græcorum*) writes: *Lycii vitam sustinuerunt ex latrociniis. Legibus autem non utuntur, sed consuetudinibus, dominanturque ipsis feminæ inde usque ab initio.* "The Lycians support their lives by robbery; they do not observe laws, but customs: and women have governed them from the beginning." See Stuart for further proofs of the influence of women, as well as Moore's *Marriage Customs*, Alexander's *Hist. of Women, &c. &c.*

Hence she took as active a part in the construction of her hut as her physical powers would admit, and her delicate proportions permitted; and when the work was completed, she received from her nearest relatives such little presents towards household comforts as the rude state of society required, or the arts of nascent civilization had invented. "This cohabitation or alliance," says Stuart, "attracting attention by its decency, its pleasures, and its advantages, would grow into a custom or fashion. For what men approve they will imitate." But as men advance in civilization, some ceremony becomes necessary, not so much to the individuals, as to that society of which they form component parts. Because it is fit and proper that the woman should declare in the face of her family and friends that she has chosen a partner for life, and that she is no longer one who may be sought in marriage; while the man should proclaim to his acquaintances and kindred, that the condition of life upon which he is about to enter, is such as to demand all his energies and all his time—and these facts also require to be signified to his people or tribe in some distinct and formal manner,—hence the ceremony of marriage.

When the individual was called from the house of his father, and invested with arms; when he was advanced from being a part of a private family to be a member of the republic, he had the capacity of entering into contracts, and of singling out the object of his affections. The parties who had agreed to unite their affections, having obtained the approbation of their parents and relations, made an interchange of gifts in their presence. The lover gave his mistress a pair of oxen, a bridled horse, a shield, a sword, and a javelin; and she in her turn, presented him with some arms. (Stuart, p. 17.)

Such then were the first rude ceremonies of the marrying parties. But as civilization advanced, as property began to be acquired, and luxury to take fast hold of men, woman ceased to be a helpmate—(for his possessions and his property released him from that necessity)—and she became an object of gratification, of ambition, or interest. Hence dowries, settlements and pin-money. Hence too refinements in sexual intercourse—pampering of appetite and neglect in woman of all those nobler characteristics of her sex, devotion to her husband, her house, her offspring, and her maternal duties. These latter were delegated to mercenaries. The father's child imbibed the milk of the less fortunate but more healthy peasant woman; for the ladys' life was pleasure, her pursuit enjoyment, and her existence a voluptuous repose; while additions to enhance charms and improve beauty, in the shape of cosmetics and apparel, were greatly coveted, anxiously sought, and readily purchased almost at any price. That desire which had been formerly natural and confined to the operation of nature, ceased to be waited for—it was not only solicited but provoked,

and by every means which the skill or ingenuity of woman could devise, art invent, or money procure. Was it surprising then that as the same cates tire, the same face and form should lose its power, and that recourse should be had to variety? So in both sexes, and then irregularities, intrigues, jealousies, bitter animosities, bloodshed, wretchedness, and unavailing sorrow.

Thus, tracing from the earliest times the commerce of the sexes, we arrive through an intermediate era at that period when all decency seems to have forsaken both the one and the other, and both to have gloried in their delinquencies. This Stuart thinks was at its acme during the decline and oppressions of fiefs in Europe. Be that as it may, it would seem that the married women were the chief defaulters. "The rite of marriage was only courted to be abused. The pride of condition, more powerful than modesty, was indeed a check to the vrigin; but she was to wait reluctantly the moment when her coyness and timidities, instead of rebuking the passions, were to be a zest to them. All the fopperies of fancy were exhibited, all the labyrinths of love were explored. A licentiousness, which knew no restraint from principle, was rendered more seducing by the decorums and decorations of a fantastic gallantry." (Stuart, p. 131.) Troubadours or licensed gallants paraded the country, and while they affected the utmost respect for virtue, and the deepest sense of honor, they shewed by their conduct the hollowness of their professions. Nay, for the voluptuous endearments of the sex, and the loose gratification of a latitudinarian love, heaven itself was despised. "I would not be in paradise," says *Deudes de Prades*, a Troubadour, "on condition of not loving her I adore."* Thus a principle of enjoyment was rendered an element of being! And can we wonder then that the general depravity should at last reach such an acme, that shame ceased, and even the decencies of sexual intercourse were forgotten or overlooked†? What is still more remarkable, even those parts of

* Je ne voudrois pas être en Paradis, à condition de ne point aimer celle que j'adore. Hist. de Troub. t. 1, p. 321.

† The following we take direct from Stuart to support this startling assertion. "Of the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Charles VI., there is a pleasant notice in Brantome, which illustrates very aptly the profligate manners introduced by fiefs and chivalry. 'C'etoit un grand debaucheur de dames de la cour, et des plus grandes: Un matin en ayant une couchée avec lui dont le mari vint par hazard pour lui donner le bon jour, il cacha la tête de cette dame' et lui découvrit tout le corps, la faissant voir et toucher nue à ce mari à son bel aise, avec defense sous peine de la vie d'oter le linge du visage. * * * Et le bon fut que le mari etant la nuit d'apres couché avec sa femme, lui dit que M. D'Orleans lui avait fair voir la plus belle femme nue qu'il eut jamais vue; mais, quant au visage, qu'il n'en s;avoit que dire, ayant toujours été caché sous le linge. From this union we are informed sprung "le bel et beau Dunois."— *Brantome, ap St. Foix, Ess. Hist.* v 1, p. 319; and Stuart, p. 406.

the body concealed by decency came in for a share in the general fantastic follies of the times, for on the death of Gabrielle's mother, the public were made acquainted with a strange mode of decoration among the women of the higher classes—her body being exposed to the rude gaze of the people*. It is not improbable that to the general carelessness as to the morals of their wives, that the men in the middle ages added also the Roman fashion of disposing of them, though this has been warmly controverted.† A passage in the "Britannia" however is so striking that we cannot hesitate to copy it.

John Camois, Son of Lord Ralph Camois, (a precedent not to be parallelled in that of our own age) *out of his own free will* (I speak from the parliament rolls themselves, Parl. 30 Ed. I.) *gave and devised his own wife*, Margaret daughter and heir of John de Gaidesden, to SIR WILLIAM PANIEL, Knight; *and to the same* (WILLIAM) *voluntarily gave, granted, released, and quit claimed, all the goods and chattles which she had, or otherwise hereafter might have, and also whatever was in his hands, of the aforesaid* MARGARET'S *goods and chattles with their appurtenances. So as neither himself nor any other in his name, might, nor for ever ought to claim or challenge any interest in the aforesaid* MARGARET, *from henceforth, or in the goods or chattles of the said* MARGARET: which is, what the ancients said in one word, *ut omnia sua secum naberet*, that they should take away with her all that was her's. By occasion of which grant, when she demanded her *dower* in the manor of Torpull, an estate of John Camois, her first husband, there commenced a memorable suit. But she was cast in it, and sentence passed, *that she ought to have no dower from thence.* (BRITANNIA V. 1, p. 205.)

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* See Stuart for an account of the singular ornaments with which the person of the mother of Gabrielle was adorned. (p. 412.)

† Every one is acquainted with the story of Cato presenting his wife to his "friend Hortensius." Nero, as well as Caligula, went further, and exposed their mistresses to their guards. Charles II. differed little from Caligula—for Cæsonia the mistress of Caligula—a woman (*Suetonius Vit. Calig.* c. 59) who excelled all others in voluptuousness, was not only exhibited in *puris naturalibus* to the common soldiers, but commanded to minister to the friends of the Emperor; and something like this is told of Charles and the Duchess of Portsmouth. But the Romans in the earlier part of their history were very particular, nay harsh as regards the morals of their women. They were strictly forbidden the use of wine; and so jealous were their husbands upon this matter, that the custom of saluting them on entering a room is said to have originated in the practice of smelling their breath to discover if they had been indulging in wine. Romulus was the very Avatar of temperance. He permitted a husband to *kill* his wife if he detected her drinking wine! Valerius Maximus says, that Egnatius Metellus, seeing his wife drink wine out of a cask, actually killed her on the spot, and was acquitted by Romulus. Fabius Pictor adds, that a Roman family having detected one of their daughters endeavouring to pick the lock of a chest in which there was wine, shut her up and starved her to death! (*Alexander's Hist. of Women*, p. 208.)

Whatever arguments may be adduced to prove that the sale of wives was never legal, it is evident from this extract that it was customary; otherwise some notification to the contrary would have been preserved, either in the Rolls themselves or in the Records of the Court in which the suit as to the *dower* was instituted. We are assured that no such notice of the infrequency of the act exists in the documents referred to, consequently we are justified in assuming that in the middle ages, to inconceivable immorality was added the detestable practice of selling wives.

It would be desirable to say something of the dower and the *morgengabe* of the same and the preceding age did time or space permit, but they do not; therefore we must refer the inquisitive reader to Stuart's work, to which we have so frequently alluded, and to which we have been very greatly indebted in the preceding pages. We now recur to "The Philosophy of Marriage," which is written in a semi-popular style, and is generally speaking adapted to the capacity and consonant with the morality of the public. It had been wished, however, that the author had not deemed it necessary to make so many apologies, and to deprecate the nature of his work so frequently. For what is natural and not artificial, what is philosophical and not unethical, however it may surprise the punctilious or startle the timorous, can neither be reasonably censured nor properly interdicted. As nearly every man has been, is, or will be married; or at any rate it is possible that he may be, while it is equally certain three-fourths of his acquaintances, friends, and relatives are or will be, surely that which is so universal should be universally known; else, like a blind horse in a mill, society will continue stationary or retrocede, return to its pristine practices, or deteriorate into worse. Nothing therefore that is of daily occurrence, nothing that religion enjoins, nature demands, the laws permit and society requires, can be beneath our care or attention, can be offensive to morals, or productive of a blush even to the most sensitive. Let us then see in what manner Dr. Ryan has treated his subject, and how far he has fulfilled his task.

In the first chapter, after the introductory remarks, which are squeamish and uncalled for, he gives a very lucid recapitulation of the bastardy laws, population, and the reproduction of the species. In this there is much common sense, a great deal of useful information as to the bastardy clause of the New Poor Law, and much knowledge of the state of public feeling in reference to that detestable and obnoxious enactment. All these are subjects which, though necessary to be discussed in their proper places, are not admissible here. In the second chapter, the institution and object of marriage is treated in a sensible and matter-of-fact manner. It is free from those exalted views of nature, or rather of reproduction, which have recently, in the lectures of the French physiologists, done so much

towards new and eximious views of anatomy as exegetical of disease. But if it do not attempt this, and if it do not add much, if anything, to the knowledge of the physiologist or anatomist, it possesses a fund of inexhaustible information for the ordinary reader. In the third chapter, the physiology and hygieology of marriage, together with incidental remarks on premature abuse of the reproductive organs, is fully discussed and treated of at length and in a comprehensive and intelligible manner. *There is no fourth chapter,*—why or wherefore we do not understand; for if the chapters had been misnumbered by the printer, a note would have explained the circumstance. As it is, we can see no reason for this singularity. In the fifth chapter, the ill effects of premature and late marriages are considered, but in no way that calls for any remark.

The ill consequences of very young or very old animals attempting the duties of reproduction, very soon attracted the attention of mankind; nor have the labours or reasonings of physiologists much augmented our knowledge or greatly improved our views upon the subject. Youth will ever continue the object of love, and money the medium of enjoyment; consequently there will be always old men desirous of young wives, and young women ambitious of rich equipages; nor will there be wanting parents who, having experienced the evils of poverty, will be ready, by the disposal of their daughters, to exchange the responsibility and onus of support for the ease and enjoyment of competence. That these marriages should be unhappy is what was known they would be to all but those immediately concerned, ere they occurred. Are we then to be surprised at the results?

Of the sixth chapter, "Marriage in its Moral Relations," we desire to record our unqualified approbation.

> Let us (says Gisburne) consider the case of two persons, of unequal tempers and dissimilar habits, about to form an engagement for life, by which their whole future existence might be affected; what repugnance, on reflection, would they not naturally feel to such an engagement—especially if one of the parties was to be in a state of subordination to the other. How diversified, how strict, how persevering would be the enquiries of each respecting the other? Unless the dispositions, the temper, the habits, the genuine character, and the innermost principles were mutually known, what rational hope, what tolerable chance of happiness could exist? (p. 100, 101.)

And our author himself adds, and most properly,—"There are far more important requisites for marriage than temper and accomplishments, andthese are *principles and habits.* Without attention to these, every promise of happiness will be infallibly blighted."

Yes, we must emphatically add, *principles and habits* are more important than accomplishments and temper. Every day we see men

imposed upon by the pretended accomplishments and tempers of the young women whom they are about to marry—one shews a painting as her own performance, which she has purchased in Newman Street; another, when asked for music, affects never to have seen or heard an air (which she has practised a thousand times,) but which to the surprise of the poor victim who sits by in trembling ecstacy, she rattles off with the rapidity of Kalkbrenner and the velocity of Linzt. Another exhibits roses (in her cheeks) which have come from her hair-dresser, and another a bust or a figure which are the offspring of her milliner, or the product of her own ingenuity. If a woman will condescend before marriage to these vile and infamous acts to secure a matrimonial alliance, she will, after she has secured that alliance, not fail to give cause to her dupe, to repent that he had ever beheld her. But we must proceed.

The seventh and eighth chapters relate to the influence of polygamy and monogamy on society—and to conjugal duties and parental rights and obligations. To the latter we concede our approval—to the opinion expressed as to the non-productiveness of polygamic connections, we offer our decided opposition. We have known in the West Indies a man who had 70 children living—(we think that is Mehemet Ali's number)—and another gravely told us, that he had stopped counting when he got to *ninety-five*. Both of these men were from Scotland. But we could multiply instances. Bruce had some remarks on the subject, in his Travels. We can do no more than allude to them.

The ninth chapter is more especially physiological, and the effects of puberty on the intellectual, physical, and moral condition of both sexes is well and accurately stated. The tenth chapter, as well as the eleventh, treats of the causes which influence fecundity and infecundity—we can see no cause why these should not have been abbreviated into one. Nor can we see any reason why any doubt should seem to be thrown upon the statement of Sir George Tuthill (as we take the notes of admiration to do) at page 158—to the effect that he knew an Asiatic Russian who had by his first wife 69 infants at 27 births, and by his second 18 at 8 births—87 children in all—for who shall limit nature in her operations?* This man was alive in 1782 and was

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* We quote the following not as believing, but desirous of shewing what was believed at no very distant period. It is from Howell. (*Epistolæ Hoel Elianæ, Lett.* xiii.) After stating that there was an extraordinary vessel at the Hague, which by the aid of winds and sails, went fifteen miles in the hour (what would that most amusing writer have thought of thirty, forty, and even fifty miles an hour by rail-road?) on the "even sands," he continues: "That wonder of nature is a church-monument, *wher* an earl and a lady are engraven with 365 children about them, which were all delivered at one

then 75 years of age. (*Lond. Med. and Surg. Journ.* v. 1, 1836, p. 768.) Indeed the author himself says, (p. 157,) that Haller knew families who had 16, 20, 28, and 30 children. That a friend of his knew a lady of title, who was then a fine and youthful looking woman, who had had 27 children—that a patient of his at St. John's Hospital said she had 32; and that a woman of 70 appeared at the Bow-street Police-office in May 1834, who stated that she was the mother of 40 children, and that her daughters had twins three or four times. (p. 158.) The writer of this article is the son of the eldest of 21 children, all of whom lived to attain their majorities. It is not long since that there was living a family of 28, either at Mile-end or Bow—all by one father and mother: but why multiply instances?

The eleventh chapter considers the influence of climate, season, abundance of aliment, and other causes, (as misery, liberty, and slavery,) upon fecundity and population. At p. 159, the author adopts the *notion* of Hippocrates, that spring was the most favourable to conception—and the opinion of Pliny, that it "was the genial season, when all nature possessed ardour and became pregnant of new creations."

If by the season of spring some particular portion of *life*, and not an especial *period of the year* is implied, we are ready to go with the author, but if his language is intended to convey, that spring (or that time of the sun's annual revolution when he is in a particular part of the heavens) is most productive of reproductive efforts, we shall deny the position *in toto*. In the first place, people marry at all times and at all places, without reference to spring, summer, autumn, or winter. Besides, spring, summer, autumn, and winter commence and terminate at different periods of the solar year in different parts of the globe—yet men and women procreate equally in all parts of the globe at all times of the year:—and whatever attempts have been made by Messonoe, Villermé, and other conjurors of figures (for all the impositions of the present day are practised through the medium of figures) to reduce the time of birth to a definite or mathematical period of the year, are but indications of unrealities, and semina of deception. The period of birth and the period of death much always, and will ever vary, so long as the natural laws are violated, or continue to be violated by man, not only in Europe but in the other three quarters of the globe. Man is as completely an artificial animal as is the cabbage (*Brassica*) an artificial vegetable. And con-

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birth—they were half male, half female; the bason hangs in the church which carried them to the christening, and the Bishop's name who did it." The date of this occurrence is 1400—or thereabouts. A writer (we forget his name) says they were hydatids. We shall venture no opinion, but leave the story in the hands of Howell. See, also, *Nugent's* Grand Tour.

sequently to tie him down as physiologists do, (at least those who fancy they are physiologists,) to certain rules and laws which he has not only violated, but long ceased to observe, is as absurd as it is unscientific and futile.

Physiologists, with some few exceptions, have been travelling in a circle ever since Aristotle told them that a man only differed from a tree in having a stomach. When they will get out of the circle it is impossible to say. That climate may modify the action and consequently determine the sexes of *brute* animals, no one will deny—because they are exposed to the vicissitudes of temperature. To this element of reproduction civilized man however is not so directly exposed. Velpeau and Girou in France, and we think Blaine in this country, observed, that when the weather is dry and cold, and the wind northerly, mares, ewes, and heifers produce fewer females than when the season is in the opposite condition. But this may depend upon causes into which it is neither convenient nor necessary at present to enter.

Before quitting the consideration of this chapter, it will be as well to refer to the remarks (at p. 161), that there are more parturitions at night than by day—because during the darkness of night reproduction is generally promulgated. Surely, to an accurate observer like Ryan, other causes might have occurred. Are not labours brought on at night from the fatigue and anxiety of the day, and not unfrequently from the Venus of the evening? If writers are to treat matters of every-day occurrence physiologically, let them also treat them according to the dictates of common sense.

The twelfth chapter, as involving a question which would be better discussed in an assemblage of sages than in the pages of a review, we shall confide to the judgment of the reader. To a certain extent, the production of the sex of an animal at pleasure, we think under the will. The examples of Jacob and the brindled progeny cannot escape attention; and the breeders of pointers and Herefordshire oxen "breed to a point"—why therefore the faculty should not be transferred, or be possessed by the nobler animal man, we can see no reason. Dubois and Venette not only affirm it, but give examples of their success which can scarce be doubted. Those who have read of Graham and the goddess* of Youth, (or Health, we forget which) will recollect many cases recorded by "the Doctor," which, if they cannot be believed, cannot be denied. The nineteenth chapter, "On the Reproduction of Organized Beings and the Universal Code of Generation of Animals and Plants," deserves a very critical notice. But as those who really desire to investigate this subject are well read in Harvey, and have no doubt consulted Barclay on "Generation," in which the theories of Aristotle,

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Hamilton.

Empedocles, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Galen, Linnæus, Buffon, &c., have been collected and arranged; and as those who care little about the question but as it ministers to curiosity, seek only for novelty, and as we cannot offer anything new upon it, we think we shall be consulting not only our own ease but the feelings of our readers, by passing on to the following chapter. In the fourteenth, then, "The Generation of Organized Beings," there is a great deal to interest and excite in a philosophical point of view. If the sons of great men have not equalled their fathers, we do not believe that it is owing to the causes which the author assigns, (*vide* p. 206, *et infra.*) It is rather that they are not incited to the same love of enterprise, the same ardour of distinction, and the same hope of reward as their fathers were; for they already possess that for which their sires have toiled. For when men have reached the last step of the ladder, what else is there to attain? The fifteenth chapter is dedicated to the reproduction of the vegetable kingdom. The resumé is sufficiently lucid to attract the attention even of an experienced botanist. The following extract will be read with interest.

Means for the Dissemination of Plants.—The means which nature employs to disseminate plants on the surface of the globe, and to prevent the extinction of the species, are worthy of attention. The chief of these means is dehiscence (parturition of a plant) which consists in the rupture of the pericarp to allow the escape of the seeds. This operation, as in animals, does not take place until the germs have acquired all their maturity. Then the grains endeavour to escape, rupture the connections which detain them in the pericarp, and escape on the surface of the earth, to produce new beings, as without this occurrence all vegetables would disappear on *(from)* the surface of the globe. Nature employs a number of means for the propagation of plants in the different parts of the earth, and to prevent the extinction of the species; as the mode of dehiscence of certain fruits, the promptitude of germination in a certain number of grains, the power which others possess of remaining incorruptible for a great length of time, the winds and the waters which transmit them to a great distance, the animals which swallow them entire and afterwards expel them, and lastly, their great fecundity. A few illustrations may be given of each of these wise contrivances, as all of them afford peculiarities which are extremely curious to those desirous of examining and observing the propagation of vegetables. *Dehiscence or dissemination.*—There are some fruits whose pericarp at the period of maturity, opens with such rapidity that the grains are projected with an elastic force to a very considerable distance, and sometimes with an audible noise. We observe this in the willow, the fraxinella, &c.; and it is familiar to all horticulturists. *Promptitude of Germination.*—There is a vast number of plants which germinate with astonishing rapidity, some even in the short period of three days. *Incorruptibility.*—Most grains, except the oleaginous, remain incorruptible; some have remained forty, fifty, a hundred, and even a thousand years. Some have been found between the bandages of Egyptian mummies,

which retain their power of germination. Mr. Pettigrew mentioned facts of this kind in his lectures on Egyptian antiquities, delivered at Exeter Hall in 1837. *Winds and Waters.*—A vast number of grains are so light that they may be transported to great distances by the winds; others float in the air, and according to some botanists, have been transmitted from one country to another, and even from one continent to another. Thus, it is said, the erigeron of Canada was transported by the winds from North America to Europe. In the same manner it is stated that rivers, torrents, the waters of the ocean, transport seeds to a great distance, from one island to another, and from one continent to another. The cocoa of the Maldive Islands is said to be conveyed by the ocean to the Sechelles. The coasts of Norway present fruits which were transported by the same means from America. (p. 228. 229, 230.)

The sixteenth chapter, On Generation, is neither elaborate to the industrious nor curious to the learned; nor is it sufficiently absorbing to the unlearned to detain us a moment. Perhaps the same may be iterated of the seventeenth chapter. It is about this portion of the work that the reviewer begins to detect the practised bookmaker. This is to be regretted, since the subject of the work would admit of almost endless variety without having recourse to the aid of "book making." From the eighteenth to the twenty-secondth chapter we find little that we think should be inserted in a work ostensibly written for the public, and which assumes the distinctive title of "Philosophy" of marriage. These chapters are essentially medical, and not treated in a manner that could directly or indirectly benefit the public. Besides, they make that patent which should be secret, and that common which should be select. Not that in their several natures either the one or the other of these subjects, are such as should be unknown, but constituted as the *reading* public are, they are not rife for such disclosures. Delicacy instinctly refrains from entering the chamber of parturition, and human nature absolutely recoils from the contact of disease, especially of that class which the author has perhaps not unquestionably treated under the head of "Syphilography." It seems to us that too much is said to wound sensibility, and too little to placate philosophy. However, we are by no means inclined to quarrel with the author, whose greatest fault is prolixity, and who seems to have been content with the suffrage of the many, without seeking the applause of the few. He fails always in precision, and his best passages are spoiled by a deprecating phraseology and a maudlin anxiety to avoid the censure of the ignorant when it was his province to command the approbation of the learned.

ART. VII.—*The Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind considered; as it affects the great questions of Education, Phrenology, Materialism, Moral Advancement and Responsibilty, Man's Free-Agency, the Theory of Life, the Peculiarities of Mental Property, Mental Diseases, the Agency of Mind upon the Body, of Physical Temperament upon the Manifestations of Mind and upon the Expression of Religious Feelings.* By W. NEWNHAM, Esq., M.R.C.S.L. Hatchard.

THE last and seventeenth article of Mr. Newnham's concluding summary of the doctrine of his entire and bulky volume is couched in these words:—"The whole of the foregoing discussion must be reviewed in order to form a just conception of the relative and reciprocal influence of mind and matter." Now, while we perfectly agree with the author in regard to this completeness of perusal and study, if the reader or inquirer is desirous not only of becoming acquainted with the opinions and the lessons which the book contains, but of seeing how these have been guarded against misapprehension, especially upon religious matters, it cannot but instantly occur to those who may consult our pages, that it is impossible within the limits of one paper of moderate length to give a clear abstract of the work, much less to grapple with it in critical argument. True, the *six hundred and twenty-eight octavo pages* to which it extends might be very considerably condensed without injury to the reasoning or the illustration; and the arrangement might also be rendered more simple and lucid. But even with every aid and every display of skill that can be imagined, no one would pretend that he was capable of reviewing properly, in the space accorded to us, the several and numerous vexed and abstruse subjects mentioned in the title of Mr. Newnham's production,—such, for example, as the intricate questions involved in the terms, *life, materialism, phrenology, man's free agency, &c. &c.* All that we can undertake to do is to select some of the more interesting and popularly intelligible portions of the work, and where the main subject is treated or elucidated, viz., the reciprocal influence of the mind and body. And this, we venture to predict, will be found amply sufficient for the time; for while the theme is both abounding and of great moment; and while it is handled by an able, an earnest, and an independent thinker, it is also pursued to greater lengths than, we believe, it has ever before been drawn, and with no small share of originality both in the manner and the matter of its philosophy. No doubt, a variety of writers have taken up portions of the subject of the volume. Some have devoted themselves to the influence of the passions of the mind on the body, and to the diseases to which the passions give rise; while other me-

dical authors have drawn the counterpart, and described the effect of diseases of the body on the mind. The recently deceased Sir Henry Halford, for instance, made the latter the subject of one of his Essays, read in 1831, at the Royal College of Physicians. But so far as we know, the present is the very first time that any English writer has not merely taken up for his theme these influences in their reciprocal and more complicated relations, but treated them both with a reference to scientific principles, mental and physical, and facts as closely observed, or really experienced; and all this upon a systematic plan.

Mr. Newnham is one of the most estimable of authors, whatever one may think of his opinions and doctrines. In the first place, his profession of religion is hearty and pervading; and always, judging from his writings, imbued with a charitable and benevolent tone of feeling. Secondly, he is a fearless speculator, but never without in the most candid manner giving you the reasons or the grounds for his belief. In short, while the sciences of religion and of medicine appear to be his favourite studies, we have good authority for saying that his practice is in perfect conformity with the more abstract love. The titles of some of his publications would alone indicate the man as well as the professionalist. "A Tribute of Sympathy addressed to Mourners;" "Essay on Superstitions;" "An Essay on the Disorders incident to Literary Men, and on the best means of Preserving their Health," &c., are indications to our liking. But what is better for the purpose in hand, these things shew that while Mr. Newnham,—who, we understand, has an extensive country practice,—is an eager student of the more recondite branches of medical science,—of the pathological, the physiological, and psychological,—he is also conversant with metaphysics and with the strange workings of sympathies, in their saddest as well as highest and most solemn exhibitions. A serious, intense, and home-searching thinker,—an eager, experienced, and a skilful observer of complex man, under many of the strangest, most impressive, and truth-telling circumstances,—we cannot but think that he is entitled to unusual attention, when he undertakes to speak of the nature of mind or of body, or of their manifold reciprocities, difficult and boundless although the subject be.

Its importance cannot, assuredly, be over estimated. Halford, speaking of the manner in which diseases of the body act upon the mind, says, "they depress and elevate the faculties—give temporary power and permanent weakness—nay, they often push reason from her seat, and enthrone madness there." He instances some of the more marked diseases, such as palsy, the sequel of apoplexy; by which distemper the great talents of Marlborough were confounded in his latter years, and by which also was extinguished the rare spirit of Swift:—

"From Marlbro's eyes the tears of dotage flow
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

Epilepsy, again, whose repeated attacks so weaken the faculties that the memory suffers decay, the judgment becomes unsound, derangement follows, and at length the patient sinks into idiotcy. And perhaps more affecting still, the pulmonary consumption. Here, "how frequently have we seen the delicate female frame lighted up, and everything assume a bright and cheerful aspect about her! new schemes of happiness have been contemplated, new dresses prepared, and everything was brilliant in her prospect; whilst her parents lived under the greatest apprehension and solicitude, the physician foreseeing nothing but inevitable fate for the poor victim whose distemper has deluded her."

Although the title of Mr. Newnham's volume announces influences viewed reciprocally, yet the main object is to point out, and to explain, as far as possible, those of the body and its particular temperaments on the mind, not only in disease but in health. And, as already hinted, he does this by means of an investigation in which science and fact,—speculation and experience, are largely invoked. Passing over the Introductory sketch of the subject, we come to the second chapter, which is headed, "Reciprocity of Bodily and Mental Influence applied to Education." Here, the argument goes to prove that man's nature is susceptible of training and cultured development, physically as well as mentally and morally. True, education cannot obliterate nor even thoroughly change the bodily or material temperament; for this will always remain and so far affect the sentiments, the feelings, and the doings of the individual, as to give them a colour and a character. Yet it can and does achieve wonders in the way of modifying, ameliorating, and directing. The waywardness of cerebral propensity may be mitigated and controlled. The mind's power and operations, in respect of kind and degree, depend upon physical constitution. The brain is the organ of thought, and it is subject to education; so that, although the immaterial principle will remain the same under any mode, just as does the material, yet the manifestations which the mental organ gives will be widely different, according to the instruction, training, and culture lent and bestowed.

Education, in fact, (we are merely following or abridging our author in a few of his more popular and important views,) divides itself into two branches,—that of the body and that of the mind. The health of the body has a first claim; that is, not merely of the brain, but of those several organs and functions, which, in their influence immediate or remote, exert a generic or specific agency upon the organ of the mind. But a second and not an inferior claim "is to be found for all those processes, through which the dominion of intellect may be enlarged, the evil passions and propensities may be con-

trolled, and the mind may be prepared for that moral and religious training, which is to complete the perfection of man as a rational and accountable being." Indeed, while the brain is the organ of thought or of mind, the latter in its free, legitimate, and enlightened exercise, presides over the former; enabling man, by his will, to regulate his actions and to controul his peculiarities, and therefore rendering him responsible for all that he cherishes and does. Again,—

> The capacity of the brain for exertion is progressive, for it is a law of the human mind, that it cannot be *stationary*: if it do not advance, it must retrograde. But its physiological condition is to seek after improvement; to carry its powers and principles onwards towards perfection; never to be contented with the attainment of to-day, but to be always advancing; and finally to be seeking after that happy immortality, which alone can employ all its faculties, or satisfy all its desires. This consideration will unravel many an intricacy of mental manifestations; and wanting this clue, it would be impossible to explore, what would then appear to be, an inextricable labyrinth.

We are persuaded, that of two philosophers and close observers, he who is in truth a religious man,—not only vigilant in attending to the manifestations of religious influences, but being honestly their subject,—will, all other things being equal, be the better metaphysician, the more enlightened and comprehensive philosopher. Not merely is he in a condition to perceive and keenly experience how superior the immaterial principle is to the material, but how the former is the master of the latter, and also how they reciprocate their offices and influences.

Among our author's valuable suggestions with regard to the first laws of organic or physical life, is this: "that in order to secure its healthy function, every organ must be *exercised*; that lengthened repose is fatal to its *tone*; and that excessive exercise, or irritative action, will result in diminished power and in feebleness." And this is especially true, he declares, of the brain. How important then becomes the duty, in the agency of physical education, to eschew each of the following errors, opposite although they be: "the first, in which every effort is made to stimulate the brain, and to produce little prodigies of intellectual development and acquisition,— an error which very generally terminates in the destruction of life, or conducts *pari passu* to infantile decrepitude; and the second, in which the brain is allowed to remain *quiescent* during the early years of childhood." Regular moderate exercise is good and necessary, because it increases the aptitude of every organ for its peculiar function, gives it strength, and preserves it from too high a degree of susceptibility; furnishing it with such a supply of blood, as shall enable it to maintain increased action without suffering. On the other hand, to allow the organ to remain too long in a state of repose, has the worst

results; for it is by this means placed in a state unequal to its due measure of physiological action, and the requirements to which it will be exposed,—the feebleness being commensurate with the duration of its listless inactivity, and furnished only with such a supply of blood as shall enable it to vegetate; "placing its vascular apparatus, and its sentient fibres, in a condition favourable to the development of every morbid action." The brain or any other organ does not suffer from judicious exercise. "It is injudicious and fitful exertion, grafted upon a state of feebleness resulting from lengthened inaction, which is to be feared."

But, "the brain is associated with other organs, whose direct or sympathetic influence will exert a beneficial or a morbid agency, according to the state of health or disorder of those secondary organs." "One of the most important of these associated organs, and by far the most cruelly abused, is the *stomach*." While it "receives only so much as is required by the necessities of the system, so long does the brain remain unconscious of having to support its action; the work is well, because automatically, performed; and the body is in health. But when one step in advance is taken, and appetite is gratified to repletion, the brain becomes conscious of having its energies directed to the stomach; it is weakened and oppressed; its aptitude for intellectual exertion is diminished or destroyed." "The mischief, when produced, does not terminate with the irritation of the day; since this oppression frequently repeated, results in such permanent change of the sympathizing organ, that itself loses power, and is no longer capable of the same amount of intellectual manifestation."

We must skip over several chapters, either on account of their difficulty, and perplexed nature, our want of agreement with the author, or the comparative remoteness of the topics there handled with the views and statements which appear to be the most valuable, and ought to be the most prominent in the volume. It seems to have been written at starts, and perhaps at distant intervals; each topic, however, for the time, occupying the author's earnest mind with almost an excluding favour. But then it is also perfectly manifest that his range of subjects is wide, embracing a great multiplicity of views as well as an extensive scope for each; and again that he bestows much thought on whatever he engages with, bending his gaze upon the future and the everlasting, and all in strict and inseparable relationship to the present and the temporary. These circumstances,—the broken opportunities, the compass of the design, the habitual verbosity perhaps of the writer, and the want of taste for extreme precision and severe condensation,—joined to the complexity of the main theme and the novelty of the attempt, in some measure plead an excuse for the defects or the unsatisfactory speculations of the book. We go forward to look for matter which

promises instruction and interest for the general reader, extracting and abstracting as the case may seem to warrant.

In his sixth chapter, which has for its title, "The Theory of Life:—the *unphilosophical* nature of the infidel views connected with this hidden subject," we have a discussion relative to the influence of the *passions* upon animal life. This influence is said to be very considerable, operating largely not merely upon the phenomena of our animal existence, but being reflected backwards upon the mental manifestations, so as to generate still more complicated results. So great, indeed, is this influence upon organic life, that it has been supposed, though *erroneously*, that the passions had their seats in the interior organs; "whereas they only exert an influence upon those organs through the medium of the brain." For example,—

An impression is made upon one of the organs of sense, which is communicated to the brain, and gives rise to anger: anger disturbs and agitates the animal spirits; the action of the heart is accelerated, the blood is sent round its course with an increased impetus; it is determined chiefly to interior life, and the internal organs get an undue supply, as well as that the momentum with which it circulates is increased. Hence arise disordered function, suspension of natural action, perverted secretion, congestion, inflammation, and a series of morbid actions by which the organs themselves become points of consciousness; the disorder is perceived by the brain; its capacity for intellectual exertion is diminished, and the manifestations of mind are altered.

But a very opposite result attends pleasant and pleasureable emotions, when compared with the influence of such as are painful; for while fear, grief, &c., greatly suspend, or weaken, or prevent the bodily functions, hope and the encouraging passions give firmness to health, and uphold what the others undermine. Still, sudden and extreme emotion of any kind, as has frequently been witnessed in the case of boundless joy, may prove hurtful and even fatal, especially when the nervous system is irritable, weak, and enfeebled.

An agreeable impression is produced which gives rise to the passion of joy. Now here the effects are of quite another order than those described in the case of anger; for although its first repulsive action (if the occasion be a powerful one) is to drive the blood back to its citadel, yet almost an immediate reaction takes place, by which the blood is distributed to the skin, and other extreme vessels, and an impression of tone or health is given to the body, which renders it apt to do well, and fortifies it against the impressions of disorder.

Even when the painful emotion is not of a sudden or extremely violent nature, fatal ravages may be made, and disease, though slow, may be effecting a sure progress. And this is the manner in which the inroad is described as taking place:—

A painful impression is made, is perceived by the brain, and communicated to the mind, which becomes preoccupied by it, and makes in consequence large demands upon the cerebral agency; then nervous influence, which is daily produced in order to support the bodily actions and the mental manifestations, is too exclusively taken up by the latter—not so much, perhaps, for the purpose of manifestation, as for the infinitely more consuming office of bearing up under, or concealing the constant misery of a wounded spirit. Concentrated and hidden suffering is that which makes the largest demands upon the brain. Now, the result of this is, that a certain quantity only being daily produced, and an undue proportion being given to spiritual suffering, enough is not left to maintain the functions of organic life in all their integrity: the supply of nervous energy to the respective organs, is irregular, or insufficient, or perverted; and disorder of the animal functions in consequence.

Such is part of the account of the manner in which painful conditions of the mind invade the general health. The view is further carried out, and finds illustrations in the fact of disease of the heart being much more frequent of late years than formerly, "especially after any season of commercial distress, or political excitement." The same result was "very remarkably manifested after the revolution in France." Not that the heart is a voluntary organ, or dependent on the will, or plentifully supplied with nerves; but that its affections are generated both through the medium of the blood and through that of the nervous system. Perhaps, also, through the influence of *sympathy*, "a term indicating that state or condition "which actually represents the sufferings experienced by *one*, in consequence of the sufferings, wants, sorrows, or destitution of *others*. One associated *morbid action* is set up in consequence of an analogous morbid action going on at a distance."

The influence of interior life upon the body, as shown by every-day examples:—

Witness the suffusion of the countenance in blushing; the shrunk features and the pale goose-skin produced by alarm; the chattering of the teeth, under fear and other nervous irritations; the increase of various secretions from mental emotion, as of the tears in sorrow, or the bile in anger; the palpitation of the heart, under almost every sudden emotion, the short and quickened breathing of expectation, the oppressed and stifled respiration of intense and harrowing emotion; the arrested and almost imperceptible action of breathless anxiety and expectancy; the influence upon the muscles of expression of the countenance, alternately lighted up with joy, or worn with anxiety and suffering, and the thousand varied emotions which they are capable of expressing; the plump portliness of the man at ease, and the extreme thinness of the victim of deep disappointment, or of any long-continued devouring passion; so that to be dried by grief—to be devoured by remorse—to be consumed by sorrow, are not only common expressions, but literal representations of actual bodily conditions.

Religious although he be, and a believer in the existence of man's spiritual faculties, Mr. Newnham rejects the argument which has been frequently urged against the doctrine of materialists, founded upon the supposed fact that the mind and its manifestations improve and become riper and riper, as we approach the term of our probation in old age, or as the body decays. The thing, he says, is really not so; the intellectual fire does not burn brighter and with greater strength as it draws nearer to its extinction. It is man's moral nature that is progressive, not his physical; and therefore not his mental powers. as must be evident to any one who considers the decay of the senses in advanced years, which must have an equivalent inactivity and want of acuteness of the consecutive ideas. What better proof can you have of the brain being impaired, and subjected to a decay similarly and concomitantly with its servants, the external senses, than the fact of literary labour growing irksome, the power of application enfeebled, and the love of pursuit having waned? Even the organs of voice, just as does the power of locomotion, experience the general although it may be the slow descent towards total inability to perform their healthful and former office.

The seventh chapter is on "The Mental Properties; their Healthful Tendencies and Disordered Influence." As in other parts of the volume, we here meet with statements and illustrations which one would not very readily look for under such a heading. However, we pluck a few fragments which appear either to have novelty or flavour to recommend them, without being very scrupulous about the place where they are to be found.

Conscience is a principle of the mind, or a mental manifestation, which possesses very great power in man's compound nature; and it not only exerts a mighty influence over the animal economy, but is often seriously affected by physical disorder. The minor disturbances of the body very frequently pervert it, "by producing a degree of fearfulness and hesitation, which render man uncertain in his opinion, changeful in his judgment, and vacillating in action; he becomes doubtful upon trifles; he magnifies their importance; he wishes to do right, but cannot discover what is right." The memory, too, is affected by diseases of the brain,—by cerebral ailment. As a symptom it will often lead to the detection of incipient cerebral malady; and when, perhaps, the sufferer ascribes it to a moral cause, and as incurring guilt, when after all it is plainly and certainly physical infirmity. Even *absence of mind*, as a very common condition of mind is called, is frequently the result of physical disorganization, of cerebral disease; so that if the sensorial energy be not brought back in due time, the evil will always advance and deepen. Again, involuntary trains of ideas crowd upon each other, and usurp a dominant situation which takes away the supremacy from mind, and hands it over to disordered brain,—"a species of rebellion in the animal economy, which

requires close watching, inasmuch as it borders very narrowly upon insanity."

Let then the first symptoms of unwonted forgetfulness—of unusual listlessness—of unaccustomed indisposition to exertion—of diminished energy—of shrinking from application—of retirement from duty—of omission of details—of perversion of thought, or reasoning, or plans;—let all, or any one of these be early discovered, and jealously watched, for there is no time to lose; the brain must be saved, or the tomb will close upon its possessor; or he will inhabit the still more cheerless cell of insanity.

And this important caution is offered:—The state described "will not generally bear depletion: it does not consist in too much arterial action, nor in venous congestion, but in torpor of the nervous fibre, which will commonly be augmented by depleting measures. Nothing is more mischievous than to mistake *sensorial loss of energy* for *vascular loss of balance;* and the distinction being easy, the mistake never should be made."

The faculty of *imagination* has a large influence upon disease; for when pushed beyond its natural strength and proper offices, it becomes the ground-work of many and very different unhealthy fancies, carrying the victim out of the domain of reason. He becomes superstitious and fanatical; listens to dreams, watches for omens; is subject to groundless notices, and at length passes into the character of the monomaniac. Imagination acts very largely upon the hopes and fears of man, and also upon almost every form of bodily disorder; so as to exert an "influence for or against life, greater than can be easily conceived." "Its judicious management, on the contrary, will often be the means of prolonging or destroying life." Especial care is to be used to guard it from eccentric action.

The eighth chapter is professedly on Mental Diseases,—"On the morbid manifestations of mind, dependent upon certain conditions of the brain." *Dreaming*, for example, is held by our author to be a temporary and functional disturbance of the centre of the nervous and sentient system,—as a state of irritation of the brain. Sleep, he does not call a morbid condition, for it is absolutely necessary to health, and is one of nature's universal laws. But he contends on this curious and difficult subject, that in perfectly natural and healthful sleep, the brain enjoys a period of entire quietude, and supposes also that the spiritual or thinking principle is equally at rest during the period of the perfect sleep. Dreaming, he therefore argues, is, on the other hand, a morbid condition; denying, at the same time, that it is a phenomenon of mind.

The irritation may arise primarily in itself, or secondly, from the sympathetic irritation of some distant organ; and in accordance with their origin, dreams will assume the shape of past feelings renovated; of re-

collected impressions; of the fantastic grouping of thoughts or anxieties which have occupied the attention previously; of the morbid irritation of some portion of the brain, giving origin to visions of an untraceable character; or of impressions made upon the brain, through one of the organs of sense; or through the unwonted or disordered action of some other organ, not immediately an organ of sense.

Again:—

Dreaming is a morbid action, never existing in the best state of health, [this assertion is at utter variance with our own experience] and always to be found when the body is disordered, and especially, perhaps, when that organ affects the digestive organs, because of their intimate sympathy with the brain. The dreams of feverish sleep, the night-mare of hot suppers, the visions, the voices of impending malady, are familiarly known and expected; the sleep of health is not scared by uneasy dreams, while the pillow of the invalid is as certainly haunted by broken slumbers, and all the fearful imagery of an irritated brain. The author has elsewhere asserted, and he now repeats the assertion, that the character of dreams is impressed by the position and connection of the disturbed organ; and that the time *will come*, when dreams will be classified according to that disturbed organ; and, when reasoning inversely, the irritated organ will admit of being predicated from the character of the dreams.

Mr. Newnham warmly regrets the argument put forth by Lord Brougham and some others, that the rapidity of process in dreams is a proof of the immateriality, of the spirituality of the mind; the truth being, he declares, that the action of the brain, when dissociated from the mind, is far more rapid than when under its controul; for that so long as the brain is under the dominion of judgment, there must be a certain space of time, though confessedly a small one, to perceive the impressions, to reason upon and compare them,—to judge of their truth or falsehood—all which is unnecessary in dreaming. Therefore the rapid action of dreaming is *against*, instead of *in favour*, of its being an intellectual process.

The impression is made directly or indirectly upon certain nervous fibres, and these are linked in with certain others which are, or even have been formerly associated but in wild and inextricable confusion; and in that fantastic kind of grouping, which happens from taking up any number of these irritated nervous fibres, at perfect hazard and without the remotest except an accidental connection—a connection of contiguity only,—and even this is ever changing; the slightest movement of the body, a new impulse of the blood, or any other trivial cause, which will give a movement to the little broken bits of organic reminiscences, so that the pattern of the kaleidoscope of life shall be changed, and shall be ever changing, till something occurs to put an end to the morbid action.

Our author's account of the phenomena of dreaming is the most satisfactory that we have met with. We shall allow him to be heard a little further. Having observed that in the process there is no mental manifestation, he next says that—

> *Conversely* tried it will be found that no intellectual process will produce dreaming. To this may be objected the fact of waking dreams. We apprehend that the objector would not admire the application of this doctrine to himself, or admit that at any time during his waking moments his thoughts really assumed the wild fantasies of dreaming; and if he did, we should know that such an one needed an asylum to preserve himself and others from risk. But the truth is, that waking dreams or reveries are not intellectual processes, and are sometimes indulged expressly in order to afford rest to the intellect, and to give the reins to the imagination. But the waking dreamer is conscious of his wanderings and may be recalled at will to the sober realities of life, and is ashamed of having ever departed from them. It is a morbid, not a healthy process, and one which if indulged in has a most serious influence in weakening the powers of mental manifestation; and therefore it cannot be that a healthful process of mental action can ever produce such disordered manifestations, so destructive to intellectual health so injurious to the well-being of cerebral organization.

There are other states and morbid conditions, analogous to dreaming, which show how greatly the actions both of body and mind are affected and deranged by irritation of the brain. Sleep-walking, as also that well-known form of delirium during fever, which consists in the incessant talking of the patient, and the putting together the most incoherent images, though oftentimes with something like a characteristic grouping. There is *fainting* again, being a temporary suspension of the action of the brain, by which all the functions of intelligence are interrupted by the mere failure of the heart to supply a sufficient quantity of blood to the head. A sudden emotion of any kind,—a disagreeable sight, a peculiar odour—will often produce this sort of temporary death, and more or less complete suspension of the vital powers, through the effect upon the nervous system; the manifesting organ being no longer capable of its function. In *apoplexy*, there is a sudden arrest of mental manifestation, not that the source of intellect is destroyed,—the proper organ having been rendered incapable of pursuing its function. Nevertheless, in some of the states of suspended animation, as also in many hysterical conditions, "it is quite certain, that although the manifestations of mind are suspended, the interior workings are still going on, as evinced by the patient possessing an entire recollection of all that has passed during the interval." A similar thing is frequently noticed in dreaming; for although the most incongruous images are presented, with all the vivid reality of truth, "yet the interior *moi* is conscious, that all this is only a dream, or manifestation of perverted action of the

brain, not the over-action of mind communicated through that organic medium."

The course of Mr. Newnham's inquiry at length brings him down to the extreme verge of reason, to the commencement of insanity. On this subject there is one most important view taken by him, viz., that the class of diseases falling under this general name, are regarded as mental, and talked and reasoned about as if they were spiritual ailments, and as exhibiting proofs of a disorder of the *morale*, instead of designating those of the *organ* of mind. It is ably and clearly urged, that unless in so far as the disturbed organ is more difficult of access, and constructed in a more subtle and complicated manner, with powers of stranger manifestation, the brain with its diseases is to be treated as any other disordered bodily organ:—

> Mental alienation, as it is called, with all its species and innumerable varieties, *differs in nothing from other maladies*, allowing for the difference of organ and function. There are the same period of incubation—the same premonitory symptoms of disorder—the same transient and slight derangement of function—the same characteristic march of fully-formed disease—the same advance and decline marked as in other maladies, not by constant progression, but by occasional advances and retrocessions, the one being greater than the other, according as the malady is loosening its hold, or narrowing its grasp upon the system, and always being marked by this one feature, that in the former case the entire ground gained is never wholly lost,—and in the latter, the entire ground lost is never wholly regained: exacerbation and remission, called in the case of insanity, paroxysm and lucid interval, are always to be found. And to these points of similarity that its terminations are the same; these bring in restoration to health, which leaves the patient just as before the invasion of disorder; or by some other form of malady which seems to prove critical of the more important disorder; or by some alteration of function which leaves the original integrity more or less impaired; or by some change of structure, which is marked by increasing disturbance, and more cruelly perverted manifestations of mind; or by the substitution of disease, and such organic changes as are incompatible with restoration to health; or by complete loss of power, as in idiocy, or atrophy; or by the gradual and complete extinction of life, —cerebral life first, and then also general life.

Among many striking statements and suggestions relative to insanity, we find that the same principle and mode of treatment are recommended by our author as would be adopted in reference to any other malady or any other organ in a diseased condition. Search after the originating cause, in order to know in what manner it can be reasonably expected to be removeable; endeavour to abate its influence by appropriate means,—subduing inordinate, or rousing languid vascular action,—sympathizing, consoling, encouraging; and never losing sight of the fact, that great changes are not to be effected

in the nervous system except by time, and a frequent repetition of the means employed.

There are some powerful mental emotions which are frequently cited as the causes of insanity; such as the passion of love, and the deep influence of religion. Our author, however, contends that the instances are rare, and that these things are rather effects than causes, taking place in a brain already predisposed to insanity, and when strongly or keenly excited,—insane ideas naturally assuming the shape of that cerebral commotion which has been so powerfully produced. Now religion is the greatest soother, the best balm, the securest refuge, the truest safeguard for the integrity of the brain. Religion in itself therefore cannot originate insanity. True, when a brain is predisposed, and its possessor is suddenly or in a striking manner induced to attend to religion, the concern having been before neglected, the sense too of this neglect becoming the exclusive idea,—and the person together with other fearful impressions, believing that he is doomed to all the consequences of final impenitence,—it is possible that such an exclusive idea may grow to be an insane idea, and that it may overset the integrity of the brain. Besides, there are mistakes in religion which may have similar results; such as taking partial or positively erroneous views of its great doctrines; as is proved in all such instances by the fact that reasoning with the patients is unavailing; although when the irritation and disturbance of the brain have been subdued by physical agencies, the moral hopes, sanctions and motives of religion and "its inseparable handmaid, consistency of thought and action, will be of infinite service in quieting and fixing the agitated and feeble cerebral fibres."

We must refer to Mr. Newnham's pages for a complete answer to the objection that the brains of many persons who die insane exhibit no cerebral disorder, and therefore that insanity is a spiritual affection and condition. He ingeniously remarks upon the connection between religion and insanity, as also between genius and insanity, which certainly oftentimes is witnessed. But we shall report only thus far,—that while nobody quarrels with genius for being allied to insanity,—every one considering it as a boon and courting it; religion, on the contrary, is blamed, undervalued, and carefully to be avoided, because insanity does sometimes occur under its apparent influence. With regard to what Mr. Newnham calls "Pseudo-religious insanity," we meet with this subdivision,—there is the hopeful and there is the desponding, being much under the influence of physical temperament,—the one being sanguine, the other melancholic. The ninth chapter commences near to the part of the volume at which we have in our progress through it by this time arrived, and this treats directly of the "influence of mind over the bodily functions," preliminarily

to the more important branch of the work, viz. the influence of the body upon the manifestations of mind; the influence of the mind upon its habitation being reflex.

Every one is conscious of mental influence, in so far at least as the voluntary muscles are concerned, and as these may be accommodated to the designs of the will; as in writing, speaking, &c. But the energy of the muscles may be greatly increased under certain states of mental excitement. Innumerable instances of the most familiar kind might be adduced of the agency of mind upon our physical frame:

The emotion of joy will produce the smile of peace; a keen sense of the ridiculous will occasion laughter; *ennui* will give rise to the irresistible yawn; fortitude will occasion a fixed state of the muscles of the face, teeth closed, and clenched hands, with the determination not to give utterance to the sense of suffering; grief leaves the involuntary sigh, and at the same time acting upon the glandular system, the big tear-drop rolls down the cheek of the heart-broken; the secretion of saliva is arrested—the mouth becomes dry—appetite is gone—digestion is impossible—all the nutritive functions are suppressed; and if the emotion be long continued, the failure of the nutritive system is shown in the wasted and attenuated form of its unhappy victim.

Intense feeling or passion will produce sudden disturbance of function, and perhaps at length positive disease:—

Witness, the slowly-consuming agency of some deep and hidden feeling—some feeling which sinks into the heart, and preys upon the citadel of life, which pales the cheek, blanches the lip, saps the energy, sinks the eye, quickens the circulation and the breathing, exhausts the strength, and consigns to an early tomb the victim of hopeless, undiscovered passion. Witness, again, the influence of misfortune, as in the following narrative occurring within the author's own circle. Three brothers entered into some successful speculations, and realized very large profits; but they continued the speculation; one bargain more! And now the tide had turned; the article they had bought had been carried up by speculation to an unnatural height, and they could no longer sell, except at a loss; they still hoped for a favourable re-action, but depression was the order of the day; to save their credit they *must* sell; they could only do so at a ruinous sacrifice; they could not meet their responsibilities; they stopped payment; next morning one had died by his own hands; another was seized by apoplexy, and lived only a few hours; the third died in a few months from ulceration of the stomach. Here we see beautifully, though painfully, exhibited, the influence of mind upon body, according to the several peculiarities of that body; the first producing insanity, for we will charitably hope that the suicide was the act of a maniac, and insanity had been rife in the family; the second, in overturning the integrity of the vascular system of the brain; the third, in producing organic disease of the stomach.

In our anxiety to arrive at the tenth and last chapter of the volume, which treats not merely in a more direct manner than does any other section of the book, of the main subject, but appears to us the most able and original, we shall only further recommend to the attention of our readers two points which are sensibly and considerately handled in the part which we are just quitting. The one is the supposed miraculous operations of Prince Hohenlohe; the other, the conduct which ought to be pursued towards the sick—it may be the dying,—in acquainting them with, or withholding from them, the knowledge of their danger.

In his treatment of physical temperament upon the manifestations of mind, and upon the expression of religious feeling, Mr Newnham, as is his habit, indulges in repetition, at the same time that his terms are neither very strictly exact nor concise. And yet we are thoroughly persuaded that the general reader will derive important information from the chapter, and have his mind filled with a variety of new ideas, or old ideas put in a novel light nay, that even the scientific inquirer will be pleased with the suggestive views contained in this part of the work, although several of them need much closer exposition; while the religionist cannot but find much to strengthen the principles of a sound faith, and points explained that have occasioned great perplexity to the nervous and to the weak

The chapter opens with a review of the influence of those great physical distinctions, which have been called *temperaments*, and which, as is commonly done, are classified as the *sanguineous*, the *choleric* or *bilious*, the *lymphatic*, and the *nervous*. Not that there is often met with a pure example of any of these distinctions; but the meaning intended is, that one of them presides, whatever may be the other features and elements of the combination.

The sanguineous temperament is "strongly marked by a florid complexion, fair skin, blue eyes, light hair generally, and oftentimes red, an animated countenance, bright red lips, an active and easily-excited circulation, muscular fibres firm without rigidity, and elastic without feebleness." The disorders of this temperament exhibit high action and power; fever is easily lighted up, but it will bear exhausting remedies better than any other of the peculiar constitutions to be described. The mental manifestations are similar,—active, lively, and ardent. The person is also irascible, volatile, and inconstant. The cerebral diseases exhibit violence rather than depression, mania rather than melancholy. A certain degree of joyousness, self-complacency, and impatience of command, characterize the peculiarities of this uncompounded disposition.

The choleric temperament is marked by dark complexion, hair

and eyes dark, "penetrating look, a dry skin, strong muscular fibres, but not so elastic as in the former; not disposed to, or capable of, the same amount of exertion; yet perhaps enduring longer a sustained effort without giving way so readily, and without the same amount of constitutional sufferings." In this class great mental power is met with, and the best literary characters; for difficulties are looked upon as stimuli. Not so quick, but deeper, more penetrating and lasting than the sanguineous. The liking is more for books than for persons. The individual is not so attractive, but more reliable. He is courageous, and will run counter to prevailing fashion, rather than yield himself up to temptation. "It generally happens in public life, that the largest amount of eloquence, connected with a preponderating share of perseverance and fortitude, is to be found in the choleric temperament." But it has its evils. It is particularly liable to bilious headaches, with which the stomach sympathises. It is subject to venous congestion of organs, especially of the head, rather than high arterial action. It will not bear very active remedies; yet, if properly treated, can better sustain the repeated impulses of morbid tendency. It is more liable than the former temperament to chronic disorder, inasmuch as venous congestion takes place slowly at first, without exciting much notice, and thus the way is prepared for alteration of structure, almost before it is cognisable. The mental peculiarities may become morbid from excess: its unchangeableness, prejudice; its firmness, obstinacy; its caution, suspicion; its courage, temerity; its duties of action, may yield to the pleasures of abstraction; and it is apt to cherish a disposition to find fault with the world. In its insanity there is a tendency to gloom; to be weary of life; to believe that you are forsaken of God; and an inclination to self-destruction. "The melancholy history of the choleric patient, among whom are too often to be found the hypochondriacs, the monomaniacs, and the suicides of our day," must be looked for in its fulness, in the pages of our author.

The lymphatic temperament is characterised by the prevalence of the white fluids, and the general feebleness of the system. A pale and thick skin; great softness of the muscular fibre; thick lips; clear, soft, languid, and blue eyes; soft, and generally light flaxen hair; and feebleness of character,—are the things which mark this peculiarity. It is liable to consumption and all forms of scrofula; while great feebleness and utter inability to support action are prominent features. The mental manifestations are akin to the things already mentioned; action without power to support it; the mind wears out the body and itself; it cannot even sustain the vehemence of passion. A greater number of fools, epileptics, idiots, and those with feeble minds belong to the lymphatic class than to any other department. It finds many exemplifications in precocious children.

Lastly, the nervous temperament: it exhibits great susceptibility of impression; "only the mode of that susceptibility will receive a tinge, from the greater or less prevalence of the three formerly described constitutions." The patient is generally thin, from his restlessness; there is little colour about the countenance, the tendency being to accumulate blood about the heart. The features are generally animated, but it is a fickle, and not the cheerful, equable expression of the sanguineous. The diseases to which this class is particularly exposed are the protean forms of hysteria. "Versatility is stamped upon all the movements of the nervous temperament, whether natural or disordered; and this, together with great susceptibility to impressions, and the rapid and powerful development and manifestation of emotion, constitutes its essential character."

Such are the several marked and classified temperaments, which must, when their minor peculiarities are interlaced and greatly ramified, exert no small influence upon all the manifestations of healthy mind. But how much greater will be this sort of physical influence, when the entire machinery is overturned by sickness, every function perverted, and every organ irritated! We go forward to notice some of Mr. Newnham's remarks on the influence of the body, or physical temperament, upon the expression of religious feeling.

The shade of expression of religious feeling among Christians is very different, and much of this difference is characterised by physical temperament, and by other analogous circumstances, as disease, exhaustion, &c. But,—

Unhappily for the peace and harmony of the Christian world, this source of difference of opinion has not been sufficiently weighed; and that has been too frequently attached to moral delinquency, which really belonged to physical obliquity; and hence have arisen fierce contests about comparative trifles, which have been elevated into undue prominence and importance—by the warmth, perhaps, of the unduly zealous but *sanguine* advocate, contrasted with the cold and dogged inflexibility of the science of the sincere but *phlegmatic* opponent. The two cannot receive the same impressions from looking at the same object, because the intellectual rays which are given off by that object pass to the mind through very differently characterized media, and are very differently refracted in their course. The great misfortune is, that Christians do not exercise towards each other that charitable feeling for physical infirmity, which they are so abundantly willing to extend towards themselves.

"Religion consists in the service of the head as well as in the feeling of the heart." The severance of these two propositions, which ought always to be conjoined, has frequently been occasioned by some influence of bodily temperament.

Certain it is, that that peculiar expression of religious feeling, which consists in a species of quietism—a resting in the belief of being only a passive agent in the hands of Providence, of having every event of life and feeling of the heart arranged by Divine appointment, ... certain it is, that this character of religionist is always found in one peculiar form of the melancholic temperament. And it is equally certain, that the opposite extreme—the religion of the *head*—that religion in which the affective faculties bear no part, and the heart is really untouched—which consists in a great display, and outward show of regard for its influence, of contention for its doctrines . . . , which contends for the exterior decorations of religion, but knows nothing of its internal beautifully harmonising influence on all the thoughts and feelings and actions, is equally to be found in one peculiar form of the choleric temperament.

Mr. Newnham does not mean to maintain that the two forms of error just noticed are *always* the result of the prevalence of the particular dispositions named; or that these errors may not arise entirely from moral and mental causes. All he contends for is, that a predisposition to these several views exists in certain physical conditions, requiring the counteraction of education, and "the implantation of juster and more expanded opinions of the Divine economy." Indeed he carefully cautions the unwary as well as the captious reader, against the abuse which may be made of physical agency, "so as to misrepresent the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, the author of hope, and faith, and peace, and joy, as blended with, or equivalent to, the mere impulses of animal feeling, and characterised by the varying state of that animal." "Real religion is never confounded with animal impulse."

It is not religion itself which can in any degree be influenced by any physical condition of its professors. Still, "the joys and sorrows which arise from its influence, and all the manifestations of mind which constitute *religious character*, as it is met with in the world, may be, and doubtless are, characterized in passing through the medium which gives them utterance, precisely in the same way as the self-same stirring event, which has been witnessed by half-a-dozen persons, will be differently narrated by each." This our author illustrates as well as explains at considerable length. So too the effects of sickness, misfortune, and sorrow, upon the manifestation of mind and the expression of character. Similar effects and distinctions are visible on the near approach of death; for the phenomena of a death-bed are greatly influenced by the physical circumstances which produce it,—"that is, by the organ whose primary disturbance, and subsequent loss of vitality, induce general death."

We shall continue to cite a few fragments without any attempt at connecting them or at preface.

Constitutional tendency, and physical temperament, will often account for that which perhaps might be called worldliness by one class, which clas

would, in the views of the former, be considered as remarkable for cant. And this may perfectly consist with and arise from, individuality of character; hence the former should not be designated as irreligious, nor the latter as hypocritical. Again, the circumstances attendant upon conversion will also frequentiy receive a tinge from peculiar bodily agency. On this subject many well-meaning individuals feel great anxiety, particularly if they cannot mark distinctly the period when that grand change passed upon their unrenewed hearts. * * * On the other hand, there are those whose attention is first aroused by some powerful impression made on the imagination or the feelings. * * * Here the chief difference consists in the fact, whether the awakening caused was first exerted upon the understanding or the affections; thus distinctly showing that the expression of religious feeling is characterized by a peculiar physical state; and we infer, that if this be the case in one great condition, so also will it be in many minor shades of thought, and feeling, and action; shades which, in fact, make up the character by their combination.

A great difference is observable in different individuals, in their power of commanding their attention, and associating their thoughts, as well as in elaborating and giving utterance to their ideas (in prayer). The spirit of real supplication may rest as deeply in those who cannot clothe their ideas in words, as in those who are superficially gifted with a large volubility of expression. Farther, the same distinction may be observed in the same individual, under a change of physical circumstances. Only let sickness assail the frame, especially sickness of a character which distresses the head; or even let it be subject to great bodily fatigue: and now an oppressive languor creeps upon the mind, obtunds the feelings, impedes the power of association, distracts the attention, perverts the perception, and destroys that nice talent and gift of eloquent combination, which before might have charmed us.

Many persons, who are anxious for a triumphant death-bed, are not aware how much of animal fervour may be mingled with such expressions of ecstasy; and great caution should be exercised before any reliance is placed upon phenomena of this kind. * * * Many a feeble Christian expires in trembling doubt, while many a careless sinner is remarkable for his calm, or rather his thoughtless dismissal; many a self-righteous pharisee has left this world with exulting recollections of his own good works, on which were built his hopes of happiness beyond it. This observation is grounded, not upon theory, but upon actually witnessing the death-bed of many; and this has occurred to such an extent, and so repeatedly, that the nature of the malady, and the kind of temperament being given, it will be easy to predicate, *cæteris paribus*, the peculiarities of the death-bed. Let not, therefore, surrounding friends be too solicitous about the last words of the dying, under the influence of disease, and of failing cerebral power. * * * In fatal diseases some one organ gives way first, loses the integrity of its functions and of its structure; or, in fact, *dies first*. Thus disorganisation may be primarily visible in the lungs, the heart, the stomach, the brain, or any other important viscus. When it happens to be the brain, the manifestations of mind are in ordinary cases obscured and perverted; but in some instances an artificial brightness and intensity may be given them, just before their final dissolution.

. . . There is one other event to be animadverted upon, which many excellent individuals appear to consider as of great importance, and as being the effect of a special revelation from on high. . . . The author was particularly struck with this error, on persuing a sermon, some years since, on the death of a clergyman. The instance alluded to was clearly one of those common events which might be accounted for on common principles; the *brain*, the organ of mind, had already been failing; and then, just before dissolution, a sudden corruscation of intellect, tinged by religious feeling and principle, shone forth; an effect which indeed might be justly pleasing to by-standers, as an evidence of what the previous life had been, but certainly ought not to have been considered as the result of an especial communication from the Holy Spirit. . . . These phenomena are referable to one physiological law, viz., that *just before* the giving way of any particular organ of the body, there is communicated to it, and to the nervous system at large, a temporary stimulus, which gives to the patient a sensation as if the individual failing viscus were actually in a state of high health and vigour. This law may be easily exemplified; and indeed it is well known to all persons who have a weak digestion; under some circumstances, there will be a feeling of comfort and elasticity diffused through the system, and, as it would seem, irradiating from the organ in fault, the stomach, which to the uninitiated patient speaks a decided improvement of health and strength; whereas in five minutes afterwards, a consciousness of sinking and debility, and all the other phenomena of indigestion, will proclaim that this organ was only under the influence of temporary excitation, from the actual commencement of that morbid action which was to terminate in failing power.

Let no one suppose from our latter extracts, that Mr. Newnham is prone to exaggerate the importance of the physical functions, or the influence of the body over the thinking principles and the mental operations of our nature, even within the domain of religious sentiment and experience. Whoever shall impartially peruse his volume, will not accuse him, we are persuaded, of giving the citadel to matter over mind. He only contends that matter is the medium and the agent of a far greater and more refined power; and he strives to explain the operations and the results of the connection and the subordination. Now, it is manifest to us, that our author's studies and favourite pursuits have given him great advantages for conducting the exposition undertaken by him. Religion, for example, is not only a great concern; but it actually, and frequently with almost an entire exclusiveness, engages many persons. Its influence as well as its profession is confessedly extensive. Now, how necessary is it that he who studies this influence scientifically, should both be a decided believer in the theory of the Christian code, and a disciple of it in a practical sense! Then, combine these attainments with the ample array and knowledge of tests of actual occurrences, of the most affecting and impressive experiences, which in an extended medical agency have long been furnished, and still continue to be supplied; and surely the strong presumption will be, that the writer

has stepped forth not without sufficient credentials. One thing, at least, we may confidently affirm of the book:—it will be largely prized by the religious community, and perhaps not less by the considerate and inquiring practitioner in the healing heart; while to the popular mind it offers abundant food for cogitation. It forcibly both interests and instructs.

ART. VIII.—*The State of Souls.* By M. GUIZOT.

THIS essay, by perhaps the most eminent living statesman of France, originally appeared in the *Revue Français*, a periodical since discontinued, we believe. The position and celebrity of the author, and the peculiar manner of treatment as well as the nature of the subject, must invite attention. By the title, "The State of Souls," Guizot does not treat of the dead, but of the living; his inquiry relates not to the unseen world, but the present life and the passing time. But before enriching our pages with the principal passages of the remarkable production, a biographical sketch will be acceptable, the materials of which are to be found in various original works, among others the *Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France.*

François-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot was born on the 4th of October 1787. His father belonged to an ancient and highly respectable family, and was himself a distinguished lawyer at Nismes. At the commencement of the Revolution, he warmly espoused a cause which he thought identified with civil and religious liberty; but he neither sanctioned nor countenanced the excesses of the new government. In consequence of his independence and consistency, the bloody men who swayed the destinies of France at that awful period, resolved upon removing him out of their way. He fled from his family in the hope of eluding an awful doom. But a gendarme discovered his retreat, nobly offering however at the peril of his own life to let him escape; but M. Guizot refused to save himself at such a price. On the 8th of April, 1794—three days after the victory of Robespierre over Danton, Desmoulins and their adherents,—he perished on the scaffold.

Madame Guizot in her extremity overlooked not the interests of her two sons, looking around for the spot which offered the greatest facilities in their education. Geneva was selected, a city, though it had lost its political independence, still retained its institutions of learning. The event more than answered her anticipations. Her eldest son, the subject of the present sketch, was placed at the gymnasium, and the most brilliant success rewarded the severity of his application. At the age of sixteen, he had read all the writings of Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Tacitus; English and Italian he

spoke with fluency, and German was almost as much at his command as his mother tongue. In 1803, he commenced his philosophical and historical studies; and as he is endowed with a remarkably logical mind, his proficiency was surprisingly rapid. His academical education was completed in 1805, when his mother returned to Languedoc.

Young Guizot, however, soon repaired to Paris to qualify himself for the bar. This was the most critical era of his life; for he now found himself, at the age of eighteen, in the midst of those scenes of frivolity, intrigue, and corruption, which characterized the period of transition from the Directory to the Empire. But his passion for study, together with his sorrows and grave disposition, preserved him from the general contagion. The law school had been swept away by the Revolution; he resolved, therefore, to master his profession in solitude. The first year which he spent in Paris was one of loneliness and depression. But the following year brought him into contact with several distinguished men, particularly with M. Stapfer, the former minister of Switzerland at the French Court, into whose family he was received in the capacity of tutor. The philosophical and theological attainments of this gentleman contributed much to the increase of Guizot's knowledge, and something, perhaps, to his preservation from that soulless scepticism, which was then so common and so dangerous. He also spent a considerable part of 1807 and 1808 at the country-seat of Mr. Stapfer, devoting his time at first to German literature and the Philosophy of Kant, and subsequently revising his classical studies.

M. Guizot was indebted to the friendship of the Swiss minister for his admission to the saloon of M. Suard, where he became acquainted with the leading men of the day, and where he first beheld the remarkable woman who exerted so much influence upon his after life. Madamoiselle Pauline de Meulan belonged to an honourable family, which had been ruined by the Revolution. Having received an excellent education, she tried the hazardous experiment of journalism to obtain the means of an honest livelihood. At the period in question she conducted the Publiciste with great success. Sickness, however, occasioned by excessive toil, compelled her to desist from her editorial labours, and there was danger of her being obliged to suspend her journal. At this critical moment she received a communication from an unknown hand, begging her to dismiss her solicitude, and promising to assume her responsibilities. The letter was accompanied by an article, admirably suited to the style of her periodical. She accepted the offer, published the article, and regularly received the promised aid until her restoration to health. Her efforts to find out the unknown contributor were at first unavailing. Without suspecting his presence among her listeners, she related the circumstance at the saloon of M. Suard. But it was not till he had been earnestly be-

sought to abandon his concealment, through the columns of the journal, that M. Guizot went in person to receive the thanks which he so well deserved. Five years afterwards, Madamoiselle de Meulan exchanged her name for that of Madame Guizot. This lady died in 1827, but lives in the minds of many, by means of her writings; those especially which were intended for the instruction of the young. M. Guizot subsequently married Mlle. Dillon, the niece of his first wife.

It was in 1809 that Guizot began his career as an author by the publication of his *Dictionary of Synonyms.* The introduction to this work,—a philosophical appreciation of the character of the French language,—exhibits the strong tendency of his mind to bring every phenomenon under some general law. His *Lives of the French Poets* soon followed; the introduction to which illustrates at the same time his power of abstraction and the extent of his attainments. The notes which he appended to his translation of Gibbon attest the thoroughness of his historical knowledge. His literary labours were now abundant; much of his time being devoted to the primitive history of Christianity. In 1812 he had become so well known, that M. de Fontanes was induced to attach him to the University, as assistant professor of history in the Faculty of Letters. Soon afterwards the professorship of Ancient and Modern History, filled by M. Lacretelle, was divided, Guizot obtaining the exclusive possession of the chair of Modern History.

An incident occurred, in connexion with M. Guizot's elevation to the chair of Modern History, which illustrates his sturdy independence. Fontanse, on announcing his appointment to him, suggested the importance of introducing into his opening discourse—as Napoleon would certainly read it—the praise of the Emperor. Guizot, however, refused to conform to the universal custom, and did not even mention the name of the Emperor. But it ought not to be inferred, as some have asserted, that he had any political connexion which was hostile to the government. His opposition was philosophical and theoretical, not active. He belonged, it is true, to a class which retained many fond recollections of the taste and refinement of the aristocracy of the old régime. But Buonapart, always called them *ideologists*; and such they were, and not politicians. With reference however, to the discharge of his literary office the students continued, to be abundantly grateful; and from that epoch, the study of history secured its proper rank in the public education of France; men of eminent abilities having then begun to sound the depths of a science which had been long neglected.

The Restoration of March, 1814, found M. Guizot at Nismes, whither he had gone to visit his mother after a long separation. On his return to Paris, he was designated by Royer-Collard, professor of the History of Philosophy, with whom he had formed a strong and

lasting friendship,—to the then Minister of the Interior, as eminently qualified to fill the post of Secretary-General in that department. The appointment took place accordingly. This was the commencement of M. Guizot's political career. Though placed in a secondary position in the government, his rare abilities and qualifications exerted an important influence upon its measures. He seems to have aimed at defeating the ascendancy of the Jesuits and ultra-Catholics, at preventing a reaction against the restored monarchy, and, finally, at securing for France a representative government, similar to that of England. But his situation was one of very great embarrassment. In the opinions of some he did too little, in that of others he did too much. The partisans of the liberal cause accused him of severity; while the ultra-royalists were indignant that a plebeian, a professor, a Protestant, should talk about a constitutional equilibrium, the preponderance of powers, and a reconciliation between monarchical principles and the new interests created by the Revolution. Napoleon's escape from Elba soon released him from a difficult position, and he returned to his functions in the Faculty of Letters.

M. Guizot has been accused of "emigrating to Ghent" with the banished Louis, and of editing the official Moniteur which was there published. But it was not till two months afterwards, when the fall of Buonaparte had become almost inevitable, that he repaired thither; and then he was charged by the constitutional royalists to plead the cause of the charter, and to insist upon the exclusion of M. de Blacas, the chief of the old régime party, from all participation in public affairs. The King, on his return to France, dismissed M. de Blacas, and issued the proclamation of Cambray, in which he acknowledged the mistakes of his government and added new guarantees to the charter.

The period which followed the second Restoration was one of violence and commotion. The Chamber of Deputies, composed of conflicting elements, "more royalist than the King himself," regularly opposed every measure which was dictated by sound policy. M. de Marbois, being particularly obnoxious to this body, was obliged to retire from office; M. Guizot followed, and the ultra-Romanist party triumphed. His first political pamphlet,—"Representative Government and the Political State of France"—appeared at this time, in reply to a work of M. de Vitrolles, and placed him in the rank of the constitutional royalists. He also defended, in another pamphlet, the cause of public education against the Jesuits, demonstrating their aversion to that freedom of inquiry which is essential to the spread of truth, and the progress of knowledge. In the summer of 1816, he prepared his *Memoire Politique*, in which he ably and successfully advocated the principles and measures of the *Doctrinaires*. This pamphlet, which was presented

to the King by M. Decazes, contributed to the dissolution of the Chamber, and to the victory of the moderate party.

Among the disastrous consequences of the assassination of the Duke de Berri, was the downfall of the Ministry of M. Decazes. Royer-Collard and others were driven from office; M. Guizot followed them, refusing even the pension which was tendered him. From this period to the accession of the Martignac ministry, his political life was a constant though temperate and dignified struggle against the administration of Villèle. He was still too young to obtain a seat in the Chamber of Deputies; his efforts, therefore, were chiefly confined to a series of pamphlets of great merit and prodigious popularity. "It was not an ordinary opposition—that of M. Guizot," says the author of "Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France." "He defends the public liberties, but he defends them in his own way, which is not that of the world. He may be said to march alone in his path; and if he is severe towards the men whom he combats, he is not less so towards those who are fighting with him. In his view, the capital crime of the Villèle ministry was not the abuse of power in itself, but rather the consequences of that abuse, which placed in peril the principle of authority, by exposing it to a fatal conflict. Unlike other polemical writings, which are usually altogether negative and destructive, those of M. Guizot were eminently affirmative, governmental, and constituent. When the word *right* comes beneath his pen, you may be sure that the word *duty* is not far off, and never does he put his finger on an evil without indicating at once, what seems to him to be a remedy."

During this busy and exciting period, however, M. Guizot did not suspend his literary labours. For several years he was actively engaged in developing, from the chair of Modern History, the various phases of representative governments since the fall of the Roman empire. His enemies counselled the king to suspend his course, and Louis had the weakness to direct its discontinuance. In 1825, retiring to his books and his studies, he commenced a series of historical works of great ability and interest. The two first volumes of his "Collection of Memoirs relative to the English Revolution," made a very deep impression on the public mind. His "Collection of Memoirs relative to the Ancient History of France" soon followed. His "Essays on the History of France" threw unexpected light on the annals of his country. He also published historical essays on Calvin and Shakspeare, and a translation of the principal tragedies of the great English dramatist. He contributed a number of articles, political and moral, to the *Revue Française;* and even to the *Globe* he devoted a portion of every week.

In 1828, the Villèle ministry fell, and that of M. Martignac succeeded to its place, when the Minister of Public Instruction authorized MM. Guizot, Cousin, and Villemaire to resume their

courses at the Sarbonne. The return of Guizot to the chair of Modern History was greeted with deafening applause. In January, 1830, soon after the formation of the Polignac cabinet, he was elected for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies, by the arrondissement of Lisieux. Here he voted for the address of the 221, boldly attacking the principles and measures of the new ministry, and declaring emphatically,—"Truth has already trouble enough in penetrating the councils of kings; let us not send her there pale and feeble; let it be no more possible to misunderstand her than to doubt the loyalty of our sentiments." The Chamber of Deputies was immediately dissolved. M. Guizot repaired to Nismes, that he might discharge the duty of an elector; but the arrondissement of Lisieux, in his absence, returned him again to the post which he had so honourably filled. On the 26th of July he re-entered Paris; on the 27th he drew up the protest of the Deputies against the royal ordinances; on the 31st he read to the Chambers the proclamation which made the Duke of Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

M. Guizot was called to that difficult post in the new government, —the Ministry of the Interior. It became necessary without delay to change the entire departmental administration of France; and accordingly he removed and replaced in a few days, 76 prefects, 161 sub-prefects, and 38 general secretaries. In the short space of three months, he presented to the Chambers a number of important laws, relative to the press, elections, the national guards, &c., several of which were adopted. But the materials which entered into the revolutionary ministry were too discordant to promise either harmony or permanency. Republicans, imperialists, July monarchists, doubtful friends of the new dynasty, something for every taste, with much that was obnoxious to a majority of the people, were forced to sit side by side and to mingle. Differences, which the common danger had obscured, now reappeared, broader and more distinct than ever; so that the principle of order was obliged to yield to that of liberty. On the 4th of November, 1830, M. Guizot, with the moderate portion of the cabinet, retired from office.

The ministry of M. Lafitte was soon involved in hopeless embarrassments. Dissensions in the cabinet, great commercial distress, churches burned, mobs triumphant,—were unmistakeable evidence of want of fitness, and want of confidence. M. Guizot made no assault upon his successors till the 20th of February, 1831; but so heavy was the blow which he then dealt, that M. Lafitte acknowledged that the majority was against him, and announced his readiness to resign. On the 13th of March, the ministry of Casimir Périer was organized; but the death of its chief effected its dissolution in the following year.

On the 11th of October, 1832, M. Guizot became the Minister of

Public Instruction, under the presidency of Marshal Soult. In this administration, which was, unlike its predecessors, of considerable endurance, M. Guizot exerted a very powerful influence. Whatever may be thought of some of his measures, there was one which entitles him to universal and permanent gratitude. The law of June 28th, 1833, embracing the principle of popular education, was conceived, prepared, defended, carried, and executed by him; and incalculable are the results—the blessings—which it is destined to bring upon France. In eleven thousand communes, previously destitute of primary instruction, school-houses have been erected, where the children of the poor may obtain the elements of a common education. The attention which he paid to the higher schools and the colleges was unremitting. He required periodical reports from every college in France, both as to the moral and intellectual progress of all the pupils; these reports he uniformly read; and when he found in two of them a bad account of the morals of the same boy, he wrote himself to the parent or guardian and urged him to do his utmost to reclaim the erring child. If unsuccessful in this appeal, he caused the youth to be expelled. His speeches on public instruction are among the finest specimens of chastened oratory and sound philosophy. Some of them have been translated into several foreign languages.

At the end of four years, the ministry of Soult was dissolved, partly because of the disagreement between M. Thiers and M. Guizot. The former became Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council; the latter retired, without any demonstrations of hostility, however, against the new cabinet. When the Ministry of the 22nd of February came to its end, he was requested to return to office; and for a few months he was again in the cabinet. But he differed from Count Molé on the question of a general amnesty, and another cabinet was formed from which he was excluded. He now joined the coalition, attacked the administration of April 15th, 1838, with great severity, and ultimately triumphed over it.

When M. Thiers became the chief of the new ministry, in March, 1840, M. Guizot was sent to represent France at the British court. The concurrence of the four Great Powers in the treaty of the 15th of July of that year, in relation to the protracted difficulty between Turkey and Egypt, to the exclusion of France, led to results of the gravest character. The Thiers ministry was dissolved, and M. Guizot was called from London to Paris, to aid his sovereign in the very difficult task of maintaining the peace of Europe and the world; for while Marshal Soult is the nominal head of the ministry, M. Guizot, who was appointed to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, is its soul and its most important organ. It was he who fought, almost alone, the "battle of peace," defending and sustaining the ministry before both Chambers. "Often," says one respectable reporter, "have we seen him wearied, and yet unsubdued by the contentions of

the day, in the midst of the great number of members of each Chamber, who flocked to his *soirées* every Tuesday and Friday evening, ready to respond to every question, as well as to defend every position which he had maintained in the legislative hall." But we shall not further trace his political career. When the day comes that he ceases to retain his present position, it will be the time for reviewing what may, very probably, constitute the grand epoch in his entire history. In the meanwhile, every friend to humanity must desire that his wise and powerful influence may long prevail in the councils of the kingdom, of which he is so distinguished an ornament.

With regard to some personal and popular points of history and character, a few notices must be welcome on the part of our readers. M. Guizot enjoys good health, but he wears the countenance of a man of great labour. He is unquestionably one of the most indefatigable of students, independently of his toils and anxieties of office. His industry is amazing. The translation of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which bears his name, was written out, every line of it, it is said, by himself. In stature he is not above the ordinary size; but his high forehead, and large, dark, piercing eye indicate no common mind. As might be expected, there is great gravity in his look. As an orator his manner is dignified and imposing. His enunciation is slow, distinct, and rather monotonous; his tones are deep, sonorous, but not particularly pleasant at the commencement of his speeches. His arguments are always lucid as well as weighty. "His language," says the writer of the Sketches already alluded to, "whether calm or vehement, is always pure and chastened; it has more energy than grace; it convinces more than moves. When he ascends the tribune, friends and enemies all erect their ears; there is no more talking, little coughing, and nobody goes to sleep."

His moral character is beyond reproach. His integrity has never been called in question. "The morals of M. Guizot," says one of his most violent political opponents, "are rigid and pure, and he is worthy, by the lofty virtue of his life and his sentiments, of the esteem of all good men." By birth, as well as from conviction, he is a decided Protestant, though he does not appear to have an evangelical turn of mind. He is a valued friend, however, of the institutions of religion, and has often spoken, ably and eloquently, at the anniversaries of Bible Societies.

The political principles of this great minister, which certainly place him among the *Doctrinaires*, seem to be more firmly fixed than those of any contemporary statesman of France. No doubt he has been often accused of versatility. It would be strange, indeed, if the different positions into which he has been thrown had not given to his conduct at times the aspect of inconsistency. Besides, his intellect has been well described as being progressive and practical, a

most necessary feature and quality of him who has to watch and in a measure to pilot a nation in its transitions and developments. "What, in short, is M. Guizot?" asks the writer of the Sketches. "He is, above all, a man of power and of government, and at the same time, the most independent of men, bending his neck to the yoke of self-imposed principles, and carrying his head erect in all questions about persons; he is a politician of great worth, estimating himself at his full value; more confident than enthusiastic, more proud of the approbation of his conscience, than of the homage of the crowd; gifted, in a supreme degree, with that strength of will and perseverance which make the statesman, a mortal foe of all that resembles disorder; and capable, things being at the worst, of throwing himself, without hesitation, into the arms of the despotism which he does not love, rather that encounter the anarchy which he abhors."

We now come to the essay on "The State of Souls," which combines the vigour of thought and terseness of expression characteristic of the author, with, at least, to mere English readers, considerable originality of view, and, certainly, great novelty as respects the mode of setting forth and illustrating important truths. It begins and proceeds in the following manner:—

It is the sublimity of the gospel that it combines two feelings,—aversion to evil, and tenderness for man, the author of evil; horror of sin, (to speak as it speaks) and love for the sinner. What depth of discrimination, as well as of morality! What wonderful knowledge of the nature of things and of man! Evil is truly hideous and hateful in itself, and because of its effects; and with it even the best of men are deeply stained and heavily burdened. At the same time, man is infinitely capable of good, and infinitely worthy of affection; imperfect, yet deserving to be loved beyond all expression.

What perfect acquaintance, moreover, with the conditions of real practical moral authority! It is not knowledge which the gospel requires, but action from man. But to act morally on men, it is necessary to inspire them with confidence by affection, respect by severity. Love and sincerity are the two powers which effectually controul the human heart. Men have an instinctive feeling of their moral wants, those which oppress, and those which please them. They are disquieted, profoundly disquieted by their imperfection, and they wish to be freed from it. Love felt and inspired, is their sweetest as well as their liveliest joy; they desire to love and to be loved. To exact much from them in virtue, to give them much in love,—it is at this double price, that the grand empire, the vast, the durable empire, I mean the moral empire, is established. The last century had this excellence, that it loved man,—men. In truth, it felt much affection for them, and ardently desired their welfare. As it was a critical and reasoning age, this feeling sometimes disappeared in the habit, and beneath the forms of controversy and analysis. Still the feeling was there, sincere, powerful. The spirit of justice and humanity,—of universal justice and humanity, which characterises this epoch, what is its source, its import, if it be not a lively sympathy with man, a tender interest in his condition?

But in connexion with this virtue, the last century had one great fault; it

did not feel that aversion to evil which is its due. Not only in respect to this or that rule of conduct, this or that duty, but in respect to the rule in general, the very principle of duty, men fell a prey to scepticism, that grand corrupter of the human heart. In morals, fixedness and elevation go hand in hand; the moment we vacillate, we descend; uncertainty is both a sign and a cause of debasement. Not knowing exactly where evil was, nor indeed if it exist at all, the eighteenth century, whenever it encountered it, denied or excused it, instead of cursing it, and fighting it to death. And with the fixed points disappeared also the long perspectives. By an admirable law of our nature, man to hope must believe, believe in good. Virtue alone has need of an eternity. Doubts arose respecting duty, then respecting the future; moral faith wavered, and God was veiled.

It would seem that, in such a state of things, a period, which loved man and was distressed on his account, must have felt for him the most profound compassion. What a destiny! A creature so powerful and so vacillating, always in motion, yet knowing neither where to place his foot in the present world, nor whither to direct his eye beyond! To aspire high, only to fall so low and vanish so quickly! So much ambition without a worthy object! So much labour and no certain result! What father, if he thought his child reserved for such a destiny, would not be penetrated with compassion and sorrow!

It is gladdening to find a great statesman of France thus proclaiming to the nation the evil nature that is in man, and the consequent need of a religious faith. The text is mainly taken, it will be seen, from France itself; and certainly the style of the sermon is for Frenchmen. He proceeds:—

At the same time that the last century loved man much, it admired him more. And I understand the reason. God and duty displaced, what remained that was grand and beautiful, save man himself? All imperfect as he is, all compounded of good and evil as his nature is, good is there, and the power of good is there; the lofty, the rich, the tender, the winning have not entirely vanished away, because the soul has mistaken its source and its law. And if it happens, as it then happened, that these great mistakes occur in the midst of a grand intellectual development, a lofty flight of sympathetic and generous sentiments, a noble advance in the condition of humanity, if it be at the very moment of his highest elevation and his greatest brilliancy, that man loses sight of his compass and his God, how will he admire himself? With what pride will he be seized? He has neither faith nor hope on high, still he advances, he prospers, he expands, he triumphs. He will believe, he will hope in himself; he will adore himself. Religion falls, and idolatry rises, the idolatry of man for man. Man was the god of the eighteenth century, the object of its worship and of its love.

Hence a great and deplorable tenderness for human nature, its frailties and its propensities. It was loved with a blind and a weak affection, without courage and without rectitude, which only knew how to approve, and caress, and promise, having nothing to prescribe, and nothing to exact. Hence an immoderate thirst, in the name of man and for man, and having nothing to

offer him, superior to the happiness of this world,—nothing better, nothing eternal beyond,—it became absolutely necessary that he should be happy, that all should be happy, happy here, since their destiny and their treasure were only here. The selfishness which does not care, and the faith which hopes, can accept this imperfect condition of humanity; but whoever loves men, and yet provides for them nothing better than the present world and the present life, will not know how to submit to this allotment, for the most part so painful,—to this progress, so slow and always so incomplete. He must find much more to give,—to give promptly and to all.

And as some minds, penetrated by so amiable a desire, could not believe the impossibility of satisfying it, they were obliged to assign, for the sufferings and the wrongs of man's condition, an accidental factitious cause, which human wisdom and human power were competent to remove. Hence that other maxim of the last century, that men and things do very well if left to their own course and their natural equilibrium,—that evil proceeds not from our nature and our essential condition, but solely from a society badly arranged, arranged for the advantage of a few, who have substituted their will and their interest for the will and the interest of the whole,—that it is society which needs a reformation, not man, who does not require it, or, at least, would not require it if society did not corrupt him: a maxim which has produced the most irritable and the most manifest of modern sores,—that incurable impatience of whatever is, that unbounded restlessness, that insatiable desire of change, in the pursuit of a social condition, which shall finally secure to men, to all men, all the happiness to which they can aspire.

Such is the condition, the French statesman asserts, into which *souls* have been brought by the eighteenth century; meaning thereby upright, honest, sincere souls,—such as care for others, and desire for themselves, as for others, only what is lawful. He next pronounces the errors and the maladies of people of property, to be the great errors and the great maladies of an epoch. They therefore, in particular, should be looked after and provided for; because in respect of them, the danger is unperceived. "Who will contend against evil, if men of substance are infected with it?" He then, with a sort of exclamatory force and warmth says—

I have seen the last of the master-spirits of the eighteenth century,—those who remained faithful to it; I have seen them coming out of the Revolution, after that terrible experiment. The state of their souls was a touching and instructive spectacle. They were sad, but not discouraged; full of esteem and affection for humanity, and of confidence in it, and of hope for it, in spite of so many mistakes and reverses. The same expansion of soul, the same generosity of heart, the same zeal for justice and progress animated them. They accounted for the temporary bad success of their cause, by referring to the exercise of passion, the dominion of old habits, the want of general intelligence, to good principles applied too soon and carried too far. At the same time that their explanation attested their steadfast sincerity, one might suspect, one might discover their persistency in the same

mistakes, the same absence of moral dogmas and religious faith, the same idolatry of man, the same gentleness towards him, the same pretensions for him. They had lost nothing of their noble ambition, nothing of their tender sympathy with humanity; but they had learned nothing respcting the inward laws of his nature, nothing respecting the true principles of governing them. And yet a secret feeling of disquietude darted across the constancy of their ideas and their hopes; they continued sad after their explanation, as if they had not satisfied themselves.

We are far removed from our fathers. "I have been brought here by a cannon-ball," said Danton to M. de Talleyrand, who saw him at the bureau of justice. The same ball has brought us all a hundred leagues from our cradle. We have learned much. We have seen, upon a new day, many new faces of things. The intelligence and the power of man, his reason, his morality, his capability of action and resistance, of controul and moderation in the movement of the world—all have been tried, sounded, and measured. We know how deep-seated in our nature evil is, how it is often concealed, and yet how prompt and terrible it is to break forth when occasion offers. We understand our own boundaries,—the boundaries of our minds and our wills. We have been powerful, immensely powerful; still we have been unable to effect our purposes, because they were not in harmony with the laws of eternal wisdom; against these laws our power has been shivered like glass. At the price of all this, we have gained a knowlege of ourselves and of our condition, which is much more just and profound. We are no longer satisfied with desires, and arguments, and appearances, and hopes. We see that which is. We live, much more than our fathers, in the verity of things. We are wiser and more modest.

But our wisdom has one serious defect: it is only an outward change towards the good, which spreads itself over our conduct and life; it has not yet penetrated to the depths of the soul; it has not become to us a moral treasure. The lessons of experience are not yet understood. They are to us inevitable facts, rather than just and beautiful laws,—miscalculations, rather than progressions. We are directed rather than instructed, subdued rather than convinced.—

If it were not so, why this dejection, this secret disgust, or this indifference, this coldness which so often accompany, at the present day, wisdom and good sense? You say that you are discouraged, that you neither hope, nor dare attempt anything difficult and great. But how has this happened to you? What has taught you this experience, so much vaunted, and at the same time so saddening?—that duty, not interest and passion, is the principle of morality; that God has not ceased to preside over the world;

Qu'il résiste au superbe et punit l'homicide;

that order has certain natural, inviolable laws, and punishes those who disregard them; that evil, always present, always at the door, in us and around us, needs to be constantly battled? Of what do you complain? These are progressions, not miscalculations; possessions recaptured, power regained,

not hopes lost. Man was seized with an ambition above his capacity and above his right; it became necessary to humble it; it became necessary that his reason and his will should consent to restore what they had pretended to usurp; that instead of exalting himself and adoring himself as a sovereign, he should accept his original imperfection, his definitive insufficiency; that in his thoughts, as in his life, he should be submissive, even in the bosom of liberty. But is this liberty—now more complete and more certain than man has ever known—nothing? Is this general advance of justice and comfort in the world nothing? Are not these a fit recompense for the labours and the sufferings of our age? Is there not enough, after so many mistakes, to satisfy the most difficult, and revive the most exhausted?

Let us look still higher. In return for the sacrifices imposed upon our pride, as an indemnity for this proved infirmity of our nature, these demonstrated boundaries of our power, have we received nothing? Have we not found more than we have lost? Have we not ascended much higher than we have descended? The eighteenth century did much to puff us up, and at the same time much to humble us. In making us lords of this world, it confined and shut us up in this world. No immensity, no eternity for the soul! No bond of filiation and union between God and man! We appeared and we lived upon the earth, like everything which comes from the earth and returns thither. Our loftiest aspirations, our purest desires, our sublimest raptures, everything in us, that was more lovely and truly divine, was only an illusion, a burden. It was not merely upon our possessions and our pleasures of a day, but upon ourselves and forever, that we were forced to exclaim: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We have escaped fron this low and contracted position; we have recovered ourselves; we have regained our dignity, our hope, our future, our souls. We can no longer strut in our pride; but we are no longer immersed and forsaken in our misery; we have found here below a master, but also "*Our Father who is in Heaven.*"

M. Guizot confesses that there is much in the return of our epoch to the faith and the hopes of religion, "which is superficial and frivolous." But still "we have returned to the road; man does not hurry away further from his God; he has returned towards the Orient, and there he seeks light." Still, in all things, if the wisdom of which he has been speaking, had really entered into the souls of men, how different should we be to what we are! How much more tranquil, confident, steadfast, worthy, and noble! "How much farther should we see, how much higher and quicker should we advance in those paths of new and restorative progression, in which we are now travelling, our step slow, and our heads depressed, as if straightened and humbled!" The regret, however, is, that we act better than we think! We are still full of scepticism in respect to the very truths to which we submit our actions; a scepticism, the form and language of which are only changed.

Thus, of the maladies of the eighteenth century, many, which flowed rom its maxims, and should have passed away with it, still remain among

us. We do not any longer think of man with the same tenderness; but neither do we regard evil with greater aversion. Indifference has not made us more rigid. We do not pass our judgment upon human nature with the same blind partiality, but we are always full of effeminacy towards it; we exhibit the same complaisance, without tendering it the same esteem and love. The doctrines of materialism and impiety are on the decline, yet we are more than ever possessed of an ardent thirst for immediate material happiness.

Nevertheless, he answers with an empatical *no*, to the questions, Is morality declining amongst us? and is this epoch of ours destined to preserve the evil of the last, losing at the same time its virtues, adding also its own evil? Although deeply impressed with the present and abounding evil, and deeming the need of a remedy to be most urgent, he loves the epoch, sees much of good and promise in it; and the strength, with the help of God, to attack and to conquer the evil. As to tokens of the good prevailing and being even at present more than a match for the evil, he instances the Revolution of 1830.

We have just been spectators of a scene—a noble scene—of this mighty contest. What event, more than the Revolution of 1830, has ever exposed to the light of day, and brought into conflict the interests, legitimate and illegitimate; the passions, good and bad; the virtues and the vices, the wisdom and the folly, all the good and all the evil of a people? The contest was severe; the good has triumphed. I know that nothing comes to an end in this world. I know that the struggle must continue, with many hazards, and that there remains for the good much to suffer and much to do. The phase which we are now traversing is gloomy and ignoble. It is nevertheless true, all things considered, that, in the most trying and the most perilous seasons, the advantage is on the side of the good.

Two important facts, two grand excellences of our epoch and our country were developed on that occasion. We proved ourselves high-minded, full of the feeling of our dignity, and resolved to maintain it. We showed ourselves animated with a profound spirit of order and justice, and also capable of defending them.

It is the first virtue of a people to respect itself, and make itself respected, —not to suffer itself to be trifled with, nor to be treated with contempt. For fifty years, France has been demanding public rights, free institutions. She thought she had obtained them; she was told so, even with the solemnities of an oath. But they informed her one day, that she was deceiving herself; that she had nothing; that they could, without her, in spite of her, reclaim, and dispense differently, what she regarded as her good and her right. She resented, she repelled the outrage; she has reconquered, she has preserved her right and her good. This is the true character, the moral character of the Revolution of 1830. It is a glorious token of the moral worth of the country. History has nothing more illustrious, nothing more brilliant.

The day after this grand act, while all inflamed with a justifiable indignation, the country saw a new enemy appear,—anarchy, political and moral anarchy,—unchaining all the pretensions, all the passions, all the follies of

man. Instantly the country attacked it, and, to curb it, curbed itself. To a movement the most impetuous, the most sudden, there has succeeded the long and laborious exercise of a reflective and constrained will.

The essayist goes on to discourse to his countrymen with a kind of authoritative and oracular wisdom, as well as a philosophic discrimination, worthy of his fame and his position. To the cavil that the Revolution of 1830 was only the effect of prudence and selfish interest, instead of morality and a pure sense of the value of order, he replies:—

There is morality, genuine morality in the spirit of order, especially when displayed on a large scale, and put to such proofs. The word *interest* is pronounced with disdain, as if it implied pure selfishness, and excluded virtue. Thanks to God, who has created them, legitimate interests—interests inherent in legitimate positions and relations—are moral in their essence, and animated by a moral impulse. The father who defends his habitation, the labouring man who is careful to protect the fruits of his industry, act for their interest, it is true, and according to the maxims of prudence. But around this interest, and in the closest union with it, there cluster ideas and feelings the most honourable,—the domestic affections, reverence for the law, care for the future, the defence of right, the fulfilment of duty, effort, devotion, sacrifice. To all this, who will refuse the name of morality?

The public instinct decides the question. "There are but two parties," —a simple-minded man, who was an utter stranger to everything like erudite reflection, once remarked to me,—"honest people, and bad subjects." When we have wished to define, and rally, under a single word, the party of order in France, we have said: "The charter and people of property." This is owing to the fact, that with the idea of order, at the present day, there are closely connected ideas of honesty, dignity, morality, virtue. It is because, in the common belief, the cause of order is the cause of public morality as well as of individual security. It is because, after so many irregularities, as corrupting as they were saddening, the taste and the love of order are the first effect, the first symptoms of attachment to all the maxims and all the practices of duty.

The essayist discourses at some length concerning the virtue, the morality, and the attention to order which are manifested even by democratic societies. Then, after assuring us that it is not for the *evil* that the future is reserved, we have these two concluding paragraphs:

We have hardly begun to march toward the future. We have hitherto contended, we are now contending for our share, our choice in the heritage of the last century,—a heritage so encumbered, so embarrassed, that it has thrown us into extreme confusion. The good and the evil, the true and the false, directly opposed to each other, coexist in us; we carry about ideas and feelings the most contradictory. We waver, we vacillate under their diverse and conflicting empire. At one time, we endeavour to reject entirely the one or the other; at another to forget them all alike, and to live on without

thought, without purpose. Vain effort! souls are oppressed by the problem, perplexed or wearied, driven into vagaries or inaction. It can be avoided neither by inaction, nor by extravagance. It must be resolved, resolved in morals as well as in politics, for each of us as well as for the state. For it is not a question which is merely political; neither can it be exhausted, wholly and to the bottom, by charters, laws, and cabinets. It is a matter in which every one is interested, and to which we all ought to attend,—ourselves and on our own account. We must preserve for souls and the world, so much of the movement, which the eighteenth century has pressed upon the world and upon souls, as accords with order and law, which it has often renounced.

The new truths and the new laws, which have come to us from this period, and the eternal truths and the eternal laws, which it has forgotten, must live and reign together in our thoughts, that we may know without uncertainty, and perform without perplexity, whatever they require of us. In this way alone shall we see the termination of this mixture of agitation and dejection, this scepticism of sober as well as disordered minds, this sterility of movement, as well as of wisdom, which are the specific evil of our epoch. The government and the people are inclined to charge this evil, each upon the other, and to refer, the one to the other, the business of curing it. "Let power be deserving, firm, active, fruitful," say some; "let it sustain and quicken, controul and elevate society, society will follow; evil will cure itself, the good will come; but it belongs to power in every thing, to make the beginning, to assume the responsibility." How shall I make a beginning? How assume the responsibility? It is in society itself, in souls that the evil resides. They are feeble, vacillating, inert, full of scepticism and weakness, let them help themselves, let them govern themselves. I will place no obstacle in their way. This is all that any one has a right to demand of me, for it is all that I can do." A wretched apology for fickleness of mind and of heart! In the regeneration which the times demand, there is duty and there is labour for all:—first, for power, because its position is elevated; it sees and it is seen afar; it is power which bears the torch and the banner; if it hold them low, society falls into darkness and disorder:—secondly, for society, for every one of us; as we are all infected with the evil, which we invoke power to cure. Power is inadequate to heal it in ourselves, in all of us. Our intelligent, active concurrence is indispensable. And it is precisely in this concurrence of public powers and individual wills, that the value and the dignity of free governments reside; it is in this way that they become mighty in the moral as well as in the material world, salutary for immortal souls, as well as for temporal interests. Good there cannot be, except as it is the work of all. Power or society, ministers or simple citizens, let us eagerly ascertain, each one his own part in this enterprise; let us discharge our duty in the common duty. To him who shall best and soonest discharge his, will belong the glory and the energy which follow success.

The essay, during the few years that it has been before the French public, must have had, it is to be presumed, weight not only with the honest and ardent students of political science, but with many individuals who have the public good of their country seriously at heart, yet who may have been deeply perplexed amid conflicting parties

and opinions, how to shape their sentiments or even their actions. But it is to be looked at in another way; for it contains distinct and repeated recognitions of religious truths, in language and with a purpose to which France has been for a long time too much a stranger. It is to be regretted, however, that while M. Guizot, in his writings, talks with admiration of Christianity and of the sublime morality of the gospel, he always seems to stop short of acknowledging the peculiar doctrines of the New Testament. It is the head more than the heart which appears to be influenced; it is the dignified philosopher, rather than the humble and fervent worshipper that speaks. How unspeakable would be the services of this distinguished statesman, were he to crown his efforts for the well-being of his country and the whole world, by pressing with the great power which he possesses the doctrines, the sentiments, and the inestimable value of religion as taught and contained in the revealed word of God! But as it is, the essay ought to be hailed as an omen of good. We trust it is the forerunner of still more distinct and complete recognitions.

ART. IX.—*Ein Wort über die Moderne Literatur (A Word on Modern Literature.)* By ERNEST LEGOURÉ. Stuttgart.

SOME few years back, when at Rome, a friend proposed to visit the palace *Colonna*. We did so, and were struck with the masterpieces of Reubens, Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and others. Our guide, however, soon drew our attention to a painting of Titian, which was said to be one of his first works. The colouring was damp, the sketch timid and flat, and the whole looked more like a copy in the style of this master; however, by some strange contrast, there was in the corner of the picture, a female head of rare beauty, in the true colouring of Titian, and apparently painted at least ten years after the former part of the picture. But we were assured that the whole had been executed at once without any interval between. We were however not satisfied, on account of the great discrepancy between the two parts. When a few days after, we visited another gallery, we were agreeably surprised with a superb full-length portrait of a lady, exactly resembling the aforementioned head. On inquiry, we learned it was an original Titian, and that the lady was his *mistress*.

The last word threw a ray of light on the subject, and set us a thinking. "Here is a man, we thought, who makes in one single hour, progress of fifteen years, as soon as he begins to sketch and paint from his imagination; however poor in skill and experience when painting outward scenery, he becomes on a sudden a genius and master in the art, when the canvass is spread before him to represent a personal feeling, an intimate and deeply-rooted sentiment:—His *mistress* is

before his eyes; her countenance guides the strokes of his brush; and the pupil becomes a master, the lad a man, and the novice painter —a Titian!

Never has *individuality* in the arts manifested itself in a more clear and satisfactory manner, and we could not help exclaiming—this is the true point of rest Archimedes was looking for in vain; and it is most curious and interesting to trace it in the works of great writers. We do not know whether others are of the same opinion; but no sooner do we see the advertisement of the memoirs and life of some celebrated poet than we manage to get them without delay, peruse them with the most lively attention, in order to discover in them some incident, some sentiment apparently insignificant in itself, but which has become the engine and bearer of a long drama, charming novel, or important character. Such a sentiment or incident we sometimes find in a mere *note* at the margin, likely to be overlooked by the generality of readers, but which becomes for us more valuable than the most specious facts contained in the rest of the pages. Great characters are frequently imbued with an embryo sentiment and half-developed bias or notion, of which they hardly take any notice at the time. No sooner, however, does some incident reveal it to them, and makes them cognizant of it, than they begin to observe and analyze it; it then occurs to them to have perceived it in other people in a far more developed and characteristic state. Their attention then redoubles, and discovers in it ultimately a whole part of humanity; in other words, that sentiment is with them altogether *individual* or *subjective;* but what appeared to them at first merely a single point in their soul, grows, expands, and enlarges the more they contemplate it; they discover in this sentiment or inclination, so long hidden, a whole world of ideas, a thousand masses of development, which they embody in one grand leading notion, the scheme of a book. When the idea is once found, and the germ thrown into the head, then begins the curious labour of intellectual digestion. The author then carries that leading notion in his brain or fancy, as a woman the child in her womb; he fertilizes, warms and developes it—the mind looking out for food on all parts for that embyro idea; nor does it seek in vain,—every thing comes *àpropos* to the writer on such occasions; a word overheard by chance, an enemy met by hazard, a song whistled in the street, a cab overturned, everything, in short, is turned to account to swell the engrossing idea, both by fiction and reality, by experience drawn from the outward world, and the world within him.

Goethe has, of all authors, mostly made use of his own sentiments and inclinations to compose *strange* works. *Faust* is the expression of his own doubts; *Margareth* is but an early remembrance; the adventures of *Wilhelm Meister* are but a bird's-eye-view of his own life;

while *Werther* bears altogether the stamp of his own mode of thinking, loving, and living, as does *Childe Harold* that of Byron.

The ancients hardly knew anything of the *individual* character in literature. If Xenophon (in his retreat of the 10,000); if Thucydides (in his history), or if Tacitus (in his Life of Agricola), relate facts which concern themselves, it is merely in so far as these facts stand in connection with the *public* affairs and *national* events; but they certainly never dreamt of giving their own private or public life in particular, under any title whatever, nor even of furnishing a text for a book from their own adventures. Cicero and Pliny the younger have, it is true, dropped in their correspondence some few familiar confidences, but these revelations of themselves and their lives, were but a relaxation from grave and serious studies, and were intended as an end in themselves.

We may account for that *general* character so peculiar to the ancients, in several ways. Their sky, in the first instance; their charming and attractive nature, almost enchanted men, from self-contemplation to external enjoyments of life; neither was their material religion less calculated to captivate the senses more than the soul, and by categorically arranging all the great human faculties, such as courage, wisdom, &c., under the title of Deities, to prevent the mind from entering into itself and give itself a psychological account of the various emotions and sentiments that pervade the mind; nor were their social condition, which rendered the moral and physical man a mere instrument of the *state* of *civism*; and finally their manners and customs, which separated them from female society—less in the way of psychological analysis, and effusions of individuality. There were, however, in antiquity, men who form a glorious exception of the rule. We allude to *Plato*, to *Tibullus*, *Catullus*, and *Propertius*, whose elegies are but the expression of their most inward sentiments. We must, however, bear in mind, that the three latter were born in a period of social decomposition, a period most favourable for the birth of such a school, while Plato's individuality did by no means lie within the sphere of his pagan creed, morality and philosophy; but was the emanation of a mind belonging to another age and country, to a different society, region, and climate; as we shall see in the sequel.

From the beginning of the Christian era to that of the 18th century, the school of individuality had been prepared by three different masters, St. Augustin, Montaigne, and Pascal; and there is hardly anything that has ever since been written on *self*, not to be found in either of them; vague passions, an uneasy conscience, and a mind impetuously rushing towards an unknown happiness,—the elements of a René, Werther, Jacob Ortis, and others, we plainly trace in St. Augustin. Again, in sketches of the most minute emotions, sensation, sentiment and action, such as we find in Rousseau, already *Montaigne* has pre-

ceded him in that coquettish labour of analysing the least fugitive emotions of the heart, though on a far sublimer scale; in pourtraying the sentiments of mankind; instead of, as Rousseau did himself alone. Also a genius tormented by doubt, a warm but vacillating belief, a sublime imagination that is awe-struck at the very mention of God and eternity, parts which distinguish the writings of Byron and Lamartine—are already the characteristics of *Pascal's* works.

The age of Louis XIV., an age of show and ostentation, of courtezans, love, and sensuality, but little calculated to call forth the *school of individuality*; and the few writers who have betrayed somewhat of that disposition in some of their writings,—we allude to Molière, Fénélon, Corneille, and Lafontaine,—have been so cautious and mysterious in their proceedings as to affirm the opinion, that the general character of literature was then altogether speculations of the *reason*, but not the feelings of the heart and its impulses.

There are many grave people who are of opinion that European civilization is now in its expiring agonies, that society is in a decomposed state, that our world has finished its moral and intellectual course, as once the Roman and Greek world did; and that it will not be long before a great catastrophe must arrive, crumbling to pieces our social institutions, to give way to a new era and another sort of civilization. Whether such be actually the case or not, it is certain, that for the last thirty years, the mind of the public, both in theory and practice, is filled with an uneasiness, vague sadness, despair, and gloomy prospects, which throw their withering and scorching affections on all that falls within the reach of its contemplations. René and Werther have been, and are still, the rage of the public taste, simply because their mode of thinking and acting is that of the masses in general. The public state of sickly sentimentality is plainly seen in the penny novels of our day, and in the theatrical representations of the minor stages. But this sentimental taste is, after all, nothing more than a longing desire to have one's feelings dissected and analyzed, to bring to view the joys and pains of man, to weigh and to measure his emotions and impulses, as we would any material ware, any physical object. There is, in short, a relishing disposition in the public mind, to give a detailed account of one's observations and sentiments by voice and paper, a disposition that naturally leads to sadness and self-contemplation, and finally to *individual* literature.

In the admirable work of Descartes, "*The Method*," he relates: that having been as an officer of the engineers, quartered in the winter season in Holland, he, on a dull rainy day, began to pass in review before his mind all the systems of philosophy which had made noise in the literary world: the system of Pythagoras, Epicure, Zéno, Ariosto, and others. In examining them more closely, he found that none could stand the test of strict investigation, that each and all contained doubts, hypotheses, and artificial combinations, that neither

formed a part of truth, had passed the test of truth, or arrived at any truth at all; and that all the systems were like so many castles of pasteboard or cards, which tumble together at the least breath of reason. At last, however, after much speculation, investigation, and reasoning, he found one single and simple position in the whole, which alone bore the stamp of truth and reality: *I* . . . I *am!* . . . . and this was indeed the leading principle on which he afterwards founded his own system, which drew the attention of the age to his ingenious method and arguments.

The school of *egotism* is thus the result of the overthrow of the established systems; and we may say, that the French Revolution has not acted less decomposingly on the establised literary principles, as on the standing social and political rules of the day. The same blow which has shaken the throne of Louis XVI., has also destroyed that of Arisiosto. So many practical dramas were acted in the open streets, and which gave so deep an insight into the details of murder and crime, that all the ancient *theories* on them and other parts of pyschological life were put to flight, scorned, and despised. All the standing rules and laws on the drama were abrogated as false and inefficient; and the republic of letters had its *reign of terror*, in the same way as had that of morals and politics. The old code was thrown aside, but was not replaced by a new one. Truly poetic minds, not finding a resting place in the midst of such a shripwreck of all principles, took flight into their own individuality as in a harbour of refuge, finding, amidst the vast desolation of all the existing realities, *self*, the only truth that had escaped the pruning knife of change and innovation. Starting thus from *themselves*, they related all the emotions they felt stirring in their breast, and became thus the historians of their own sensations.

The true representative of this class of writers is *Lamartine*; he may be said to be the genuine individual poet of the nineteenth century; unites in himself all the characteristic features of our times. Moreover, in the primitive literatures, all that the poets aimed at was the exploration of *general* ideas. Take the *Iliad*, and you will see wisdom personified in Nestor; prudence, in Ulysses; pride of command, in Agamemnon; in short, every man is there but the personification of a general quality of the human mind. The same phenomenon do we perceive in the ancient tragedy: Phædra is there the personification of *Love;* Œdipus, that of *Fatality;* Prometheus, that of *Genius struggling against Power*. Let us descend to our modern times,—to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and we find the Greek system continued, and the stage filled with general characters, such as Burrhas, Achilles, Mérope; which represent virtue, courage, and maternal love, without any particular stamp of originality or individuality. Every mother would speak and act as Mérope does, the latter being but a *mother* in the general acceptation of the

term. Again: *Orosmane* is but a jealous man, who kills his mistress in a fit of jealousy; but there is nothing in that jealousy and its effects which particularizes or distinguishes Orosmane from the rest of jealous and rash men. Also *Othello* is a jealous man; but he has virtues, notions, and prejudices of his own, parts which belong to Othello alone, and to nobody beside him,—his character being, in short, altogether original. Neither is Voltaire's *Mahomet* anything more than the representation of the general notions of imposture, ambition, and eloquence joined together; elements which frequently pervade the human mind at large.

The world got at last tired of that constant personification of general ideas, and a desire was manifested for individual characters and original notions; hence the rage for memoirs and biographies, which in so far satisfied the public curiosity, as they represented historical men acting and speaking in their individual, private, or domestic character, apart from their public and assumed one.

Of all the writers of that class, Walter Scott knew best how to preserve in historical personages the general physiognomy, and at the same time to paint them so minutely in their individual peculiarities, that his novels always remind us of the large portraits of Van Dyck. Look, *e.g.* at the sketch he gives of Louis XI. (in his Quentin Durward); he is not only that skilful and calculating king who well knew how to undermine the power of the great vassals by some intrigue or other, but he is likewise very devout and bigotted; he is courageous in a real and great danger, but pusillanimous in an imaginary peril, and facetious and witty in inflicting torments and pains on his fellow creatures.

The taste of historical individuality naturally led to the description of private and original characters which so greatly abound in Walter Scott's, and recently in Charles Dickens' works,— characters which, exactly met with in the common walks of life, bear nevertheless the stamp of original truth. The taste, however, does not rest there; imitation of that school has gone to that extent, that every individual traveller or writer never scruples to commit to paper and to the press some incidents in his travels, or a few family anecdotes of sufficient interest to amuse the gossipping sisterhood of the metropolis. That school of individuality is, in short, a dangerous instrument in the hands of *weak* writers, at whose hands the art and morals receive the death-blow. They paint evil sensations, wicked designs, and criminal occurrences without possessing the gift of rendering the poison innoxious, by the dress of ridicule which genius alone is capable to throw over it.

Art. X.

1. *Speech of M. Guizot, on the Affairs of Morocco.* Chamber of Deputies, July 1844.

2. *Speeches of the Right Hon. R. L. Shiel, Commodore Sir C. Napier, and the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart.; respecting the British Squadron on the Coast of Morocco:* House of Commons, July 1844.

3. *Journal des Debats: Spain and Morocco.* Paris, July 18th, 1844.

4. *Naval Strength of France, in comparison with that of England: from the French of the Prince de Joinville.* London: Parker, Furnival and Co. 1844.

A POLITICAL crisis has unexpectedly arisen off the north-western coast of Africa—rather perhaps, foreshadowing results of gravity at a distance, than threatening any immediate difficulty. In sight of the pillars of Hercules the fleets of France, Spain, and Denmark are congregated, menacing the coast of Morocco; a French army under Marshal Bugeaud entered Ouchda on the 19th June; and the government of Madrid have ordered 6,000 men to be concentrated at Cueta, on the African shore; while a British squadron of observation is present to assert the rights and watch over the interests of England, should they be placed in jeopardy. The posture of affairs in Morocco is the subject of animated discussion in both the French Chambers and the British Houses of Parliament; and at the present moment occupies the attention of the cabinets of many of the great powers of Europe. Were the question simply a matter of war or peace between France or Spain, and an African barbarian, it would be dismissed with unconcern, and would be regarded with no more interest than might be attached to events transacted in a country once a settlement of the merchant princes of Tyre—afterwards a colony of Italy, where the stately march of the Roman soldiery, under the Consuls, awed the hordes of Mauritania,—where the faith of Jesus achieved some of its earliest triumphs, yet where the crescent of Mohamed was erected on the ruins of the Christian churches, and the cross was trodden down by the Saracen Caliphs—a land in which, after a dreary reign of Islamism, slavery in its foulest forms was exhibited to the abhorrence of the civilized world. But the question is really a wider one. In touches English interests—it excites English prejudices. It involves a controversy too, which may one day be submitted (as Louis Phillippe indeed promised that it should be) to a congress of the states of Europe. The existence of our fortress of Gibraltar, the safety of our trade and possessions in the Mediterra-

nean, and the route to the East *via* Egypt and the Red Sea, by means of which we can receive letters from Bombay in a month, would be all hazarded, were the north of Morocco in the hands of a hostile power. The circumstance, therefore, that Morocco is attacked by France, Spain, and Denmark, in concert, is naturally regarded with some degree of jealousy in England, notwithstanding the assurances of the French government that they entertain no designs of conquest or territorial aggrandisement.

The geographical position of Morocco, is one of peculiar importance. That country extends from south to north between 27 dg. and 36dg. N. lat.—its most northern point forming the southern shore of the straits of Gibraltar, through which the Atlantic ocean flows into the Mediterranean, dividing Africa from Spain*,—the width of those straits at the western extremity not exceeding 24 miles, at the eastern not being more than 15 miles. On the north, Morocco is, therefore, bounded by the Mediterranean; on the north-west and west by the Atlantic ocean. On the south it is skirted by the Desert; on the east it borders on Algeria, now occupied by the French.

> Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore:
> Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
> Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor,
> Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
> How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
> Disclosing rock and slope and forest brown,
> Distinct, tho' darkening with her waning phase;
> But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
> From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

From Cyrene to the ocean, the great historian of the Roman Empire observes, the coast of Africa extends above fifteen hundred miles; yet so closely is it pressed between the Mediterranean and the Sahara, or sandy desert, that its breadth seldom exceeds fourscore or an hundred miles. The eastern division was considered by the Romans as the more peculiar and proper province of Africa. Till the arrival of the Phœnician colonies, that fertile country was inhabited by the Lybians, the most savage of mankind. Under the immediate jurisdiction of Carthage, it became the centre of commerce and empire; but the republic of Carthage is now degenerated into the feeble and disorderly states of Tripoli and Tunis. The military government of Algiers oppresses the wide extent of Numidia, as it was once united under Massinissa and Jujurtha; but in the time of Augustus the limits of Numidia were contracted, and at least two-thirds of the country acquiesced in the name of Mauritania, with the epithet of

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* *Proxime Hispaniam Mauri sunt.*—Sallust.

Cæsariensis. The genuine Mauitania, or country of the Moors, which from the ancient city of Tingi, or Tangier, was distinguished by the appellation of Tingitana, is represented by the modern kingdom of Fez. Salle, on the ocean, so infamous for its piratical depredations, was noticed by the Romans as the extreme object of their power and almost of their geography. The western parts of Africa are intersected by the branches of mount Atlas, a name so idly celebrated by the fancy of the poets; but it is now diffused over the immense ocean that rolls between the ancient and the new continent.

In order to appreciate correctly the present contests between the Christian powers and the Mussulmans in Morocco and the other parts of Northern Africa, it is necessary for us to glance at the rise and progress of the Mohammaden superstition in those countries.

In the year A. D. 632, the impostor Mohammed died; and before the end of the seventh century his fanatical followers had conquered by their swords all Arabia, Persia, Syria, Egypt, and the north of Africa, including Morocco. Having arrived at the Atlantic ocean, the conqueror Akbah spurred his horse into the waves, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Great God! if my course were not stopped by this sea, I would still go on, to the unknown kingdoms of the west, preaching the unity of thy holy name and putting to the sword the rebellious nations who worship any other gods than thee." The light of the Gospel, after a long and perfect establishment, as we are sneeringly reminded by infidels, was totally extinguished in this region. The doctrine of Cyprian was no longer studied; the majestic *Te Deum*, composed for the occasion of Augustin's baptism by the venerable Ambrose, ceased to be chanted on the African shores; five hundred episcopal churches being overturned by the fury of the Moors. But the Saracens were not content with the narrow limits of Asia and Africa. In the month of July, A.D. 710, an army of fifteen thousand men assembled in Morocco; crossed the straits of Gibraltar, and landed at Tarifa. "Spain," said the Caliph Wallid, for the encouragement of his followers, "is Syria in soil and air; Yemen in climate; India in spices and flowers; Hedjaz in fruits and grain; Cathay in mines; and Aden for useful coasts; full of cities and magnificent monuments of its ancient kings and of the Greeks, that wise people." Soon afterwards another army from Morocco landed near Gibraltar. Estimating the military importance of the place, they erected a castle on the shoulders of the rock, and gave it the name of Gibel-tarif—from whence the modern appellation. The Moors having subjugated the greater part of Spain, retained possession of Gibraltar till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it was recovered from them by Ferdinand IV., king of Castile and Leon. Subsequently it fell again into the hands of the Moors. Henry IV., king of Castile, however, re-took it, A.D. 1462, when he gave the fortress the

arms it still bears—"a castle with a key hanging at the gate, signifying that Gibraltar was the key of the Mediterranean. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, A.D. 1492, the last Mohammedan king in Spain, Abdalla, surrendered to the Christian monarch. The Moors were, however, permitted to remain in the enjoyment of their mosques and the laws of the Koran;—and thus ended an empire which had lasted for eight centuries. This state of things was not permitted to continue. On the 22nd September, 1609, the memorable *Ban* was published, ordering, after three day's notice, the expulsion from Spain of every Moor who adhered to Islamism. In consequence of this ban, above a million of men, women, and children, were sent back to Africa, from which their fiery ancestors had burst forth as conquerors. The emigrants, carrying with them undying hostility to the Christian name, settled chiefly in the towns and plains of Morocco along the Atlantic; and to this day the language of their descendants, which is a dialect of the Arabic, retains many Spanish words. From the era of the expulsion of the Moors to the present time, Morocco has been known to Europe only in connection with its prepared goat skins and the piratical habits of the daring corsairs of the Barbary states. Morocco is still one of the great slave marts of Africa; being supplied with Negroes brought in caravans from beyond the desert. It is estimated that at present 2,000 Negroes are brought annually as slaves from Soudan to Morocco. The population of Morocco, according to Graberg, is 8,500,000; composed of the following nations:—

Amazirghis, namely—	
Berbers.	2,300,000
Shelluhs.	1,450,000
Arabs, namely—	
Moors, Ludayas and other mixed tribes. .	3,550,000
Beduins, &c.	740,000
Jews.	339,500
Negroes, slaves, and freemen from Soudan. .	120,000
Europeans, Christians.	300
Renegadoes.	200
	8,500,000

Soon after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, that audacious system of piracy that for three centuries rendered the names of Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli terrible to the merchant marine of Europe, is supposed to have arisen. The Mussulmans, inflamed with enmity against their Christian enemies, began a lawless system of plunder on the high seas. They seized the vessels of all nations, and sold both the cargoes and the crews in open market.

So formidable did these corsairs become, that most of the states of Europe were compelled to pay them tribute. Christians were subjected to the greatest cruelty and the vilest forms of slavery, in all parts of Barbary. Under the directions of Cromwell, during the time of the Commonwealth, Admiral Blake inflicted chastisement on the pirates, and compelled Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli to respect the British flag. In 1683 the French Admiral Duquesne was despatched by Louis XIV. to Algiers, to demand satisfaction for injuries: The city was bombarded, and peace ensued. But the Moors were soon as daring as ever. After several battles, the Dutch found themselves obliged to pay a sum of money to secure respect for their flag. The ships of the Italian states were pounced upon without mercy. Austria and Russia were protected by the special interference of the Porte, exerted by virtue of treaties. The Danes and the Swedes agreed to pay tribute—and to this day Denmark* and Sweden are tributaries to Morocco. The Spaniards and the Moors were natural enemies; and when a Spanish prize fell into the hands of the pirates, little mercy was either shown or expected. In 1775 a Spanish army effected a landing near Algiers, but they were compelled to re-embark in haste with loss and disgrace. Sallee, the principal port of Morocco, was the rendezvous of the pirate ships in the Atlantic; and the nefarious system of outrage described, prevailed along the whole of Northern Africa, to the farthest limits of Tripoli. In 1815, the ships of the United States of America somewhat checked the career of the Barbary pirates; they captured an Algerine frigate and brig and compelled the government to renounce all claims to tribute, and pay to the United States 60,000 dollars as compensation for the ships that had been plundered. In the following year, in consequence of the determination taken at the Congress of Vienna to put an end to Christian slavery, Lord Exmouth appeared before Algiers with a British squadron. The Dey refused to listen to his demands; and did not consent to the propositions made to the Algerine government, till the city and its defences were rendered a heap of ruins, and the ships in the harbour were burnt or sunk.

We now approach those events out of which the present state of things has arisen; and, though it must be admitted that they call for the jealous vigilance of English statesmen, and might, if not skilfully directed, lead to results that every Englisman would regard as national disasters, yet they must be viewed as satisfactory, we think, on three grounds;—they have crushed the abominable piracy that had rendered the Barbary coast infamous; they have put down the cruel

* It is understood that the commander of the Danish fleet requires from the Emperor of Morocco the renunciation of all claims to tribute.

slavery in which many Christians were held, as well as the internal slave trade carried on between central Africa and the slave marts of Algiers; while they have once more revived on the African soil, the religion of Christ, from which it had been expelled for ten centuries.

In consequence of an insult offered by Hussein Pacha, the last Dey, to the French consul, in April 1827, the French government resolved to send a formidable expedition to Algiers. In June 1830, a large force, under General Bourmont, took possession of the town, the treasury (containing upwards of two millions sterling), and the Algerine fleet. The Dey abdicated and retired to Europe; the French garrisoned the city, and established a military government, under the General-in-Chief. When the expedition was undertaken, the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister of England. His grace demanded and obtained from the French court pledges that France did not aim at the *permanent possession* of Algiers or any part of the African coast, but that the object of France was solely to require reparation for gross injuries and insults which she had received; and to take means for preventing, for the future, the system of slavery and piracy with which the state of Algiers had so long afflicted Europe. The French ministry engaged, that as soon as these objects were accomplished, the final settlement and disposal of the territory and government of Algiers should be arranged in concert with the other European powers, for the general advantage. In the month of July 1830—just a month after the occupation of Algiers—the Revolution, which seated Louis Philippe on the throne, occurred. The assurances of the former government were repeated by Louis Philippe and his ministry, and the Duke of Wellington appeared to be satisfied as to the intentions of France. We are not disposed to press a charge of deliberate and perfidious violation of engagements against the French government; but we deem it to be of some importance to show how little dependence is to be placed upon declarations, avowals, or pledges, in matters of this sort, especially as Englishmen are now called on to place unlimited confidence in the professions and good intentions of the present French cabinet. Not only did the governments of the Tuilleries, in 1830, disclaim in Europe all intention of occupying Algeria, but the French General, requiring the surrender of Algiers, published the following proclamation:—

To the Coulouglis, sons of Turks and Arabians, residing in the territory of Algiers.—We, your friends, the French, are setting out for Algiers. We are going to drive from thence the Turks, your enemies and your tyrants, who torment and persecute you,—who rob you of your property and the produce of your soil, and constantly threaten your lives. *We shall not take the town to remain masters of it: we swear it by our blood. If you join us,—if you prove yourselves worthy of our protection,—you shall reign there as formerly independent masters of your native country.* The French will treat you as

they treated your dear brethren the Egyptians, who have not ceased to regret us, for these thirty years that have elapsed since we left their country; and who moreover, still send their children to France, to learn reading, writing, and every useful occupation and art. We promise to respect your money, your goods, and your holy religion; for his Majesty, the benefactor of our beloved country, protects every religion. If you do not trust our words and the strength of our arms, retire out of our way; but do not join the Turks, our enemies and yours. Remain peaceable; the French have no need of aid to beat and expel the Turks; the French are and will be your sincere friends; come to us, it will give us pleasure, and will be of advantage to you. If you bring us provisions, forage, oxen, and sheep, we will pay for them at the market prices. If you are afraid of our arms, point out a place whither our faithful soldiers shall repair without arms, and with money, in exchange for your supplies. Thus may peace be with you, and peace between us, for your good and for our good.

On the 3rd May, 1833, during Earl Grey's administration, the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Earl of Aberdeen, drew attention to the aggressions of the French in Africa. He took the opportunity of repeating, "without a tittle or shade of variation," his previous assertion that the French government of 1830 had entered into engagements with respect to Algiers which had not been fulfilled;—important engagements were contracted, which, said the noble Earl, speaking as an ex-minister, in reference to all the powers interested in the commerce of the Mediterranean and the territorial arrangements in that part of the world, were calculated to allay apprehensions that might reasonably exist in consequence of the occupation of Algiers by the French. The Earl of Aberdeen implored the attention of Parliament to the subject, in words which apply with double force to the present attitude of affairs in Morocco:—

At all events your lordships will be satisfied as to the great importance of the territory in question when you have the testimony of the late Lords Nelson, Collingwood, and Exmouth, so repeatedly and so emphatically declared on the point. Indeed it is only necessary for any man to cast an eye upon the map and observe the position of the territory of Algiers, to be convinced that to see it in the possession of any European power, but above all in the possession of France, is a matter that cannot be contemplated without apprehension and alarm. Can any man see between 500 and 600 miles of the coast at the entrance of the Mediterranean, in sight of the Spanish territory, in possession of such a power as France, without feeling the anxiety which must be excited in every state which is interested in the commerce and in the state of territorial possession in that quarter? In truth, my lords, the present is a great step towards the completion of the ambitious projects of Buonaparte, who expressed his desire of making the Mediterranean entirely a French lake.—*Mirror of Parliament: Sess.* 1833, p. 1585.

For some years it was supposed that the French could never permanently keep possession of Algeria. The Arabs were sleepless enemies, and the country after all was scarcely fit for cultivation; few emigrants, it was alleged, could be induced to settle there; and on the whole, the dominion of the French was so unstable that on the first news of a war with England it would tumble to pieces. But what is the fact? Already Algiers is styled, "Paris in Africa," wearing the appearance of a handsome European city, and inhabited by a large community, comprising several thousand Europeans. A thousand French and German emigrants per month, it is estimated, now arrive at Algiers; and several other towns in Algeria exhibit symptoms of stability and activity. We have the most unexceptionable authority for these statements, namely, the letters of the correspondent of that journal that is superior to every publication in existence in its sources of information, the *Times* newspaper.

They must recollect that it is a necessary attribute of a civilized power to expand itself in a barbarous region. Look at British India; and this principle of action is demonstrated by a thousand facts around me. Everywhere, on every side, the conquests of the French are gradually and surely extending themselves. The Duke d'Aumale has just pushed the limits of the colony in the south-east as far as Bascara, some 300 or 400 miles direct into the interior. The security of the colony for life and property is daily establishing itself. For several leagues around Algiers the routes are safe, and there are diligences from here to Bilida, and Medeah, this latter being 50 miles in the interior.—*Letter from Algiers; June 30th*, 1844.

The same writer gives us an account of the port and town of Oran, which are situated close to the Morocco frontier, at no very considerable distance from the straits of Gibraltar. The harbour is commodious, and affords safe anchorage to the French fleet under the Prince de Joinville; the town contains many fine houses in the European style; the population being composed of about 6,000 Europeans, and 12,000 natives, Jews, &c.

Neither our government nor our countrymen can form any idea of the immense and incessant activity observable upon this coast from Algiers to Oran, by which coast I have just arrived here. I was astonished at the activity of every sort in the towns and settlements of Cherchell, Mostagenem, and Arzen—the steamer having touched at all these places. The latter promises to be the first port of the whole Algerine coast.—*Letter from Oran, July 5th*, 1844.

The French have also established a line of camps along the frontiers of Morocco, on the plea of defining the boundary of Algeria, and of securing their territory from the attacks of Abd-el-Kader. Their object, however, is no doubt two-fold—the consolidation of their

present power in Algeria and the establishment in Morocco of a *French influence*, which in times of peace might form a counterpoise to the moral influence of British power in Gibraltar, and in case of war would enable the French army of occupation to draw supplies from Morocco for their subsistence, and at the same time to cut off the resources of the garrison of Gibraltar. A collision between the French and Maroquin troops on the frontiers, has afforded the French general an excuse for invading the Morocco territory and occupying the town of Ouchdah, a place surrounded with gardens and a country producing very fine cattle, on the route to the fruitful and well-irrigated province of Hiania. After retaining Ouchdah for three days, during which time its stores were destroyed, and its defences dismantled, Marshal Bugeaud retired within the frontier line—but the Emperor of Morocco is still menaced by sea and by land by French forces. On a recent occasion in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Guizot gave the following account of the origin of the dispute between France and Morocco:—

We have against Morocco no natural or national cause of quarrel or war. A stranger, Abd-el-Kader, came to place himself between Morocco and France; such is the sole ground of misunderstanding and dispute between the two States. Abd-el-Kader, driven from Algeria, established himself on the frontier of Morocco. There he has found refuge, and commenced preaching and recruiting partisans. He has contrived to rouse the fanaticism of the Mussulman population, and collected together his own adherents, and numbers of the "Maroquins," and having seduced them by his influence, has armed them against us. We have long remonstrated against that outrage, and demanded that Abd-el-Kader be removed from the frontier of our territory. The Emperor of Morocco, embarrassed and impeded by the fanaticism of his people, made some efforts to give to us that which was due to us, but no result was obtained. Then Abd-el-Kader raised between us and Morocco a question of territory, of which we had never heard. It was contended in the name of the Emperor of Morocco, that the territory which we occupy between the Tafna and his dominions did not belong to us; that it constituted a part of Morocco, and that our frontier did not extend beyond the Tafna. This pretension is contrary to all established facts, to all known maps, and to the history of Algeria. From time immemorial, the territory in question formed part of Algeria and of the province of Oran. The Deys of Algiers levied contributions at all times in that territory; all the maps indicate the site of the camp of the Turks who came at certain periods to collect the tribute. We occupy that territory as included within the province of Oran. Nevertheless, the provocations of Abd-el-Kader have sufficed to encourage the pretensions of Morocco. We resisted them, the quarrel became envenomed, and the Moors at last invaded our territory. I cannot, gentlemen, do sufficient justice to the moderation and wisdom, and at the same time to the firmness, with which our Generals repelled that invasion. The lesson given to the assailants was severe, but well merited. Generals Lamoricière and Bedeau, not wishing, without the assent of their Government, to embroil

their country in a war with Morocco, stopped on the frontier after repelling the attack, and did not follow up their victory beyond its limits. The invasion was repeated in a most shameful manner, in violation of the law of nations, whilst a conference was absolutely being held for the conclusion of peace. It was again vigorously repelled. On this occasion, Marshal Bugeaud deemed it his duty to enter the territory of Morocco, and advanced to Ouchdah. He encountered no resistance; the Moors and the partisans of Abd-el-Kader dispersed on his approach. He occupied Ouchdah without striking a blow. There he acted with the moderation and wisdom which Generals Bedeau and Lamoricière had shown. He retraced his steps two days afterwards, and re-entered our territory; leaving the King's Government to decide the question of peace or war.

It is not probable that Morocco will resist the demands of France, nor is it likely that the French will, in the presence of a British squadron, venture upon any further inroads into the territory of Morocco. But it is plain that the French have already gone a considerable way towards the accomplishment of their projects. They have *shown themselves* in Morocco; have inspired the natives with the terror of their arms; and rest satisfied for the present in the belief that by the co-operation of the Spaniards at Cueta, on the coast of Morocco, they will eventually extend their influence to the Atlantic Ocean. In the mean season, they disclaim all intention of enlarging their conquests:—

In my opinion, the advantages which will accrue to France from the possession of Algeria are infinitely superior to the sacrifices which it now imposes upon her. *But I am, at the same time, convinced that it would be insane to nurture views of aggrandisement and conquest. We disclaim all designs of the kind.* That which we demand from the Emperor, and which we have a right to expect from him, is peace and security on our frontier. *Speech of M. Guizot; July 5th.*

The Spaniards declare that their object in concentrating an army on the African shores is first to demand satisfaction for the execution of M. Victor Darmdu, a Jew employed as Consular Agent for Spain, at Magazan; who, it appeared, in a scuffle with some Moors, had killed a man, and subsequently, in attempting to escape, had wounded one of the guards; second, to recover possession of some territory in the neighbourhood of Cueta, which the Spainards allege the Moors have no right to occupy. Who can believe that the imbecile and semi-bankrupt government of Spain would have ventured to assume such an attitude but for the influence of Louis Philippe with his protegé Maria Christina; and who, taking a view of the whole circumstances connected with northern Africa, can fail to see the necessity of prudence, vigilance, and energy on the part of England?

Gibraltar, since it has been in the hands of the British, has sustained

several sieges and braved them all. In 1727 it was assaulted by 20,000 men; and the siege continued for nine months; in 1779 it was attacked by 40,000 men with 200 pieces of ordinance, and a French and Spanish fleet of 47 sail of the line, and ten battering ships. The siege lasted four years; yet the British were not dislodged. It may be well to consider what would be the result of a siege if the opposite shores were occupied by a French army. Gibraltar is notoriously dependent upon Morocco for provisions, with which the Emperor is bound by treaty to permit the garrison to be supplied. Malte-Brun, in speaking of the fertility of Fez and Morocco, remarks: "Though the inhabitants almost entirely neglect cultivation, fruit and grain are produced, not only in quantities sufficient for the wants of the people, but also for exportation. Morocco supplies a part of Spain with these necessaries of life. The principal grain is wheat. Barley is also abundant. It comes into ear in the month of March. Oats grow spontaneously. The olive, in its best state, the citron, the orange, and the cotton tree, cover the hills. In the shady plains, the Moors, by dint of irrigation, rear a variety of pulse, melons, and cucumbers. Many varieties of vine succeed in the northern provinces. The forests are full of oaks, with sweet acorns, cork trees, cedars, arbutuses and gum trees.

Out of the discussions respecting Morocco has arisen a question of still deeper interest to the British people, namely, whether the NAVY of this country be in such a state of efficiency as would enable us to act on the offensive, and maintain the supremacy of England on the seas in case of a rupture with France? The recent publication of the Prince de Joinville, on the naval strength of France in comparison with that of England, has roused public attention to the subject. That aspiring hero, who, since the appearance of the pamphlet to which we allude, has been appointed Admiral-in-Chief of the fleet destined for Morocco, coolly talks of fitting out fast steamers as privateers to pursue the unarmed merchant ships of the British Isles, or to make plundering excursions by night to our coast. "Nothing," he says, "could hinder this force from reuniting at a given point on the British coast before daylight, and there it might act with impunity. Sir Sydney Smith only required a few hours to occasion an irreparable injury to us at Toulon. And secondly, we should affirm our conquest of Algiers,—that vast field open to our commerce and civilization. In the Mediterranean we should reign as masters."

Commodore Napier and the Earl of Minto have contended that the Navy of this country is not in that state of efficiency and strength that it ought to be in. Her Majesty's ministers have replied that never was England capable of making a more formidable naval demonstration than at the present moment. Our dockyards are full of stores, and in a month we might have fifty sail of the line afloat. As a proof of their assertions, they have despatched strong re-enforce-

ments to the Mediterranean fleet; assuring us that they are at once capable of adding to those forces if necessary. Tabular details are not adapted to our pages; otherwise we might afford convincing proof that the naval power of England is such as to leave no doubt in the mind of any Englishman as to the result of a conflict between any power, or combination of powers, and Great Britain. In ships of the line, in frigates, in steamers, and in smaller vessels, we maintain an enormous superiority; while every port, creek, and bay of England, Scotland, and Ireland are ready to supply us with hardy seamen whenever their Queen requires their services. As to the idle menaces of disturbing the confidence of the British people in their insular position, we reply in the words of one, who being dead yet speaketh;—

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*English Songs and other Small Poems.* By BARRY CORNWALL. A new edition.

AN improved and most desirable edition in every sense,—sifted, revised, enriched by new pieces, and altogether complete in respect of variety, of compass, and of sentiment. The form and the purposes are greatly diversified; the style and the occasions multifarious; the earnestness and the exquisiteness equally admirable; the nature of the things and the art of the master beautifully wedded. There are verses for song, for recitation, for eliciting high thought, for impressing deep and weighty emotions. It is difficult to choose among so many gems and valuable treasures of music, of feeling, and of mind. It is in vain to look along the extended column of titles for a ready guide to selection; for you can never tell what or how much the true poet and the original thinker will make of a theme. But take some things at random; they cannot come amiss. This is "*To a Friend in Autumn*:"—

Friend! the year is overgrown:
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours;
And a fierce and froward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.

Where is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept?
Where is rose-encumbered June?
July, with her lazy noon?
August, with her crown of corn?
And the fresh September morn?
Will they come back to us,—soon?—soon?

Never! Time is overgrown!
All that e'er was good is flown!
All things that were good and gay
(Dance, songs, smiles,) have flown away;
And we now must sing together
Strains more sad than autumn weather;
And dance upon the stormy ground
Whilst the wild winds pipe around,
A dark and unforgotten measure,
Graver than the ghost of pleasure;
Till at last, at winter's call,
We die, and are forgot by all!

The following rhymes are called "*Stanzas.*"

That was not a barren time,
When the new World calmly lay,
Bare unto the frosty rime,
Open to the burning day.

Though her young limbs were not clad
With the colours of the spring,
Yet she was all inward glad,
Knowing all she bore within,
Undeveloped, blossoming.

There was Beauty, such as feeds
Poets in their secret hours;
Music mute; and all the seeds
And the signs of all the flowers.

There was wealth, beyond the gold
Hid in oriental caves;
There was—all we now behold
'Tween our cradles and our graves.

Judge not, then, the Poet's dreams
Barren all, and void of good:
There are in them azure gleams,
Wisdom not all understood.

Fables, with a heart of truth;
Mysteries, that unfold in light;
Morals, beautiful for youth;
Starry lessons for the night.

Unto Man, in peace and strife,
True and false, and weak and strong,
Unto *all*, in death and life,
Speaks the poet in his song.

We conclude with a trumpet-shout, telling stern things in a wild strain.

Hark,—to the sound!
Without a trump, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry Millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And labourers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad come hand in hand,
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head,
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
Of "*Bread!—Bread!*"

That word their ensign,—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain;
That the sole boon for lives of toil,
Demand they from their natural soil:—
Oh, not in vain!

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,

Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes: their sole desire,
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But Hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And Pride elate:
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark, what comes:—To night, the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

And plate carved round with quaint device,
And caps all gold will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands,
And trampling feet:

And *Murder*—from his hideous den
Will come abroad and talk to men;
Till creatures born
For good, (whose hearts kind Pity nursed,)
Will act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.

So, Wealth by Want will be o'erthrown,
And Want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet Peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst *Thou* not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

Between the pomp of Croesus' state,
And Irus, starved by sullen Fate,—
'Tween 'thee' and 'me,'—
'Tween deadly Frost and scorching Sun,—
The Thirty tyrants and the One,—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore,—
Turk's bowstring—Tartar's vile Ukase,—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore?

Oh, God!—Since our bad world began,
Thus it hath been,—from man to man,
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame,—from crime,—despair,
Man's puny life!

ART. XII.—*Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Between the year* 1744 *and the period of his decease in* 1797.

THE letters in this collection, commencing a century ago, at a period when Burke was only sixteen years of age, fill no less than *four* volumes, which when added to the completest existing edition of his works, extending to *sixteen* octavos, will be held to form no very inadequate monument to the memory of one public character and literary labourer. The editors of the present publication are the Earl Fitzwilliam and Lieut.-General Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B.; the original literary executors of the celebrated statesman being Dr. Laurence and Dr. King,—the latter afterwards raised to the see of Rochester. The unpublished papers of Burke were however bequeathed by his widow to Earl Fitzwilliam and others; she dying in 1812. His Lordship became at length the sole possessor of the documents, and in the course of time they descended to his heir, the present earl. With regard to the other editor, we are informed that he "is distantly related to the family of Edmund Burke, and having been at school and college in England during the last eight years of the latter's life, passed his vacations and what spare time he could command, in his kinsman's house. He has thus been enabled, from his own observation, and the traditions of Beaconsfield, to supply such portion of Burke's personal history as is to be found in the notes to these letters."

With regard to the collection—whence derived and how selected,—we have also the following particulars:—"Of the letters written by Burke and now published, the most part were obtained many years ago, through the kindness of the persons to whom they were addressed, or of their representatives, in compliance with the applications of Dr. Laurence and the Bishop of Rochester. They were sent mostly in original, but a few in copy. Of the last, the greater part has been compared with the originals. A few additional letters in original have been obtained at a later period, and a very small number are printed from corrected drafts found amongst Mr. Burke's papers. Several letters, both to and from Mr. Burke, have, at various times since his death, and in various publications, been given by others to the world, without the authority of his executors or trustees. The rule adopted

in the present publication has been, not to re-print any such letters, except in cases where their republication was essential to the illustration of his life or character at the period to which they belong. To the letters are added a few short pieces which, though incomplete, are of some interest. Some papers written by his son, Richard Burke, are also given in this collection."

It is perfectly obvious, from the above particulars, that the collection must be valuable on account of its variety as well as abundance of matter; and not merely for the light which its parts will shed upon the private and personal career of the statesman, but upon points of great general interest and men most prominently at one time before the public. In a literary view, the publication is also welcome, and forms an acceptable addition to books of the kind, rich as are already our libraries in such records and reliques. We shall only cite two or three paragraphs; for the volumes must themselves be consulted in order to obtain an idea of the multiplicity of subjects introduced, or an informing notion of the progress and development of the character and genius of the illustrious man who is the grand subject throughout. The following is a notice by Burke himself, in 1768, to the son of his quaker schoolmaster, relative to the purchase of Beaconsfield.—

"Again elected on the same interest, I have made a push, with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house, with an estate of about six hundred acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You, who are classical, will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farm-house within an hundred yards of me. When you take a journey to England, you are obliged, by tenure, to come and pay due homage to the capital seat of your once favoured poet."

A note by the editors furnishes some interesting particulars relative to this seat:—

"This place, called Gregories in the more ancient deeds, and Gregories or Butler's Court in some of latter date, continued from this time in the family of Burke, until the death of his widow, in 1812. It is situated about a mile from Beaconsfield, a market and post town in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles from London. Upon his first residing there, Burke dated his letters from Gregories, but soon after, probably to avoid the necessity of giving the name of the post town, in addition to that of the house, he dated from Beaconsfield; and continued to do so to the end of his life, but latterly spelling it Beconsfield. A considerable portion of the estate was wood-land, and there was a detached farm; but, surrounding the house, which was large and handsome, there was a considerable extent of arable and pasture land, which Burke delighted to cultivate, seeking in that occupation the most agreeable relaxation from the toils and vexations of politics. Some of his letters to the celebrated agriculturist, Arthur Young, given in this collection, show with what earnestness Burke entered into the details of his farm. The proximity of this place to London rendered it the easy resort of the most

distinguished characters of the time, who sought Burke's society or advice. Here, also, he received with the greatest hospitality and attention, the numerous foreigners who desired his acquaintance. It was his greatest pleasure to accompany these strangers to the most beautiful places of this beautiful country, and especially to Windsor, which he had great pride in showing, as a residence worthy of British kings. When the French revolution drove a large portion of the nobility and clergy of France to England, Burke's house received many of the most distinguished, during any length of time they chose to remain; and for some time, he procured lodgings in the town of Beaconsfield, requesting them to use his table as their own. Some years after her husband's death, Mrs. Burke sold the estate to Mr. Dupré, of Wilton Park, near Beaconsfield; reserving the occupation of the house, gardens, and some of the grass land of Gregories, for her life. On her death, in 1812, this portion of the property came into Mr. Dupré's hands. He let the house soon after to Mr Jones, a clergyman, who kept a school there. On the 23rd of April, 1813, it was burned to the ground. The land is now laid out in farms, and hardly a trace remains, by which the residence of Burke can be distinguished."

We add repudiations on the subject of the authorship of Junius, which party spirit as well as honest belief for a time endeavoured to fix on Burke. He writes as follows to Charles Townsend:—

"I am much obliged to you for the kind part you have taken, on the report of our friend Fitzherbert's conversation about the author of Junius. You have done it in a manner that is just to me, and delicate to both of us. I am indeed extremely ready to believe, that he has had no share in circulating an opinion so very injurious to me, as that I am capable of treating the character of my friends, and even my own character, with levity, in order to be able to attack that of others with less suspicion. When I have any thing to object to persons in power, they know very well, that I use no sort of managements towards them, except those which every honest man owes to his own dignity. If I thought it necessary to bring the same charges against them into a more public discussion than that of the House of Commons, I should use exactly the same freedom, making myself, in the same manner, liable to all the consequences. You observe very rightly, that no fair man can believe me to be the author of Junius. Such a supposition might tend, indeed, to raise the estimation of my powers of writing above their just value. Not one of my friends does, upon that flattering principle, give me for the writer; and when my enemies endeavour to fix Junius upon me, it is not for the sake of giving me the credit of an able performance. * * For some years, and almost daily, they have been abusing me in the public papers; and (among other pretences for their scurrility) as being the author of the letters in question. I have never once condescended to take the least notice of their invectives, or publicly to deny the fact upon which some of them were grounded. At the same time, to you, or to any of my friends, I have been as ready as I ought, in disclaiming in the most precise terms, writings, that are as superior perhaps to my talents, as they are most certainly different in many essential points from my regards and my principles."

Again, in a later letter, we meet with this more positive and brief denial:—

"I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths of my acquaintance, denied my being the author of Junius, or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or of compliment. Perhaps I may have omitted to do so to you, in any formal manner, as not supposing you to have any suspicion of me. I now give you my word and honour that I am not the author of Junius, and that I know not the author of that paper, and I do authorize you to say so."

ART. XII.—*Poetry of Common Life; with a Preface by the late* THOMAS ARNOLD, DD.

FOR a good permanent purpose, and with sound judgment, has this volume been undertaken and compiled. The design has been to present "such selections from some of our best poets as are calculated to call forth those feelings which all have in common; and by this means to gratify and improve the taste of a large class, who seldom enjoy the pleasures which poetry is capable of affording." The Preface by the profound, earnest, and accurate Dr. Arnold, is in every way worthy of his character as a thinker, and his vocation as a teacher of the highest truths. Just observe how he demolishes the fallacy that poetry is something "quite remote from common life and common people,"—a luxury, a thing for the idle, the rich, and the fancifully polished. Says Dr. Arnold:—

"The most natural thing in the world has been regarded as the most artificial; and one of the most ennobling pleasures of the human mind, and at the same time, one most within the reach of every one, has been thought to belong almost exclusively to the rich, like the luxuries of the table, or the splendour of a great establishment. Nor is this merely owing to aristocratical pride in the richer classes, or to their wish to keep a monopoly of enjoyment to themselves. It arises out of real honest ignorance of the nature of poetry, and of the almost universal capacity of taking delight in it; for there is no doubt that Mr. Cobbett would go along with the highest aristocrat in laughing at the notion of the poor reading poetry; not because he would think them not fit to enjoy it, but because he would consider it as not fit to be studied by them: he would regard it as a mere rich man's toy, which none but the idle, or the silly, would hold it worth their while to study. No error has ever arisen without something to make it less absurd than we might at first sight suppose it. In the present case it has accidentally happened that the language of poetry for many years in this country *was* quite unnatural, and the subjects to which it was confined were not capable of exciting general interest. And not in this country only, but in many others, as the rich had most means of rewarding the writers of poetry, so it was naturally made suitable to their tastes; and the subjects chosen, and the style in which they were treated, were both adapted to the turn of mind of the richer classes; and for that very reason—such has been the unhappy separation between

the different parts of society—they have been less agreeable and less intelligible to the mass of the community. But this does not make it less true that poetry, in itself, may be one of the most universal pleasures of mankind. By *poetry* we mean certain feelings expressed in certain language. *Poetical feelings* are merely, in other words, all the highest and purest feelings of our nature,—feelings, therefore, which, considering what we generally are, cannot but be of rare occurrence. It has been truly said, that

> 'Our better mind
> Is like a Sunday's garment, then put on
> When we have nought to do,—but at our work
> We wear a worse for thrift.'

Our common temper, therefore, which is but too generally cold, and selfish, and worldly, is altogether unpoetical; but let anything occur to put us above ourselves, anything to awaken our devotion, our admiration, or our love—any danger to call forth our courage, any distress to awaken our pity, any great emergency to demand the sacrifice of our own comfort, or interest, or credit, for the sake of others, then we experience for the time a *poetical temper* and *poetical feelings;* for the very essence of poetry is, that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us into a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in."

Mr. Wakley and gentlemen of his way of estimating poetry and the labours of poets, may, to their mental and moral advantage, take a leaf out of Dr. Arnold's Preface.

ART. XIII.—*Travels in Kordofan.* By IGNATIUS PALLME.

THIS traveller is a Bohemian, and belongs to a mercantile house established by Austrian manufacturers in Cairo. In 1837 he was appointed to visit some of the most distant provinces of the territories over which Mohammed Ali bears rule, with the view of discovering and forming new channels of commerce with Central Africa. In pursuance of this undertaking, our author penetrated southward to a farther extent than almost any previous European adventurer. And assuredly there is enough to deter the boldest and most enterprising from bending his course in that direction; while, should he be so fearless and curious, the presumption is that he will never return to tell of the wonders and of the desolations which he has witnessed. The following conveys an idea of the unhealthiness of the climate of Kordofan:

"The climate is very unhealthy, especially during the rainy season: no hut is then, indeed, to be met with in which there are not, at least, several sick. In the dry season, again, all disease disappears: at this time, however, not only man, but all living creatures, suffer from the extreme heat. The eye then rests with melancholy on the desolate and parched plains, trophies of the victory of the heat over animated nature, where nothing is to be seen but bones of men and animals bleached by the burning sun. During the whole

of this season, which endures about eight months, the sky is clear and cloudless, and the heat is insupportable, especially in the months of April and May. From eleven o'clock A.M. to three P.M.; when the thermometer stands, in the shade, at 38 deg. or even at 40 deg. Reaumur (117 deg. to 122 deg. Fahrenheit), it is impossible for any breathing creature to remain in the open air. Every living being, both men and cattle, with equal eagerness, seek the shade to protect themselves from the scorching rays of a fierce sun. Man sits, during these hours, as if in a vapour bath; his cheerfulness of disposition declines, and he is almost incapable of thought: listless, and with absence of mind he stares vacantly before him, searching in vain for a cool spot. The air breathed is hot as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy that it becomes a trouble even to move a limb. All business ceases, everything is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and the cool air recalls men and animals again into life and activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe; for the consequences frequently prove fatal. During the dry season everything in nature appears desolate and dismal; the plants are burnt up; the trees lose their leaves and appear like brooms; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps to the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields, in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another. * * When I arrived at Lobeid," says the writer, "I only found one single European living, Dr. Iken, whom I have before mentioned, a native of Hanover, who, like most of the Europeans, after a short residence there paid his tribute to the climate. He is buried in the court of his own house, which is situated in the quarter or village of *Takarir*, near the residence of the sultan Abumedina of Darfûr. The government has appropriated his house to themselves, and converted it into a magazine for leather. Seven other Europeans, besides Dr. Iken, breathed their last at Lobeid, and are buried on the north side of the hospital square. I planted a tree on each grave, and had already fixed upon a place of rest near them. After I had recovered from my dangerous illness in a slight measure, and was just able to creep along with the assistance of a stick, my favourite promenade was to those graves; they were the only relics of Europeans I could find in that distant country, and I was under the influence of a peculiar feeling when arriving at these hillocks; I knew myself in the company of Europeans, although departed from this world; I fancied myself in reality in their presence, and I could have believed that they were listening with sympathy to my soft complaints, heard my longing voice for my distant fatherland, and were congratulating me on my recovery and speedy departure from this country, so fatal to Europeans. When I paid my last visit to this spot I was overpowered by that same feeling we experience when parting with our friends."

Consistently with this account of unhealthiness and ravage is the fact that disease exists in an uncommon number of forms. Every one, natives as well as strangers, it is said, more or less succumb to the scourge of such disease;

the Europeans, however, being the first to fall victims. "Two-thirds of the white men who visit these regions may be with certainty regarded as sacrificed."

We pass over the part of the volume which contains a sketch of the conquest of Kordofan, in 1821, by the Viceroy of Egypt's son-in-law; the temptation in such a forbidding region being, it would appear, the facilities afforded for the prosecution of those slave hunts, which he makes a profitable concern, were it but for paying the soldiers on the southern frontiers of the unscrupulous ruler's territories. To be sure, great professions were some time ago made, that the infamous system had been repressed and abolished at the instance of British remonstrance. But there is good reason for believing that in spite of all these representations and promises, it is carried on with greater atrocities than ever; nay, that even European traffickers outstrip the Turks in the abominable commerce and violations alluded to.

The country described by Pallme consists of a cluster of small and large oases, the soil being on the whole fertile, and vegetative growth during the rainy season of the most rapid and luxuriant description. Lobeid is the capital, being composed of several villages. The houses are merely huts of straw, or at best of clay, but not one of stone. The population may be 12,000 souls. These further particulars regard the form of the town, and its appearance not only in the dry but in the rainy reason.

"Nothing can be more monotonous than the appearance of the town during the dry season, when the detached houses present themselves with all defects and meanness, and the scanty trees and gardens offer no diversification of scenery; for the former then stand as bald as brooms, and the latter are not even thought of. The burning sand, moreover, serves to remind the traveller that he is in a desert, and there is not the slightest object to be seen that might delight his eye. How marked is the contrast in the rainy season. It is difficult to persuade yourself that it is in the same place you have shortly before seen standing in barren nakedness. All those spots where nothing but sand was to be observed before, are now clad with a most luxuriant verdure, interspersed with the most beautiful flowers. The hedges round the houses are interlaced with a variety of creepers and twining plants, whose variegated flowers afford a most pleasing spectacle. The environs of the houses are cultivated with dokn, which stands so high that the tops of the roofs are only to be seen projecting beyond; not a single house can be descried at a distance, and the whole country appears like one large forest. The entire town then resembles a park intersected by mazes, rendering it difficult for a stranger to extricate himself, or to find out a particular house. His embarrassment is greatly augmented by the circumstance of there being several thousands of small straw huts, and by the close resemblance of the houses to each other—for all are built alike—so that the stranger experiences much trouble in even recognizing the house he may be lodging in. But all this is in its way unique, and diverts the eye. The traveller wanders with pleasure through these thousands and thousands of intricate paths, and is delighted at every step with the beautiful variations in the scene."

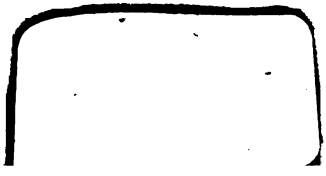
Some of the tribes in the region penetrated by our author do not yet

know the use of fire-arms. Still, they are expert in destroying beasts of prey, ay, even the monarch of the wilderness. We cite particulars that are not without interest to the naturalist any more than to the huntsman and slayer.

"They trace out the the lair where one of these animals generally takes its noon-day repose; but the nature of the ground must be such that the tree under which it sleeps is isolated, or at least somewhat distant from the other trees. If the ground be advantageous, the negro betakes himself to the scene of action four hours before mid-day, and climbs the tree opposite to that under which the animal takes its nap. During this time he knows the lion to be out in search of prey, and is sure that he will return to indulge in his siesta when the heat increases, between ten and eleven o'clock. The lion does not trouble himself about the business of the man on the tree, even if he should happen to see him; and his adversary remains perfectly quiet till between twelve and one. The huntsman is furnished with a sackfull of small stones, and a few sharp spears. When the sand on the ground is burning hot, so that animals even cannot walk about, the hunter begins to pelt the lion with stones, always aiming at his head, and the negroes are very expert marksmen. The proud king of the beasts utterly disregards the first three or four stones, and does not consider it even worth his while to rise; but the blows upon his head thickening, and being perhaps, hit in the eye, the audacity appears too great to be borne with patience, and he sets up a frightful roar as a signal of revenge. With one leap he is at the foot of the tree on which the disturber of his rest is perched, but receives a lance in his body; his roar now becomes more terrific, not that the wound is so irritating to him at this moment as the burning sand painful to his feet, and he retires once more to his lair. Another stone hits him, he becomes furious, makes a second charge at the tree, and is welcomed by one, two, or more spears. He now takes to flight, yelling and howling with pain; but the loss of blood soon exhausts his strength, and the huntsman, who keeps him in sight from the tree, has in a very short time, the pleasure of seeing the royal beast stretch its carcase on the plains. * * The number of lions in this province is not very considerable, but they frequently enter villages for prey, and carry away a head of cattle before their visit is even suspected. In the day-time they are neither heard nor seen, for they generally lie crouching in a dense covert, or sleeping beneath a shady tree. But early in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to cast its rays on the sandy billows of the desert, the royal animal rises from his lair to sally forth in quest of prey. His voice may then be heard in the distance; it commences with a low murmuring, which gradually increases, until it at last becomes a fearful and terrific roar, like the rolling of thunder, and is audible at a distance of two miles. The whole animal kingdom trembles, and evinces the greatest fear when the king of the beasts is heard; the sheep tremble as if attacked with ague, place their heads together, and endeavour to hide themselves; the horses break out into a sweat with fear; and dogs hurry away as fast as they can to find a place of refuge. In fine, all beasts are seized with the most unequivocal terror when the lion makes his approach known. Should a caravan happen to be near the spot, it is impossible to keep the camels together, they leap about in all directions, and are scattered abroad under the influence of

fear. I myself once had the opportunity of witnessing a scene of this kind. On arriving in my travels at the wells of Semmeria, we suddenly heard a murmuring noise afar, resembling the rolling of balls in an empty barrel; but we were soon acquainted with its true cause when it gradually increased to that terrible thunder-like roar. With the first perception of this noise, the camels belonging to our caravan suddenly took fright, and instantly separated in all directions. The men and the cases were thrown off, and if one of the riders happened to keep his seat at the first alarm, he was subsequently necessitated to leap down, to avoid being felled by the branches of the trees; for we were unfortunately near a forest of mimosas, and every one was in danger of being torn by their large spines. This confusion, however, did not last long, for the lion took quite an opposite direction to the rout of our caravan; but a whole day was lost in collecting the goods that had been thrown off, or torn down by the trees, and one of the camels strayed to a great distance."

Take in conclusion the account of the mode in which that delicate and tender animal, the Giraffe, is captured.

"Generally speaking two horsemen provided with one or two camels laden with a supply of provender and water sufficient for a few days, proceed into the desert frequented by the giraffes. The camels are left at an appropriate place, whilst the riders reconnoitre the country until they come upon the track of an animal. Great experience is now requisite to distinguish whether the trace be of to day or yesterday, or of a yet older date. If it be recent, and that of a young animal, it is immediately followed up, and the huntsmen may make sure of gaining a sight of their prey in a few hours. As soon as the giraffe is in view, the run instantly takes place, for the animal, very timid by nature, seeks refuge in flight, and indeed with extraordinary fleetness. Everything now depends on the dexterity of the rider, and activity of his horse. They must do all in their power to gain upon the game they have started, an endeavour which is the more readily to be effected, as the giraffe never takes a straight course, but by nature timid, doubles in the fear of its life, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and is thus quickly overtaken by the horsemen. Having come up with the animal pursued, the rider casts a lasso over its head; his throw but seldom fails, and in the worst case must be repeated. He then attaches the end of the rope to his saddle, drags the animal as closely as he can to his horse, and thus the capture is effected. But now a steady and patient horse, well broken to its work, is again necessary for the further transport; for the horse must resist the animal's efforts or give way to them (for it pulls and jumps in all directions), in conveying it to the nearest village, which the huntsmen endeavour to reach as quickly as they possibly can. A she camel should stand in readiness there to give the young giraffe milk, with which it is fed before being weaned to grass or hay. This treatment must be subsequently followed, and even full-grown giraffes should receive milk daily as drink, if it be in any way possible."

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